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CALIFORNIA STATE

The CALIFORNIAN

Fashionology

Beauty

California Living

Fiction

August, 1946

Price 25 cents

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CALIFORNIA
WOOLENS
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California by-the-yard
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Sophisticated elegance for party-wise sub-debs

Important "young set" evenings demand something really special—like this darling little Junior Miss date dress of Embassy Club, Hess-Goldsmith's rayon faille in black only. Sizes 9 to 15... to retail under $20

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Sponsored by FRANK & PURSELL

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LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Shirt-sleeved casual crack-tailored in sharp, singing California colors. Neckline to take your own accessories. Shoulder pocket to take the spotlight. Vivid peacock, lime, melon, grey Toya, an opulently textured Reltex rayon. 10-18. Sun-Charm* Sportswear Shop, 3rd Floor. $25.

*TRADEMARK REG.

Vol. 2
No. 1

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AUGUST
1946

STUDY IN SIMPLICITY

Versatogs hand-picks the edges of a thoroughbred suit—creates a thorough-going outfit of soft cashmere and wool. In California's animated colors—lively green, glitter blue, vivid red or brisk brown. Sizes 10 to 20. Suit $29.95. Matching long-sleeved tie neck blouse of crepe, $7.95.

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The Store of Specialized Shops

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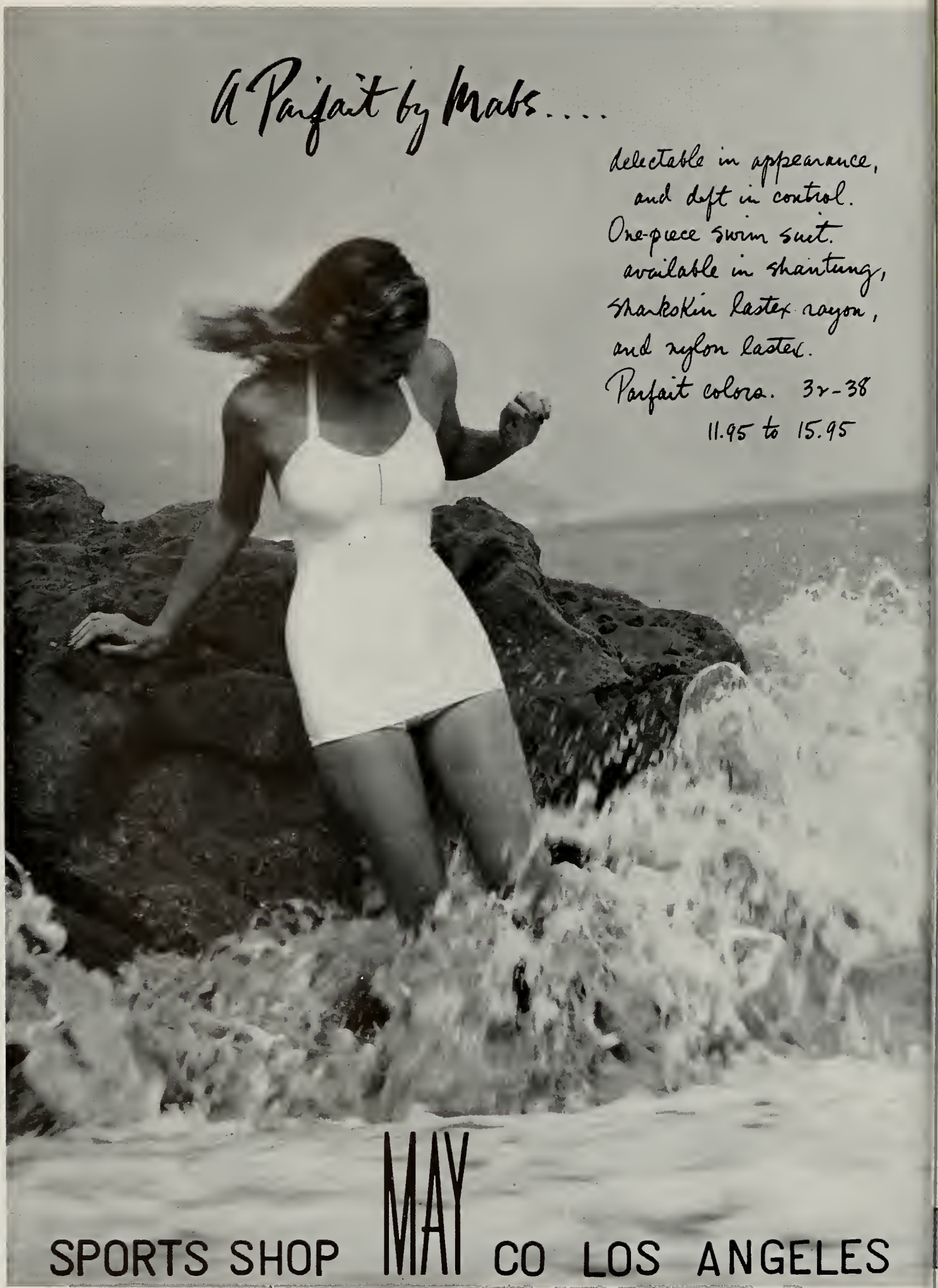
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delectable in appearance,
and deft in control.
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available in shantung,
Shankskin lastex rayon,
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Parfait colors. 32-38
11.95 to 15.95
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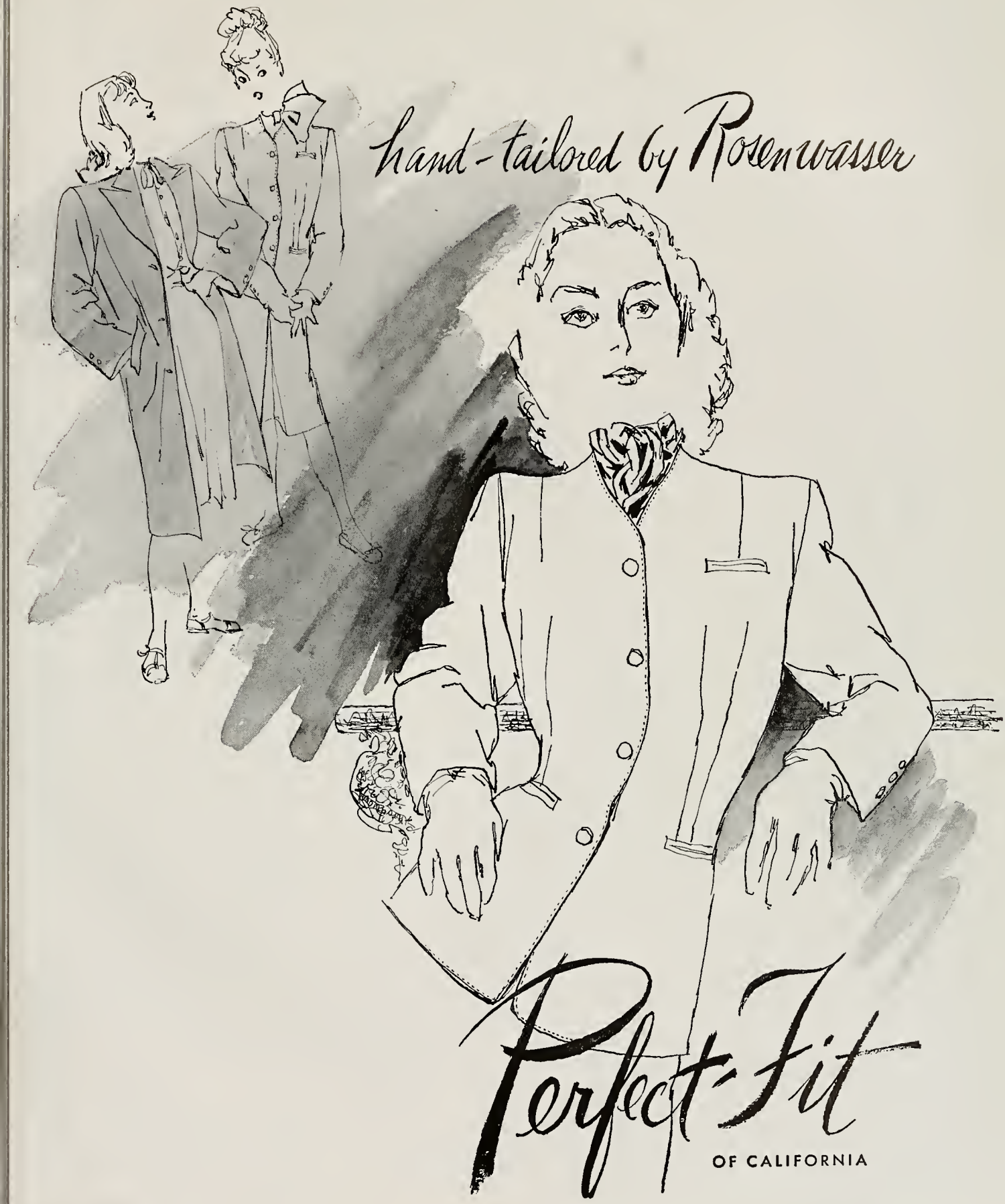

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THE SUIT: *Sizes 10 to 18. $22.98*

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Bettermade's slim classic of soft textured, soft toned pure wool Juilliard crepe, with traditional emphasis on sculptured simplicity and fine workmanship. Now in our 26th year. Misses sizes 10 to 20. About 23.00.

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THE BON MARCHE seattle

slack suit news . . . it's heir-conditioned

Smart figuring for mothers-to-be . . . this slack suit, styled by Pearl Art in a fabric by Marvlo. Black or brown with aqua, navy with red. 10-20. **17.95**

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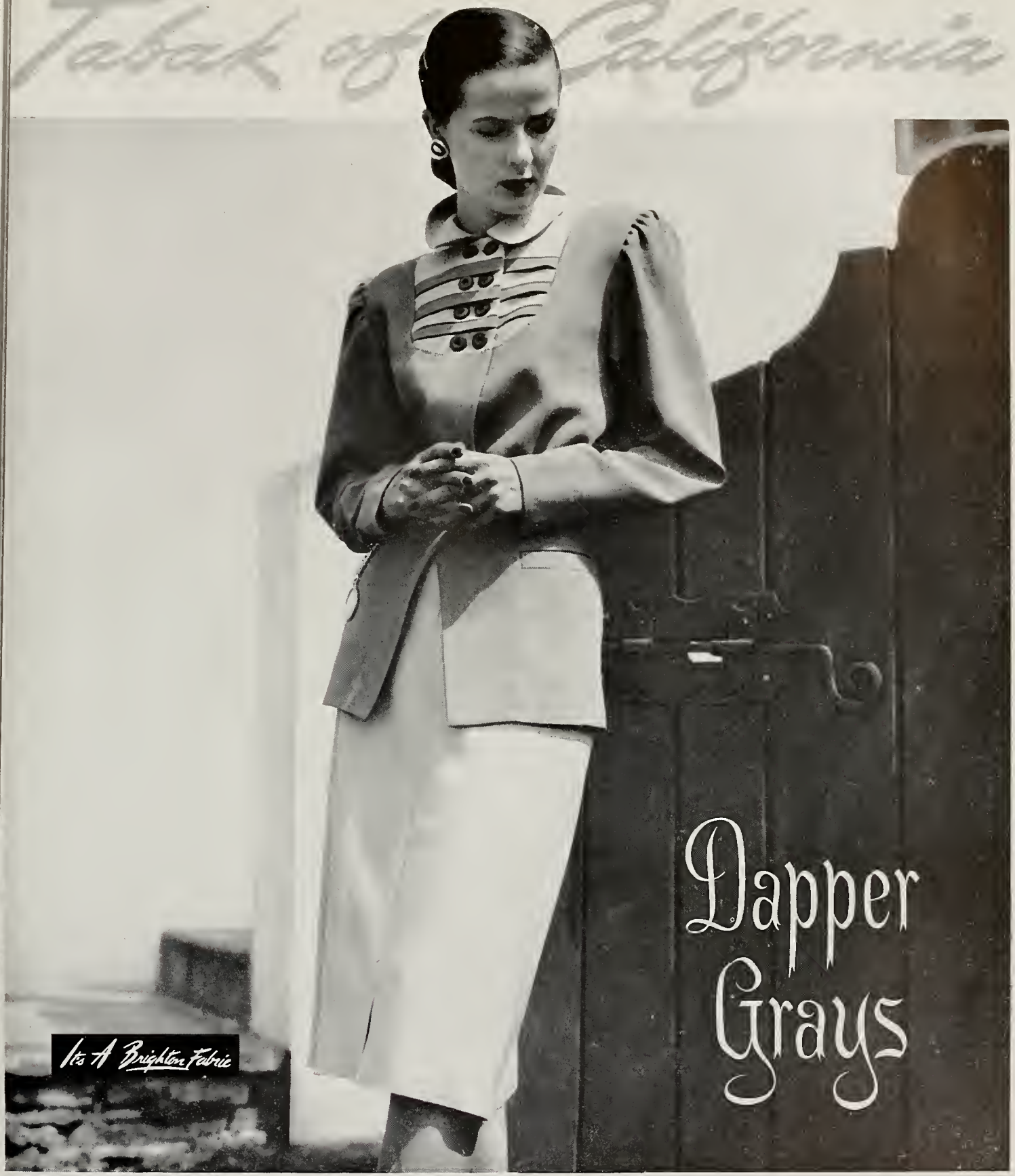
Tabak of California



Inspired by the period of the English dandies . . . executed with California's matchless casual flair. Jacket and skirt in blended shades of gray, from Tabak's collection of interchangeable casuals. In Sutara, a Seaglow fabric of Aralac and rayon.

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*Rosenblum** identifies his genius with a Bishop Westcoast fabric—grey menswear flannel—100% wool, yarn-dyed—gives the jacket a nonchalant club collar and adds patch pockets—fastens it with a single button—provides the perfect skirt—and *presto!* It's YOUR SUIT. **$29.95.**

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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GRAY
MATTER
. . . TABAK OF CALIFORNIA
uses dramatic cuffed sleeves,
short peplum, skirt fullness . . .
to achieve distinction in a new,
new way. Two shades of gray in
"Sutara" a Seaglow Success
fabric of rayon and aralac.
Sizes 10 to 18 . . . . $25.00
Matching slacks . . . $8.95
Jacobson's OF MICHIGAN
Grand Rapids Jackson Ann Arbor Saginaw
Grosse Pointe East Lansing Battle Creek Petoskey

WHEN THOSE
CLOUDS SAY RAIN

It's time for Barbara Jane

RAINBOW HUES IN
RAINY DAY COATS

Here's the coat that can take either sun or shower in stride! It's Barbara Jane's slim-trim "All Weather Wonder" that you team with matching head scarfs. Sizes 3-6X, 7-14, 10-16.

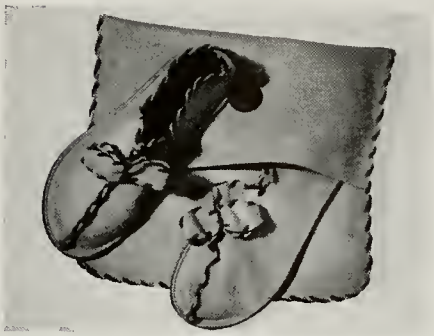
Dan River Mills "Dan Twill" in natural or four pastel shades. Cohama "Elkskin" in bright red.

STYLED BY Barbara Jane MADE IN CALIFORNIA — It's a DAN RIVER fabric

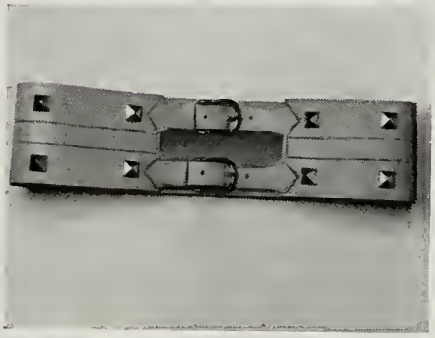
BARBARA JANE SPORTSWEAR

860 South Los Angeles St. • Los Angeles 14, Calif.

shopping



travlets . . . pullman slippers for juniors give them a grown-up feeling for real travel or "play travel." Children's and girls' sizes in small, medium and large in green, brown, navy. All-wool felt, water-proofed soles, trimmed with hand-stitching in color contrasts. Tuck neatly in cases; the case for girls zips, the children's buttons. Bullock's, Los Angeles, and other fine stores. By California Sportlets, 860 S. Los Angeles, Los Angeles.



bronco belt . . . a "must" for school days and campus wear with your sweaters and skirts. The leather is very special steer hide in sun gold or tour brown. Big bright nailheads on this three-inch wide belt, a smart creation indeed, with a rugged western touch. About $3.95 at leading stores. For the store in your vicinity, write New Star Belt Co., 407 E. Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles.

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zodiac belt . . . massive, metal chain with twelve discs . . . each with a sign of the zodiac on the face and a mystic message on the back. A conversational piece, for sure. Metal finished in gold or silver to suit your fancy. Priced at $7.95. Mail orders will get prompt attention, or stop in at Daniels of Beverly Hills, 451 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

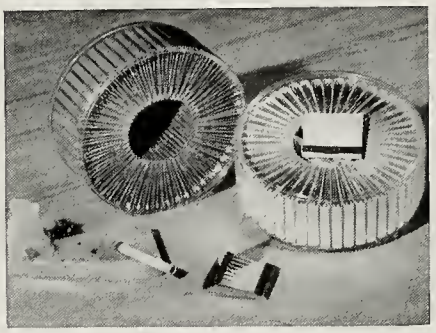
gay garters . . . for a birthday or going-away gift. Blue satin and white lace, trimmed with dainty rosebuds. Gay Garters come in other styles . . . more daring are Stop and Go and Mad Money. Satisfy a whim to be frivolous. Practical, too . . . real rubber for long wear and comfortable fit. About $2.50. At The May Co., Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York; H & S Pogue, Cincinnati. Gay California Originals, 114 N. Western, Los Angeles.

roundup

flight-e-choker . . . forecast of the newest in jewelry doo-dads . . . a luxuriant and lightweight five-strand choker made of tiny metal cylinders. It's silvery, sparkly . . . makes an attractive accessory for your new fall things. Shown at L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, and other fine stores throughout the country. About $3. Designed by Biltmore Accessories, 846 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

quaker bonnet and bag . . . for the "back to school" occasion. Flattering to the youngsters from five to teen age. This stunning duo is made of all-wool felt, hand-finished and hand-trimmed. Colors are red, kelly, navy, brown and gray, set off with clusters of little flowers. Quaker bonnet and shoulder bag beautifully styled by Betty Agin, 718 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. Found in better stores everywhere.

king transparent drum . . . 50 matchbooks, size 2" x 2". Popular for engagement, anniversary and blessed event announcements. Colors are red, white, blue, green, yellow, orange and black. Created by Monogram Co. of California. Offered by leading department and gift stores throughout the United States, including University Co-op. Students Store, Eugene, Oregon; Supply Center, Hilo, Hawaii: Maison Blanche Co., New Orleans, Louisiana, and Bergdorf Goodman, New York City.



spectacle case and compact case . . . lavishly decorated with flower pattern, beauvais embroidery . . . accented with multi-colored beads sewn by hand. The cases of fine felt come in pastels and high tones—fuchsia, turquoise, chartreuse and others. A design by E. Friedrick made exclusively for California Accessories, 846 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. Found at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Mermod Jaccard & King, St. Louis. Priced about $4.50 each.

california silhouette shoulder pads . . . by Sydney . . . give that definitely right look to your clothes. Proper lines accented by five different styles. (Pictured—large dress pad exquisitely made in flat crepe, black, white or nude. Also, small suit pad covered with Perx, a pre-shrunk material that cleans like a dream.) Sydney's factory is located in Los Angeles at 11632 San Vicente Boulevard.

Back to School!

with that

SOUTH AMERICAN LOOK!

A *Madalyn Miller* ORIGINAL

LOS ANGELES CALIF.

The newest of GLOBAL FASHIONS

. . . by Madalyn Miller, foremost designer of nationally acknowledged talent. A junior dress of 100% wool jersey in black with new yoke of black cotton eyelet with white stitching. Two piece. Full dirndl skirt. Sizes 9-15. About $20 at all better stores.

For name of store nearest you, write . . . Madalyn Miller, 850 So. Hill, Los Angeles 14

Of Hess-Goldsmith Rayon Gabardine

At better stores **by MARJORIE MONTGOMERY** 743 Santee Street, Los Angeles 14, California

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A "go-everywhere Carson Casual". . .

its buttoned-down pseudo peplum makes a point of good curves in all the best places. California-tailored of P-38, a rayon gabardine by Labtex. In winter-white, beige, lime, or Chinese blue. Sizes 10 to 18. 25.00.

CASUAL CLOTHES, fourth floor.

STUART OF CALIFORNIA ALL WOOL FASHIONS

No. 200

STUART OF CALIFORNIA ALL WOOL FASHIONS

The Treasured Fabric

COHAMA WOOLEN REG 100% WOOL

HOOT MON, YE WEE LASSIE

It's the authentic Royal Stuart Clan plaid tailored by Stuart of California. Bonnie little suits with pleated skirts and boxy jacket or trimly fitted lines are the perf suits for Scottish lassies . . . or for any lassie who fancies gaily brilliant colors and youthful design.

Sizes 9 to 15 . . . $35.

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No. 100

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GABARDINE
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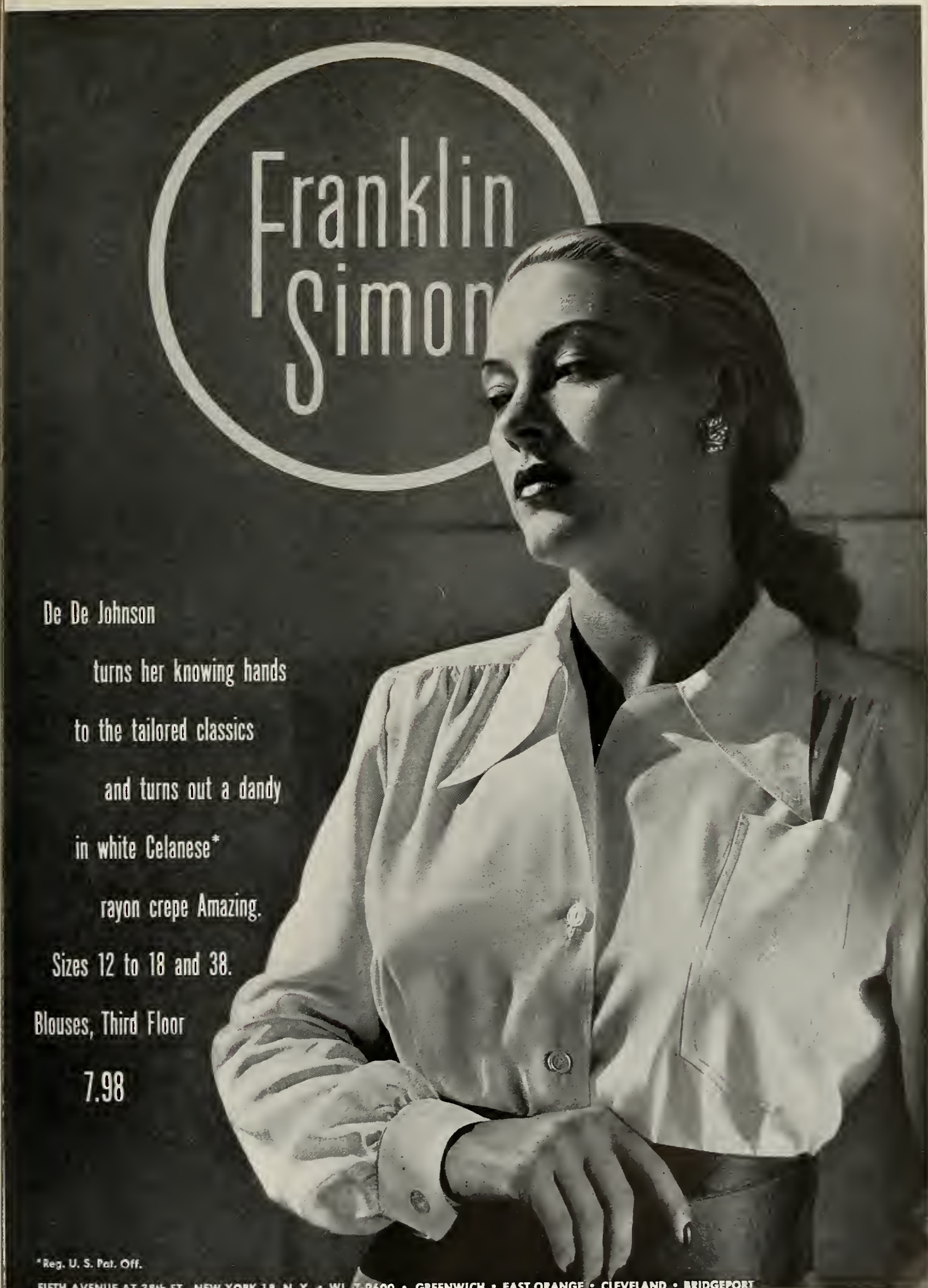
Dan Gertsman
CALIFORNIA
Jewels by Lackritz
Bag by John Frederics
COHAMA FABRICS

Lustrous Charmeen . . .
Forstmann's superlative gabardine
fashioned in Adele's
Button-up-Dandy—
perfect for day into evening.
CALIFORNIA
Adele
Van Dyke
Los Angeles 14


Franklin Simon
De De Johnson
turns her knowing hands
to the tailored classics
and turns out a dandy
in white Celanese*
rayon crepe Amazing.
Sizes 12 to 18 and 38.
Blouses, Third Floor
7.98
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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Ode to the West Wind

(WITH APOLOGIES TO P. B. SHELLEY)

by THE HOLLYWOOD Rogue M.S.©

(MASTER OF SHIRTMANSHIP)

Shirtmanship©

No "wild west wind" is this,
as Shelley sings.
But "West Wind" fashioned by
the master's hands—
A shirt that's eloquent of
Western lands.
The sunny breeze that
California brings
Is caught and stitched into
each careful seam.
That pocket, now... machine-
work quite concealed
While on the flap hand-picking
is revealed. All this
according to the master's scheme
of Shirtmanship©, that blend
of craft and art
Which makes Rogue dear
to every buyer's heart.

The Rogue

California Dons

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Onondaga
PICTORIAL CLOQUÉS
STYLED BY Philip A. Vaydman
ONONDAGA SILK CO.
1412 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
Chicago
Los Angeles

at

Haggarty's

pure wool **GABARDINE** college entrants by Nathalie Nicoli in natural, melon, luggage, gray, aqua, rose, sizes 10 to 18, $45—sports shop

gabardine by Lorraine Mfg. Co.

SEVENTH AT GRAND, LOS ANGELES • WILSHIRE NEAR RODEO, BEVERLY HILLS

The CALIFORNIAN

august 1946
vol. II no. 1

Photo by Engstead

Cover fashionology: **gray plus gray, barrel-skirted, dapper-cuffed, equals Tabak's terrific jumper combo, with slacks to interchange. In Sutara, a Seaglow success fabric of Aralac and rayon, woven by Brighton. Sizes 10-18. Slacks and blouse, about $25; jumper about $15. Specially matched beret by Weyman, about $6; both at Desmond's, Los Angeles; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; A. Harris, Dallas. Chen Yu's Sun Red lips.**

"for the california way of life"

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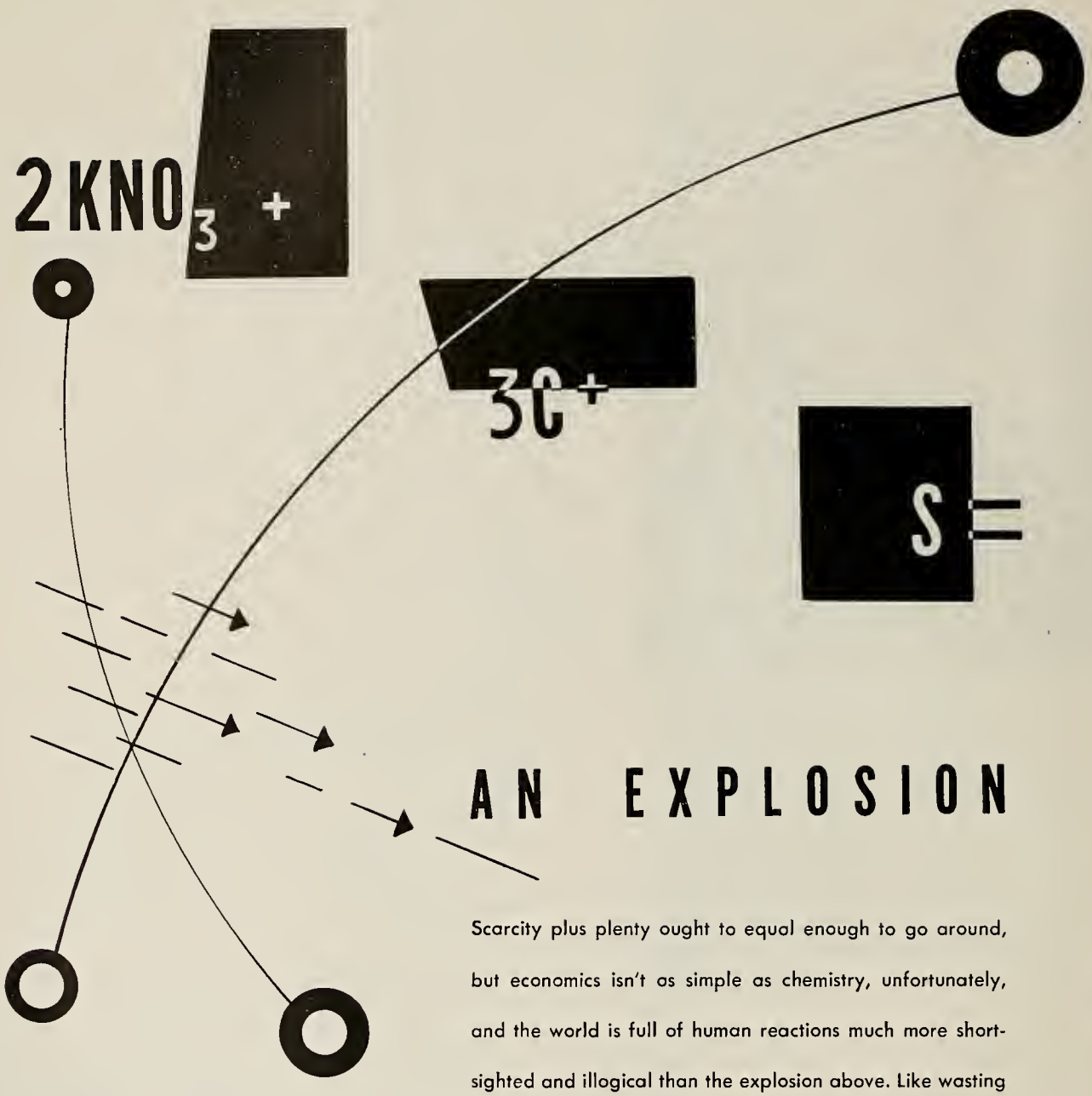


AN EXPLOSION

Scarcity plus plenty ought to equal enough to go around, but economics isn't as simple as chemistry, unfortunately, and the world is full of human reactions much more short-sighted and illogical than the explosion above. Like wasting food, for example. Or hoarding. Or not being as thrifty as a chemical formula in all your plans for fall, from fashion to philosophy, from a well-coordinated wardrobe to a cleanly organized mind. So we dedicate this issue to Fashion-ology: to an educated wardrobe, to an educated you!

HAPPY PURITAN . . . Opposite, a Sue Mason Junior that takes to an artist's life. In Crompton Richmond corduroy, all shades; about $11. The May Co., Los Angeles; Donaldson's, Minn.; Jordan-Marsh, Boston. "Sun Red" lips by Chen Yu.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT LOS ANGELES COUNTY ART INSTITUTE BY ERVEN JOURDAN

WITH ALL CALIFORNIA BEFORE HER, ROSEMARY BROWN SETS OUT TO DO AND SEE THE THINGS THAT BROUGHT HER WEST TO LIVE! HER GOAL, LIKE THAT OF MANY YOUNG, TRANSPLANTED PEOPLE, IS THREEFOLD: A FUTURE, FRIENDS, AND FUN ● *ABOVE:* ROSEMARY STUDIES ABSTRACTIONS BY HANS HOFMANN IN HOLLYWOOD'S AMERICAN CONTEMPORARY GALLERY ● *OPPOSITE PAGE, LEFT TO RIGHT:* JOHN GARFIELD TELLS HER ABOUT "AWAKE AND SING," PLAY HE DIRECTED FOR THE ACTORS' LAB . . . NON-PROFIT COMMUNITY THEATRE ● IT'S GOODBYE TO HER COMPTOMETRY JOB AS ROSEMARY CASTS OFF IN ONE OF TED FORD'S RENTED SAILBOATS FROM SANTA MONICA PIER ● SHE RELAXES WHILE OVERLOOKING THE GROUNDS OF FAMED HUNTINGTON LIBRARY ● ON THE SET OF SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY" SHE WATCHES SUPPORTING CAST IN THE NEW DANNY KAYE PICTURE ● ROSEMARY, ALWAYS INTRIGUED BY FENCING, BEGINS LESSONS WITH INSTRUCTOR JON GUSICK; TECHNIQUES IN UPHOLSTERY SHE WILL LEARN AT FRANK WIGGINS TRADE SCHOOL. (ROSEMARY PLANS TO TAKE UP INTERIOR DECORATING AS A CAREER.)

WN MEETS CALIFORNIA

Like countless other pioneers, Rosemary Brown found a new, exciting world.

Once upon a time there was a girl by the name of Rosemary Brown. Rosemary lived in Texas and five days a week, eight hours a day, she sat at a desk operating a comptometer machine for the Ford Motor Company. Every evening she went to her class in interior decorating at a Dallas public school. She read books and went out with boys and sometimes she sang in local operettas or in the church choir. But, ever since 1941 when she spent a summer vacation on the Pacific Coast, Rosemary had been dreaming of just one thing . . .

California!

It was in California that she could take more courses, attend one of many art schools or university extension classes . . .

It was in California, whose homes were famed for their taste and casual elegance, that she might meet a famous decorator—work with him as apprentice—perhaps see her own ideas projected into the everyday lives of Hollywood's great, and later copied around the world . . .

It was in California that she could haunt art galleries and museums, listen to symphonies in Hollywood Bowl, watch (if she were very fortunate!) a movie in the making . . .

It was in California with its many lakes and resorts, its backyard courts and pools, where she could swim and play tennis, cycle along the canyon roads and suburban lanes . . .

Rosemary Brown was no different from other 22-year-old girls who work in offices for their living and dream of some other distant day. And so this summer she made up her mind to apply to the Ford Company for a transfer to their Long Beach plant. And one Friday afternoon, after it had been granted, she took off in a plane for Los Angeles.

Rosemary Brown is a Californian now!

She lives in a room not far from the Pacific Ocean, and the $185 a month that she makes as a comptometer operator goes not quite so far as when she was living at home. There is rent and meals to be eaten in restaurants, and such things as laundry that must be sent out. During the first week she spent in and around southern California she saw many things that surprised her—that were different from Texas.

In the first place people wore bright colors wherever they went. Her "dressy black" frocks hung in the closet while light suits and gay plaids and prints became uniform for even gala events. One of her first invitations in California was to a beach party with a group of young people in their early and middle twenties. Rosemary was at first amazed—then delighted—when the parents of one of the boys came along on the party. They were fun. And the families she later met in California, many of them, were the same type . . . young minded people, as eager for a good time as their sons and daughters.

(*Continued on page 95*)

CAMPUS FASHIONOLOGY dedicated to you . . . to higher learning and push-up sleeves, after-class dates and snug little suits. *Left to right*, class leader is this Vicki Jr. with soft shoulders, full sleeves that say "when" at exactly three-quarters. In Rube Hoffman's Yucca; about $11, at The Emporium, San Francisco; Gimbel's, Philadelphia. Upperclassmen prefer—Remle's terse suit with basque jacket, full skirt. Gray striped wool, about $15, at Higbee Company, Cleveland; J. L. Hudson, Detroit. Another two-piecer, big thing on campus, gabardine from Junior Miss of California. Vineyard colors, about $18, at Bullock's, Los Angeles; W. H. Block, Indianapolis.

● **ASSISTANT IN RESEARCH** . . . a dress that gets positive reaction . . . for its brass buttons, its cuffed pockets, its relaxed, functional precise-as-a-formula air. Marjorie Montgomery's leather-belted dress of Hess Goldsmith gabardine in red, gold, peacock, brown, green or black; sizes 9-15, 10-16; under $20. At L. S. Ayers, Indianapolis; Goldwaters, Phoenix; B. Altman, New York.

YOUR CHEMICAL REACTIONS

by Marcia Wilson

to friends
...and frenzies...
to classes
and dates
new ideas
and your
world...

● **ARE YOU A CATALYST?** Do you accelerate reactions in others without losing your own identity? There's at least one catalyst in every gang . . . one sure person who crystallizes new situations, who senses and points out the meaning of new elements, new combinations . . . one who gets things done.

● **OR ARE YOU A MERE SUBSTANCE,** a piece of matter absorbed and overwhelmed by every new problem that comes into your life? This is more than reckless "man or mouse" philosophy . . . it's about real, deep-down assurance. And assurance, of course, comes from looking out at the world instead of in at yourself. Test your own chemical reactions to:

● **FRIENDS:** Are you a friend or a frenzy? Are you someone your friends rely on for sympathy or sharing, or do they count on you for the latest gossip, a good all-out mope on the saddest state of your very sad soul? The best friends stand on their own emotional feet. You may be loyal, but are you leaning?

● **DATES:** Are you scared with a smoothie? Dating Joe, who's shy and rather dull, you're easy and gay, but with halfback Bill, your hands are big as houses, you trip on every crack in the sidewalk, and all you can think to talk about is last week's geometry lesson. Don't be fooled . . . if he doesn't hold up his half of the evening, *he's* the dud, not you. Try concentrating on some of the same things the boys do . . . on the new swimming pool, the team's chances against Central, on who's going to be editor of the annual . . . on everything and everyone except yourself. And relax . . . silence isn't a catastrophe! Maybe the quiet type is just what he's looking for!

● **NEW IDEAS:** Do you walk up, sniff suspiciously, and exclaim, "but we always did it *this* way . . ." because the old way didn't challenge your limited experience, your precarious poise? Or do you look and listen and decide to give it a try, even though you know you'll be awkward at first? What's wrong with being awkward, if you're a good sport and if you're learning?

● **THE WORLD:** It used to be smart to be scatter-brained, flighty. Once upon a time it even might have been considered "cute" or "feminine." But you know that today's shaken, changing world calls for confidence. You remember yourself in relation to this . . . you don't go gloomy gus on the party because of it, but you don't cavort off to form a new "lost generation" just because the facts are too tough to take. You have a sense of humor . . . a sense of gaiety and fun . . . but a sense of responsibility too. Above all, you know that awareness is assurance. So you keep your eyes open, and you measure your reactions with a steady, knowing hand, against a formula based on fact!

fashionology:

college

YOUR COAT will get a lot of all 'round, hard wear. It must be as much in-the-know about dates as it is about classes. It must keep you warm in winter, not too warm in fall and spring. You'll find the answer in the classics. Example: a super-cut, wonderfully tailored boy coat of beige camel hair or tweed, with a button-in lining of fur or chamois. The style is right, the color and fabric can take you anywhere.

YOUR SUIT, idyllically would be a handsome imported tweed, or if you aren't a Duke's daughter, then the nicest all-wool worsted you can find. Choose a warm color, coral, blue or gray, to build your sweater wardrobe around, and a style you can mix with other jackets and skirts. Example: a tailored, free-cut suit. The jacket long, loose enough to wear over sweaters, pocketed for practicality. The skirt, box-pleated front and back, your bag-no-more insurance.

career

YOUR COAT, though you've heard it a thousand times, needs to be "versatile." Somehow everyone from the boss to dear old Aunt Agatha expects you to be perfectly groomed for every occasion. In truth, you need a dream coat. Yes, there are such things! Example: one seven-eighths length with standing collar and flare back. Choose a knockout color—True, clear colors are as basic as black or brown. Think of what nature does with green! Let your accessories make the smart transition from desk to date.

YOUR SUIT, likewise, should be versatile, and superb. It should look new every time you vary the neckline, or change the accessories, and should be the basis for many costumes. Look for a smart variation of the overdone classics. Example: a suit with double breasted jacket—this season features many clever ones—neckline that opens or buttons-up—tucked-in waist and a nicely planned, slim skirt, dressy enough to be worn alone with low-cut evening blouses.

the science of picking the right kind of coat and suit for your life

YOUR COAT needs lots of thought and planning. Key it to the dozens of places you go and occasions that arise in your still new role of "Mrs." As often as not, your coat remains on the whole time you wear it. For this reason your coat can be more dressy, and is best when it is unusual. Example: a coat with the new, fuller skirt silhouette, deep armhole and elbow-cuff sleeve. If it has a detachable fur scarf or stole, you'll wear it three seasons. Choose your most becoming color.

bride's wardrobe

YOUR SUIT is the indispensable "little black suit." Well cut, well made, it has an air of always being correct, and best of all, looks sophisticated for important impressions. However, be sure you choose one with young lines. Example: a button-up jacket with Barrymore collar that can be worn standing . . . a hip-conscious peplum with back interest: a skirt slightly flared with front fullness. When worn without a blouse, this suit looks like a two-piece dress.

YOUR COAT, if you don't already have a mink, should be planned to flatter. Choose it for the attention it calls to your face. Neckline interest, soft touches of flat fur, sleeve and shoulder interest—all are good for you. If you have "hips" to think of, the simpler the cut of your coat, the better. Example: A straight-lined coat, solid color, with full length tuxedo and collar of Persian lamb. Remember understatement is chic, over-dressing ruinous.

bride's wardrobe

YOUR SUIT can be marvelously becoming to your figure. Watch the jacket . . . one that stops too soon cuts you off and widens hips. Watch the skirt . . . one that is too skimpy will pull up when you sit, twist when you walk. Your suit must look right for you, should be expertly tailored. Example: a menswear gabardine, meticulously finished with long jacket, single pleat skirt. A "hard" fabric suit never looks overdressed, likes accessories well.

1

keep your balance

You have a family to rear . . . expenses galore . . . a thousand and one things to do every day. Yours is a balanced check-book, a balanced wardrobe, too, built around a fine three-piecer . . . a basic black . . . smart little extras to dress-up or down and here and there a high note to mix, match at will.

2

3

1 PICK A PACE SETTER . . . A SUIT (WITH MATCHING TOPPER, NO. 4, RIGHT). HIGH HAT IT, SCARF IT . . . A MAYFAIR DESIGN IN PURE VIRGIN WOOL; SIZES 9-17. ABOUT $45, BULLOCK'S, LOS ANGELES; JOSKE BROS., SAN ANTONIO; CINE-VOGUE HAT ABOUT $12, AT HAGGARTY'S, LOS ANGELES. BIG LEATHER BAG IS BY FILM STAR.

2 ADD AN EXTRA . . . A BLOUSE TO SUIT FOR TOWN, TO PEDAL PUSH FOR COUNTRY, TO WEAR A DOZEN DIFFERENT WAYS. THIS BUTTON-UP-THE-BACK ONE BY DEAUVILLE MODELS OF VERNEY'S CHINTANG; WHITE, PINK, AQUA; SIZES 32-38. ABOUT $7. BULLOCK'S, LOS ANGELES; THE BON MARCHÉ, SEATTLE; STIX BAER FULLER, ST. LOUIS

3 GO YOUNG AND GAY IN CUFFED, STRIPED PEDAL PUSHERS OF PIN-STRIPED RIVERBREEZE RAYON. BELT THEM AND WEAR THEM WITH YOUR SUIT BLOUSE, TOP THEM OFF WITH A JACKET. BY ROYAL OF CALIFORNIA IN GRAY, TAN, BLUE. ABOUT $6. BUY THEM AT THE BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES; YOUNKERS, DES MOINES; PARIS, SALT LAKE CITY.

4 YOUR WARM COMPANION . . . A GREAT-SLEEVED GO-EVERYWHERE SHORTIE TO TOP PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING. THIS ONE IS BY MAYFAIR AND MATCHES YOUR SUIT, BELTS SNUGLY OVER YOUR BASICS. COMES IN BLACK, LEATHER, BLUE, LIME, KELLY, OR GRAY IN SIZES 9 TO 17. ABOUT $45. AT BULLOCK'S LOS ANGELES; JOSKE BROS., SAN ANTONIO.

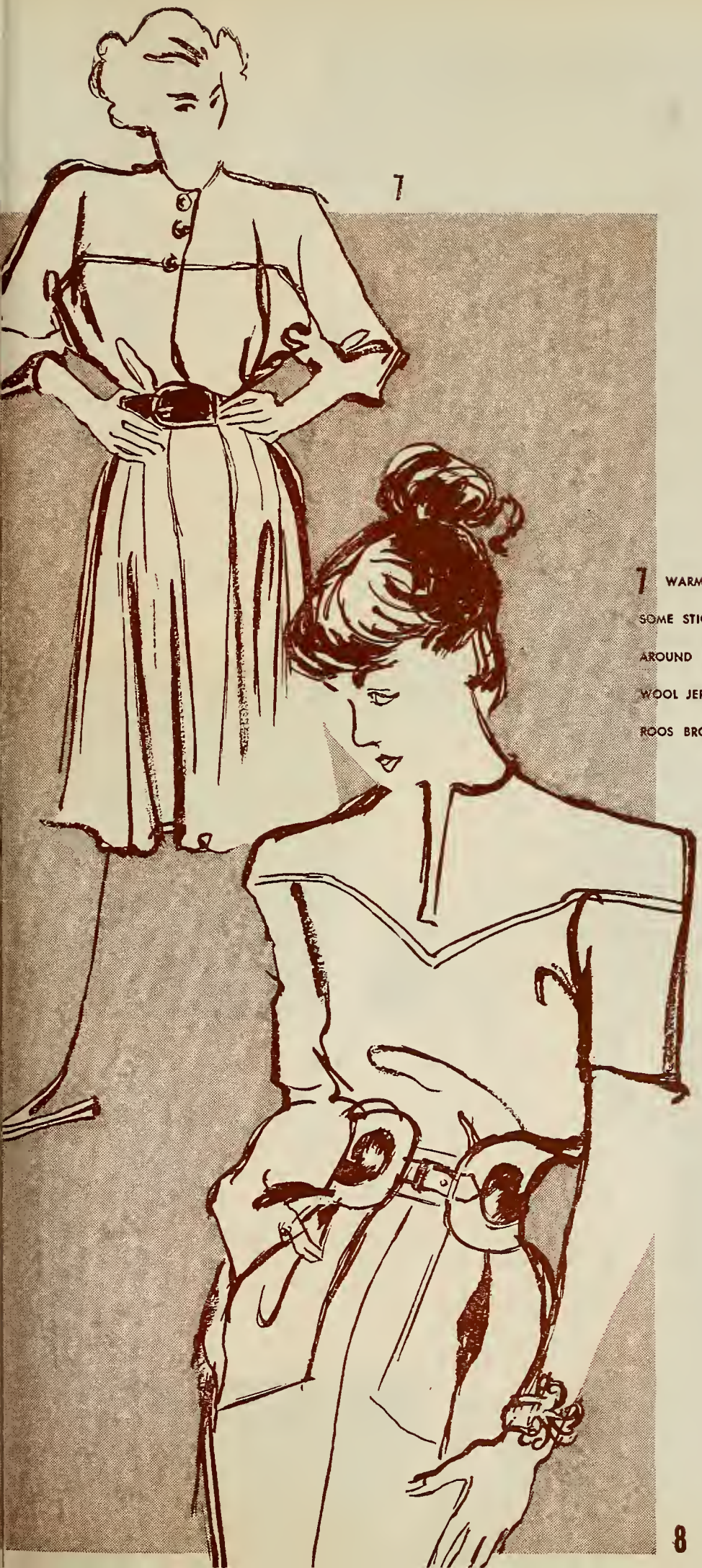
4

5

5 THERE'S NOTHING SIMPLER . . . OR WILIER . . . THAN YOUR "LITTLE BLACK" TO BELT, TO COLOR FILLIP IN A DOZEN WAYS. MAX KOPP DESIGN; OSCAR HAYMAN CREPE, ABOUT $30. MAY CO., LOS ANGELES; CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, CHICAGO; DePINNA'S NEW YORK. CINE-VOGUE HAT.

6 DANDY DEPARTURE . . . TWO-COLOR RAYON SUIT DRESS WITH A DASHING GEORGE SAND AIR, GREAT BUTTONED CUFFS, FRONT-FULL SKIRT . . . A SEASON-ROUNDER IN WEIGHT AND COLOR. IRENE SALTERN'S DESIGN FOR HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE; COMBINATION COLORS; THIS ONE BLUE AND BROWN, SIZES 10-18; ABOUT $20.

6

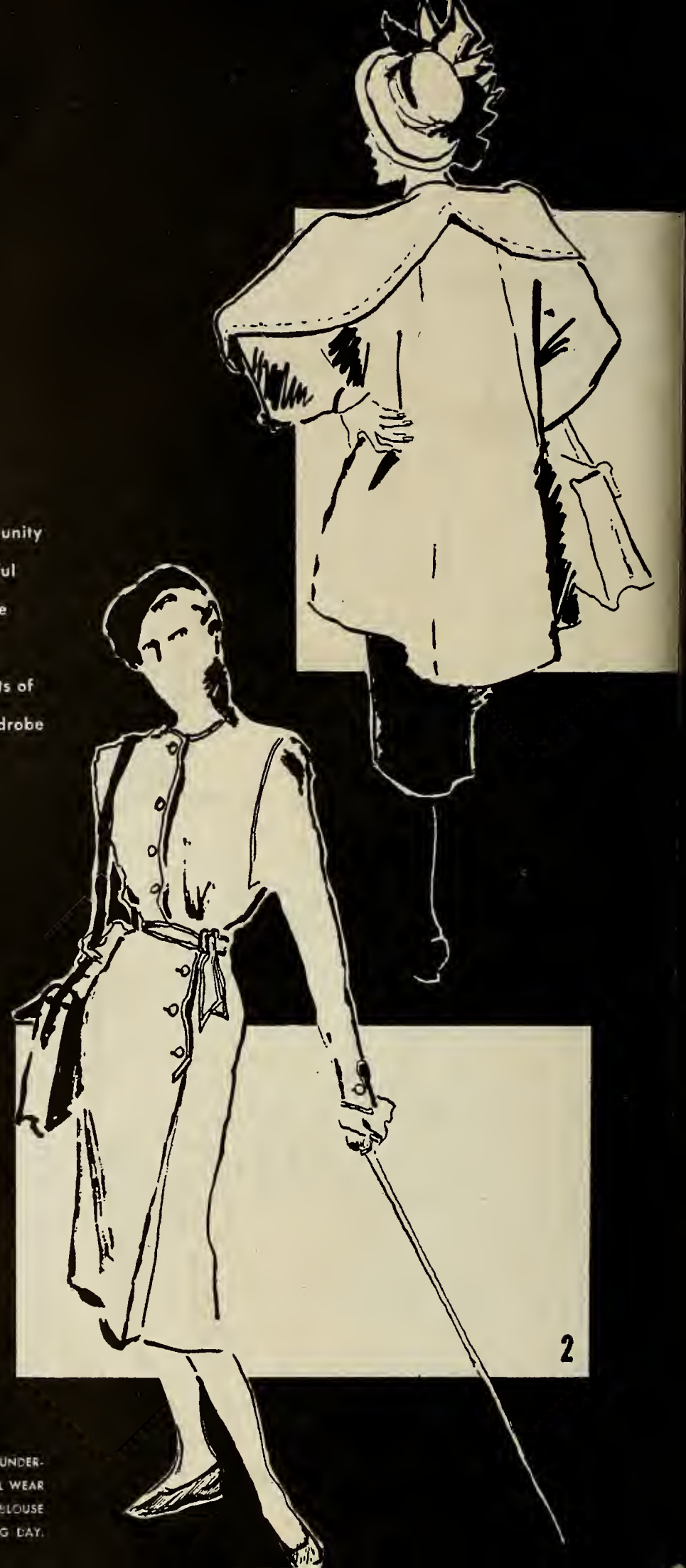


7 WARM WOOLLY, INDISPENSABLE . . . SOME LIKE IT BRIGHT, SOME STICK TO GRAY OR BROWN, EVERYONE LOVES ITS ALL-AROUND FULL SKIRT, WIDE LEATHER BELT. PETITE CASUAL'S WOOL JERSEY DRESS, ABOUT $25. AT BULLOCK'S, LOS ANGELES; ROOS BROS., SAN FRANCISCO; STIX BAER FULLER, ST. LOUIS.

8 DRESS FOR A SONG . . . TUBBABLE COTTON TWILL WITH WIDE-SHOULDER, BIG POCKET COMFORT . . . ALL FOR AN UNBELIEVABLE $6, AT LEADING STORES. BY DARLING OF CALIFORNIA. ADD YOUR OWN BELT . . . THIS WIDE AND HANDSOME ONE OF HIDE-TRIMMED LEATHER BY FILM STAR.

one wardrobe ...yours

You love color . . . you love line . . . unity is your fashion watchword, careful planning is your creed. You choose a few fine basics . . . accessorize, dramatize . . . add exclamation points of style. Yours is a purposeful wardrobe fitted for the life you lead.



1. START WITH A COAT TO TURN AROUND IN... DRAMATICALLY SHOULDER-FLANGED, ELBOW IMPORTANT. A SOFT WOOL SOPHISTICATE DESIGNED TO SWING THROUGH LIFE ON THE DOUBLE, PERFECT HOST FOR IMPORTANT ACCESSORIES, DEFTLY CUT TO STAND ALONE.

2. INSIST ON A SEASON-ROUNDER LIKE THIS WOOL CLASSIC WITH BUTTON BRISK LINES, STITCHED DETAIL. . . . WEAR IT SWAGGER WITH A BIG PROFILE BERET . . . SCARF IT FOR A WINDY WALK. IT DOES ANYTHING, SAYS EVERYTHING FOR YOUR FIGURE AND YOUR TASTE.

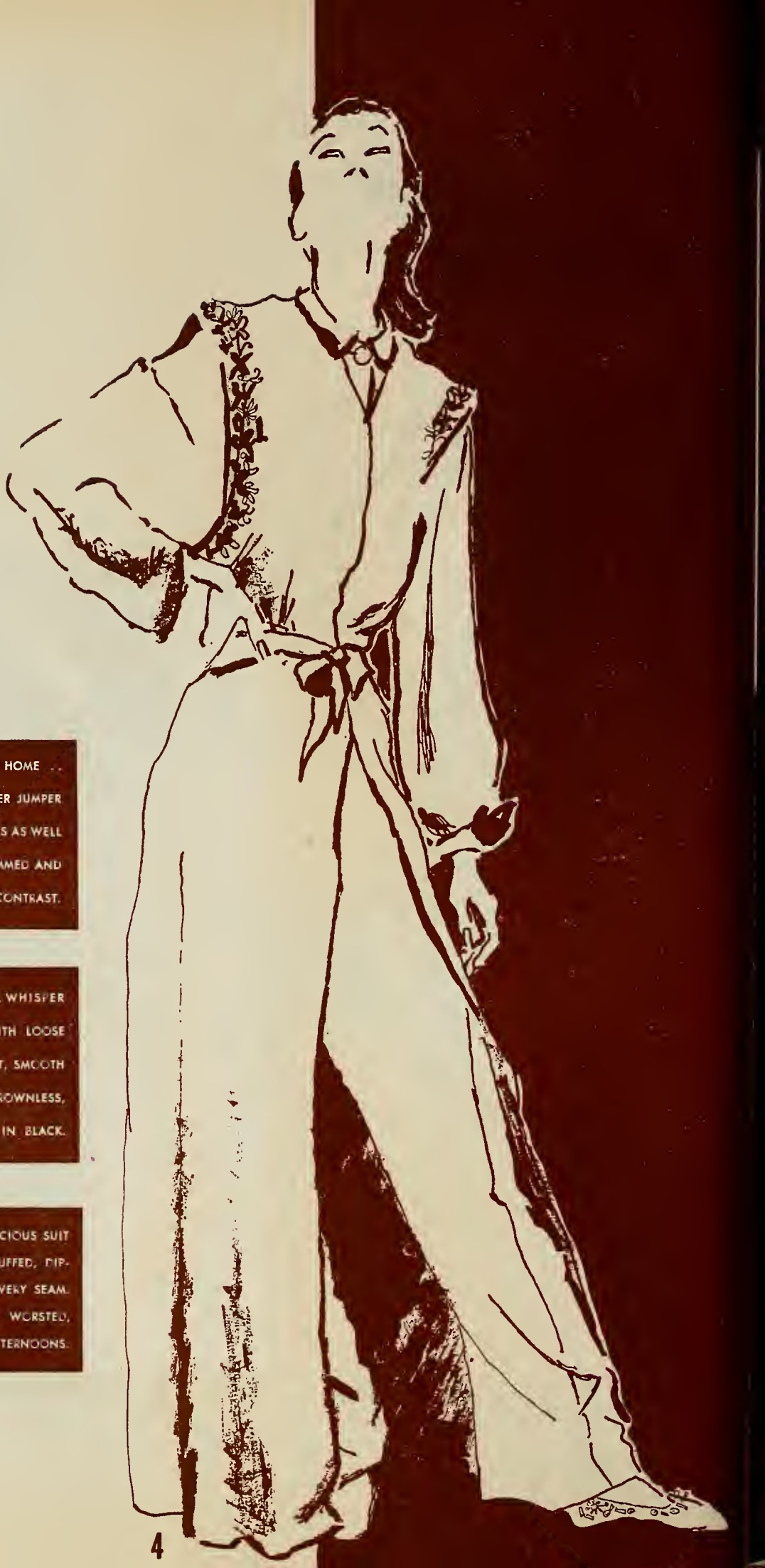
3. SUIT YOURSELF WITH A FABRIC ARISTOCRAT . . . TAILORED UNDERSTATEMENT OF YOUR BEST LINES IN PURE WOOL BIRDSEYE. YOU'LL WEAR IT WITH A HIGH CROWNED BEAVER, A POUCH BAG, SMALL HAT IT, BLOUSE IT, TAKE IT TO TEA. IT'S YOUR DAY-LONG ANSWER FOR A LONG DAY.

ZIP EVERYTHING INTO A BLACK CALF CYLINDER BAG, BIG OR MEDIUM.

TO BRIGHTEN YOUR BASICS . . . YOUR TWEEDS TOO, THIS HEAVILY RIBBED BRACELET-CLIP THREESOME MADE OF SILVER OR GOLD.

SUIT SEASONER: TABS AND TUCKS ON A PRACTICAL-PERFECT CREPE BLOUSE.

PUT YOURSELF ON A PLATFORM . . . IN TECHNICOLOR . . . BRIGHT SLING STEPPER, SUEDE, SNAKE, OR WHAT YOU WILL.



4. INDULGE A COLOR SPLASH FOR GLAMOR AT HOME . . CREPE PAJAMA WITH A NEW, SLEEVELESS DINNER JUMPER THAT YOU'LL PROBABLY WEAR OVER LONG DRESSES AS WELL AS FOR FIRESIDE LURE. THE JUMPER IS YARN TRIMMED AND WOOLY, COMES IN SHADES OF FLAME-BRIGHT CONTRAST.

5. YOUR FASHION EXCLAMATION POINT . . . WHISPER WAISTED, SOFT SLEEVED, JEWELED BLACK, WITH LOOSE FABRIC FLOATERS TO ACCENT EVERY MOVEMENT, SMOOTH EVERY STEP. COMPLETE THE DRAMA WITH A CROWNLESS, COQ-TRIMMED SAILOR . . . YOU'RE *THAT* LADY IN BLACK.

6. EXIT WITH DRAMA . . . IN A CARRIAGE-CONSCIOUS SUIT WITH PRINCESS LINES, A QUEENLY AIR . . . CUFFED, DIP-SCALLOPED, PRECISE AS A WRISTWATCH IN EVERY SEAM. TRY IT IN GRAY; IN GABARDINE OR WOOL WORSTED, TEST IT WITH ASSURANCE ON IMPORTANT AFTERNOONS.

5

6

he let him tie the black silk over her eyes. He knotted it and jerked it so tight that she gasped. In a quick whisper she said, "Loosen it, damn you, Johnny; loosen it, or I won't go on!" "Sure," he said, easily, and she smelled his clean sharp breath near her. Beyond him, the crowd rustled against the rope barrier, the carnival tent flapped in the night wind. And far away there was a drift of calliope music and the rattle of a trap drum.

Dimly, through the black silk, as the pressure loosened, she could see the people, the men and little boys and occasional women. A good full crowd, paying out dimes to come see her strapped in this electric chair, the electrodes on her body, waiting.

"There," said Johnny's voice beyond the semi-black of the fabric. "That better?"

She said nothing, but her hands gripped the ends of the wooden chair convulsively. Her heart pounded wildly. Outside, the carny-caller yelled at the people through a little cardboard megaphone and spanked his cane across the banner where Electra's portrait was painted, corn-colored hair, hard blue eyes, big chin and all, seated in her chair like someone at a tea party.

With the blindfold censoring her vision it was easier to send her frightened mind back wherever she wanted it to go. . . .

The carnival was either going up in a new town, or coming down. It was like a couple of big faun-colored lungs, taking a breath in the day, exhaling at night. The canvasses sighed down, sliding along the dark poles.

Well, last Monday night this young man with the long arms and the eager red face came, bought three tickets to the sideshow and stood watching Electra three times as the electricity ran through her like water in a straw. This young man leaned on the rope barrier, and watched her every move on the low platform. He came back four nights in a row.

"You got an audience, Ellie," said Johnny to his wife.

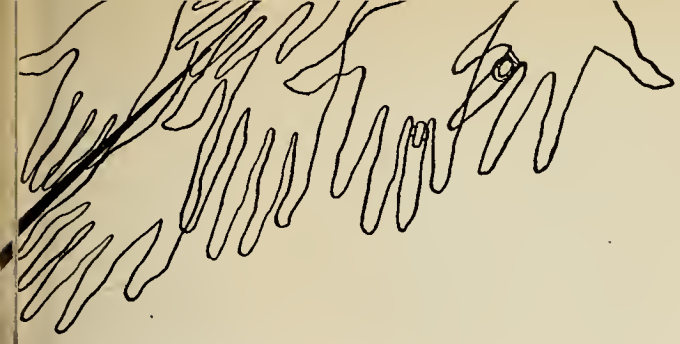
"Yeah, so I see," she said.

"Don't pay no attention," said Johnny.

"I won't," she said, with a strange tone of voice.

She'd done the act for years. Johnny slapped on the power, and it filled her up. Then he handed her a shiny metal sword and she poked it out blindly toward the audience, smiling under her blindfold, to let them tap it and jerk away as the blue sparks crackled and spat at them. As the nights went along she got so she poked the sword out toward the young man with the eager pink face first of all the people. The young man pushed his big, tendoned hand out swiftly, eagerly, almost as if to seize the blade. Blue sparks leaped the gap, but his fingers didn't cringe or waver. He took the energy into himself and his eyes, in the light, seemed like blue alcohol flame, feeding on the sword, coming on out along its length to pass over her half-bare body. He stretched his hand still farther out, his waist hard pressed against the binding rope, silent and tense. But then Johnny announced, "*Every*body touch it! Come on, everybody!" And Electra knew she had to move the blade on down or else Johnny would begin cursing quietly, harshly, in her left ear.

She saw enough through the dim cloth to know what went on in the young man's face. The fourth night she had



ELECTROCUTION

a short story by

William Elliott

the blindfold lifted a little on the side away from Johnny and instead of touching the young man's fingers she located the blazing tip of the rapier against the palm of his hand and waved it back and forth, brushing. Maybe Johnny noticed, maybe he didn't.

She walked out on the lake pier after the show. She did not look behind her as she moved along, but she listened and the corners of her lips turned up. The tide shook against the rotting piles. The carnival lights, half of them dimmed, made wandering, uneasy roads on the black water. The ferris wheel whirled high and around, with its little buckets of humans, and far away the calliope steamed and sobbed "Beautiful Ohio." She hummed some of it. She slowed her walking. She put out her right foot, slowly, then her left, then she stopped, and continued humming, then she turned her head just a fraction. As she turned around she saw the shadow, and his arms moved around her. He kissed her. She put her arms around him and kissed him back. A long time later she leaned back in his arms and stared up into his healthy, excited pink face, and said, "Darling, you're much more dangerous than that electric chair!"

"What's your name?" he said.

The next night as the power leaped through her, she stiffened and the most impossible ecstasy shuddered along her body; she began to quiver and clamp her lips in her teeth and moan. Her legs would not be still, her hands groped hard upon the scarred wood of the chair arms.

"What's wrong!" cried Johnny's voice, outside the shell of electrical vibration.

Afraid, Johnny cut the power.

"I'm all right, I'm all right," she gasped. The crowd muttered and talked. "It's nothing at all. Go on with it," she said. The switch was thrown again.

It hit her all over, it crawled through her and again she clenched her teeth and held her head back, lying against the chair. Thoughts exploded in rapid succession in her head. A young face rushed out of the dark, and a body with it, the body came toward her, naked and tall and lean, and pressed against her. The power stirred her faster and faster. The electric chair felt soft and dreamy; it melted.

Johnny, a million miles away on another planet, handed her the sword. She dropped it from her limp, twitching hand. He gave it to her again. Instinctively she shoved it out.

Somebody, out there in the ecstatic regions of dark, touched the offered blade. She knew who it was, she could imagine his eyes there, his lips parted as the current jumped into him and out again. He was pressed against the rope, hard, hard against the rope. He could not breathe. And Johnny was seeing all this, and Johnny's face would be a vivid, hating color.

The power was knifed off.

"On to the next act!" shouted Johnny.

He left her to wriggle her own way out of the leather straps. He jumped off the low platform and walked toward the Tattooed Man. Convulsively, she tore at the bonds, trembling and weak, and finally they were off and she burst from the tent, breathing rapidly, never glancing back, not looking to see if the young man was still there against the rope, or if Johnny was hating her with his dark eyes as she fled.

She fell upon the bed of the trailer behind the tent, perspiring and shaking, emotion racking and seizing her. She was crying, twisting upon the bed when Johnny finally entered and looked down on her.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"Nothing, nothing, Johnny." (*Continued on page 93*)

OPPOSITE PAGE, *UPPER LEFT*: HELENE OF HOLLYWOOD'S NYLON BEAUTY... STITCHED WITH MAGICAL PRECISION. *RIGHT*, HOLLYWOOD MAXWELL'S V-ETTE, LOW CUT FOR EVENING WITH PATENTED STITCHING. *CENTER*, MAM'ZELLE MASTERS THE DETAILS OF GOOD UPLIFT WITH THIS NET BE-FLOWERED BRA. *LOWER, RIGHT*, SHO-FORM OF HOLLYWOOD'S NYLON AD-JUSTABLE BRA WITH UPLIFT STRAPS.

Do you believe in bras? If you've ever listened wistfully while your date expounded on the figure virtues of a movie starlet; if you've had to pass up a dream of a dress that sagged where it should have molded; if you've shied away from bathing suits with a vengeance—lady, this is for you!

Take a look at your profile in a long mirror. Is your head held gracefully, nicely centered over your shoulders? Are your shoulders at ease, relaxed in their most natural position? The line of your bust . . . is it as youthful as it might be? Your abdomen, the crux of your whole posture . . . is it youthfully taut . . . unhampered by any extra weight?

If you'd like to experiment with your figure and *do* something for your bustline, follow closely.

First, whether you're aspiring to a perfect "36" or envying your smaller gal friends, get yourself into a new bra. You know why you need the support of a scientifically constructed brassiere. It keeps your muscles from sagging, sustains you, keeps the line of your figure young.

And in some ways a new bra is like a new hat . . . you're intrigued by what it is going to do to you. And the newest bras *are* intriguing. Take the four sketched here, each is a fine piece of brassiere engineering . . . made in California . . . made to bring youthful curves to your figure. The detailed construction on each is all for a purpose.

Select the brassiere that feels most comfortable . . . that fits your type of figure best. Listen to the experienced saleslady . . . she knows the whys and wherefores of all the brands. She probably summed up *your* particular problem before she ventured her cheery, "May I help you?"

When you're comfortably fitted in the correct bra, half the battle's won. However, if you're still having perfect proportion pipe-dreams, *exercise* is your answer.

You might begin by considering swimming. It's the easiest and one of the most pleasant ways to improve. For when you swim you relax, and when you relax your muscles get what they've been waiting for. Swim the crawl . . . making full use of the over-arm stretch. Swim the breast stroke, it's a wonderful breast beautifier.

And don't think you'll get out of exercising, just by staying indoors. There are lots of home practices, too. Start with a sitting one and see if you can't keep at it every day.

Practice on a hard, straight-backed chair. Slide all the way back on the seat with your hips flat against the back, your body held easily upright. Now with your two hands feel if your head is centered over your back, your shoulder blades relaxed and rather flat, your abdomen held in under the line of your ribs. Flex your shoulders up and down, around and around. Then let them fall easily into a natural position. Now from 32's—way up, you've got a good setting for your new bra . . . your new figure!

Another all-around exercise for your bustline improvement means a little more work . . . it's standing. Stand up against the wall, feet a few inches from the base board, spine as flat as you can get it to the wall, shoulders full against it, too. Raise your arms to the side, then up over your head. Slowly, and then let them down in front of you, easily. Repeat ten times. Let your pace be leisurely . . . you're encouraging muscle tissue . . . it takes time.

Now for the gals who are tired answering to the perfect "32." Here's an accepted bosom builder. Raise both arms above your head. Flex the muscles of your upper arm. Flex one side 5 times in succession . . . then the other. You can build up a total of 100 times if you're ambitious.

And, if you're still eager, try this one. Bend your two "third" fingers, press them together, make your other fingers like a castle and press your hands together in this position. Keep pressing and releasing and soon you'll feel the chest muscles coming into play. Repeat to 25 times a day.

Hardest of all is your everyday carriage. The way you hold yourself all your waking hours. The way you sit . . . the way you stand. The consideration you have for your muscles, your organs, your bones. You can keep your figure young for years . . . if you hold yourself correctly. And—wear the right bra!

beauty and the

BRA

tune up tone

To keep on feeling tip top, keep the little old
engine (that's you) right in trim . . . part
by part, give it the workout it deserves!

your posture

Little bad habits can ruin your posture. Hold your head high, your shoulders back (the way you do when you take a deep breath); your ribs dominating your abdomen; your posterior, yes, try to pull it down and *under*. Walk on your toes, walk with a copy of "Forever Amber" on your head. Look sideways in the mirror . . . you'll see what's wrong. Then practice eradication, *every day*.

ur expression

Take all your make-up off and stand in a bright light, in front of your mirror. What would you like to change about your expression? More life in your eyes . . . a softer line about your mouth? More relaxation all over? Now put on your make-up, concentrating on those points. Relax and smile . . . it may take a while, but they can be changed.

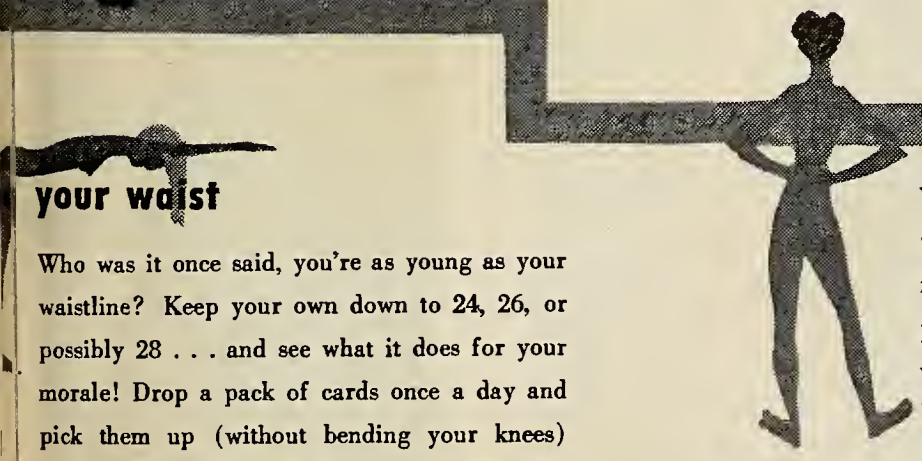
your hips

The prettiest rug in your home is the place for you, if you want to reduce your hips. Roll from side to side, raise your legs at right angles to your body, let them down, very slowly. Bicycle. All the old, but oh-so-reducing tricks. Walking's good too . . . not just one block, but twenty.

up

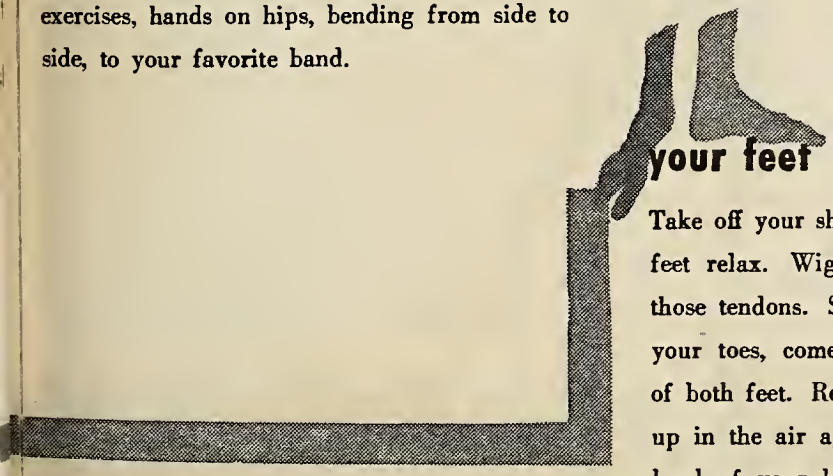
your waist

Who was it once said, you're as young as your waistline? Keep your own down to 24, 26, or possibly 28 . . . and see what it does for your morale! Drop a pack of cards once a day and pick them up (without bending your knees) one at a time! Or set the more conventional exercises, hands on hips, bending from side to side, to your favorite band.



your back

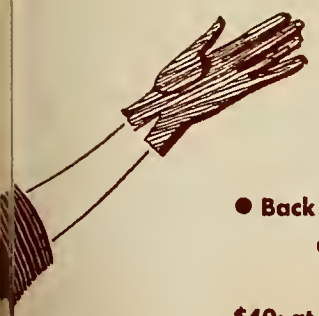
Your back probably needs rest more than anything. Not sleep, but "back" rest. A change from the soft-chair-slumping treatment you've probably been giving it. A change from the wrong way of opening dresser drawers, lifting heavy things. Watch out for your back, lift things with care, get down on your knees to open low drawers. And lie on a hard surface every once in a while, just to put all your nerves and muscles back in line.



your feet

Take off your shoes and stockings and let your feet relax. Wiggle your toes, stretch out all those tendons. Stand feet together, rise up on your toes, come down slowly on the outside of both feet. Repeat regularly. Rest your feet up in the air against the wall . . . above the level of your head, they'll enjoy the change.

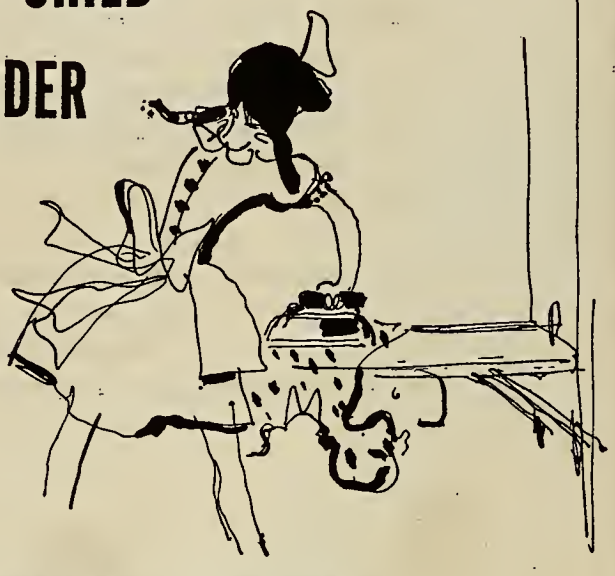
junior count:
three
and
two



● Back to class, on to career, bound for fun, go California juniors looking bright as-a-penny in these three wise suits and two smart coats. ● *From left to right*, game for football, glamorous for tea-dancing, Free Chee's Walla-Pile coat with muff cuffs; about $40; at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Jordan Marsh, Boston. ● George Washington started it all—spade back, flying tails and wide stitched cuffs. By Helen of California in Juilliard velveteen; about $25; at Liebes, San Francisco; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. ● A flare that just comes "natcherly" in Lee Gersten's wool plaid jacket; about $24 . . . with a straight, solid skirt; about $10; both at Kahn's, Oakland. Jordan Marsh, Boston. ● Button, button, bright and merry for Fiore's trim wool crepe suit; about $45; Schuster's, Milwaukee; A. Harris, Dallas. ● Pull in the waist, square the shoulders, top whate'er you wish with Rand's wool shag topper; about $40; at Haggarty's, Los Angeles; De Pinna, New York.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CHILD A LEADER

BY LYDA ANNE JENSEN

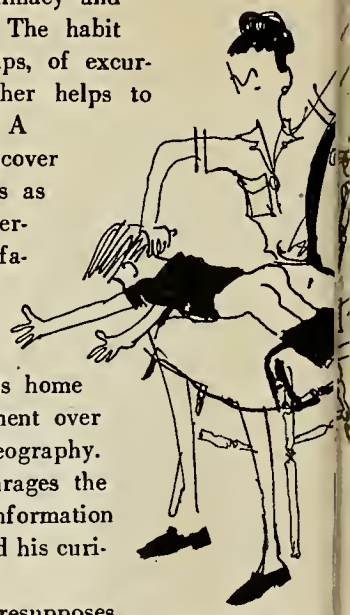


What kind of parent are you? Are you molding your child according to the potter's or according to the gardener's idea? The potter molds his bowl according to definite outlines he has in mind. The gardener plants his bulb in a sunny spot, gives it good soil and plenty of water and then he watches it unfold and develop all that is in it. The gardener knows that by neglect and improper care, the bulb will wither and shrivel into a scrawny, ridiculous caricature of the flower it might have become.

Are you the "potter" type of parent who wants to mold your square-pegged child into a round-pegged child? Or are you the "gardener" type of parent who realizes that you cannot alter by one jot or tittle the capacities of your child but that you can by keeping your child healthy and by giving him training in leadership develop all that is in the child.

In the development of leadership you must take into account all the instinctive drives of your child—play, imagination, curiosity, love of doing and love of competing. Be not too eager to protect and shelter your child beyond his needs so that you unfit, rather than equip him for the manifold experiences he must meet in life. We have evidences, in the helplessness and timidity of many adults, of the lengths to which some parents go in considering their children as appendages, rather than as individuals. The child whose parents, for example, encourage him to dissolve into tears and seek their help in every difficulty is building up a type of response which will greatly handicap him in the ordinary rough and tumble of life. How often have we heard a child whine, "Mama, Jimmy won't play with me," or "Make Mary give me my ball," or "Make Frank stop teasing me."

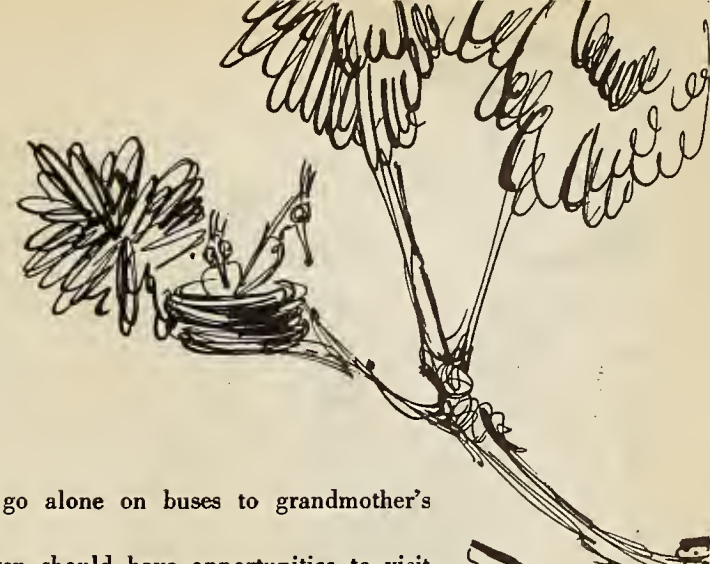
To provide the right environment for children demands—in addition to good food, cleanliness, ample rest—parents who have imagination and insight and who can give their children many experiences in wholesome interests. It demands a father who is not so preoccupied with providing food, shelter and clothing for his children that he neglects their craving for companionship. A father whose recreation is apart from that of his children can not expect intimacy and companionship with them. The habit of family walks, drives, trips, of excursions and adventures together helps to develop common interests. A pair of field glasses to discover birds as they appear, means as well a pleasant topic of conversation. An understanding father does not abash his boy or girl by saying, "Why, didn't you already know that?" when he comes home from school full of excitement over something new learned in geography. Instead he helps and encourages the youngster to find still more information on the subject that has stirred his curiosity.



The right environment presupposes a mother who is not merely a bundle of unselfish devotion and sacrifice, and who is far-sighted enough not to confuse the immediate satisfaction of the child's desires with his ultimate happiness.

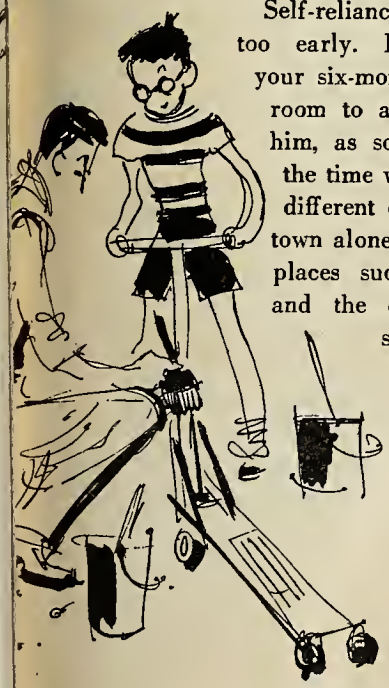
"Oh, but I can't give Jimmy an allowance, he spends it all for candy," Jimmy's mother exclaims. To be sure every Jimmy will spend his allowance in one candy splurge if he is permitted to beg another dime from his mother when the ice-cream wagon comes along. But no ice-cream, nothing to contribute to Sunday School, nothing to bank on Monday, nothing to spend the entire week will be a logical, natural way of bringing forethought in the child's mind.

Many mothers worry unnecessarily about the teasing

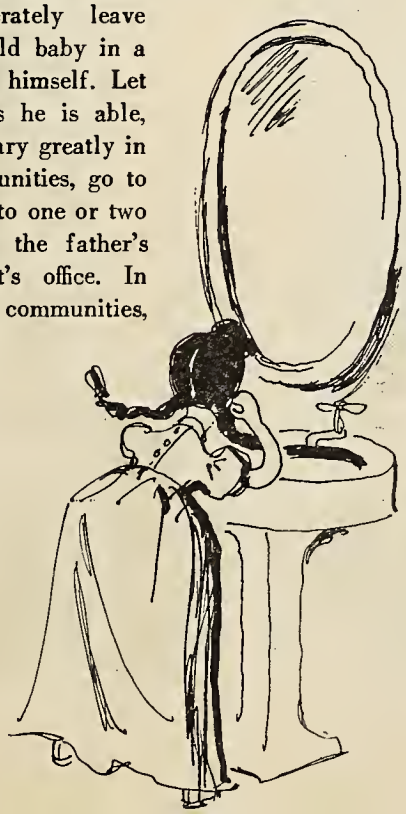


which goes on among the children of a family. While teasing is hard on the mother, it has the effect eventually of forcing a child to laugh at or ignore it. Frank, an only child, who at the age of twelve was suddenly subjected to the teasing of four cousins, realized later the valuable training in self-control which resulted, but wished it had come earlier. An individual who is not thrown into similar circumstances until adult life, has no pattern of response built up and suffers while trying out methods of meeting the situation.

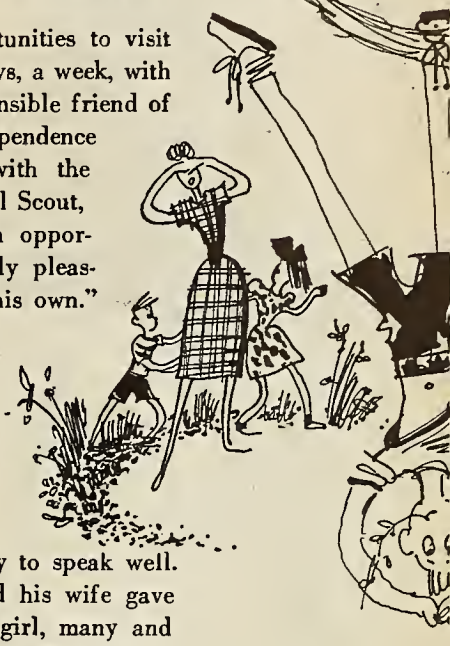
Parents must interfere at times. When one child, for instance, tends to dominate another, the interests of the less aggressive individual must be protected and he must be stimulated to aggression. In the Whitcomb family, a family of five boys, Lester, the youngest, who had the misfortune to be gentle and amiable, was left out of all family councils. Whenever Lester ventured an opinion, the other boys hushed him with the statement that he was "too young" to have good judgment. A stronger individual would have rebelled, but not Lester. He accepted it graciously, and went throughout life a slighted, belittled individual. Lester had a good mind, and early and frequent opportunities to express his ideas would have tended toward the development of a balanced personality. Today Lester's failure saddens the whole family who have unwittingly helped to bring it about.



Self-reliance cannot be taught too early. Deliberately leave your six-months-old baby in a room to amuse himself. Let him, as soon as he is able, the time will vary greatly in different communities, go to town alone and to one or two places such as the father's and the dentist's office. In some communities, four-year-olds go alone on buses to grandmother's house in town.



Small children should have opportunities to visit away from home overnight several days, a week, with grandmother, a favored aunt or responsible friend of the family, in order that too great dependence on the parent may not interfere with the child's full development. Boy and Girl Scout, Y.M.C.A., and other camps offer an opportunity for the child to have decidedly pleasurable practice in being partly "on his own." Many older children suffer depressing homesickness when they go away to school or college even to the point of quitting, because they have scarcely been away from home even for an overnight visit before.



Children profit much in the ability to speak well. Will Collins realized this, so he and his wife gave their five children, four boys and a girl, many and varied opportunities in public address. The Collins children were always one jump ahead of their contemporaries. They were the first in their class who could talk on a new subject, teach and direct new games, tell clearly and concisely the "how" of doing and making.

Try to find out wherein the interests of your child lie. No adults can begin to acquire the efficiency in swimming, in sports, in piano playing, in public speaking, in drama, in political science or in language as those persons who have had steady and enjoyable practice in these arts from childhood.

Whether teacher's pets or not, the parental eye views them with pride clads them happily for back-to-school in young washables *Left*, Lurrie-Pizer's sweet 'n' sturdy corduroy jumper; about $4; leading stores. *Below*, Little and Martin's big 'n' little sister dress of Dan River chambray; sizes 2 to 6, about $4; 7 to 14, about $6. The Broadway, Los Angeles; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago

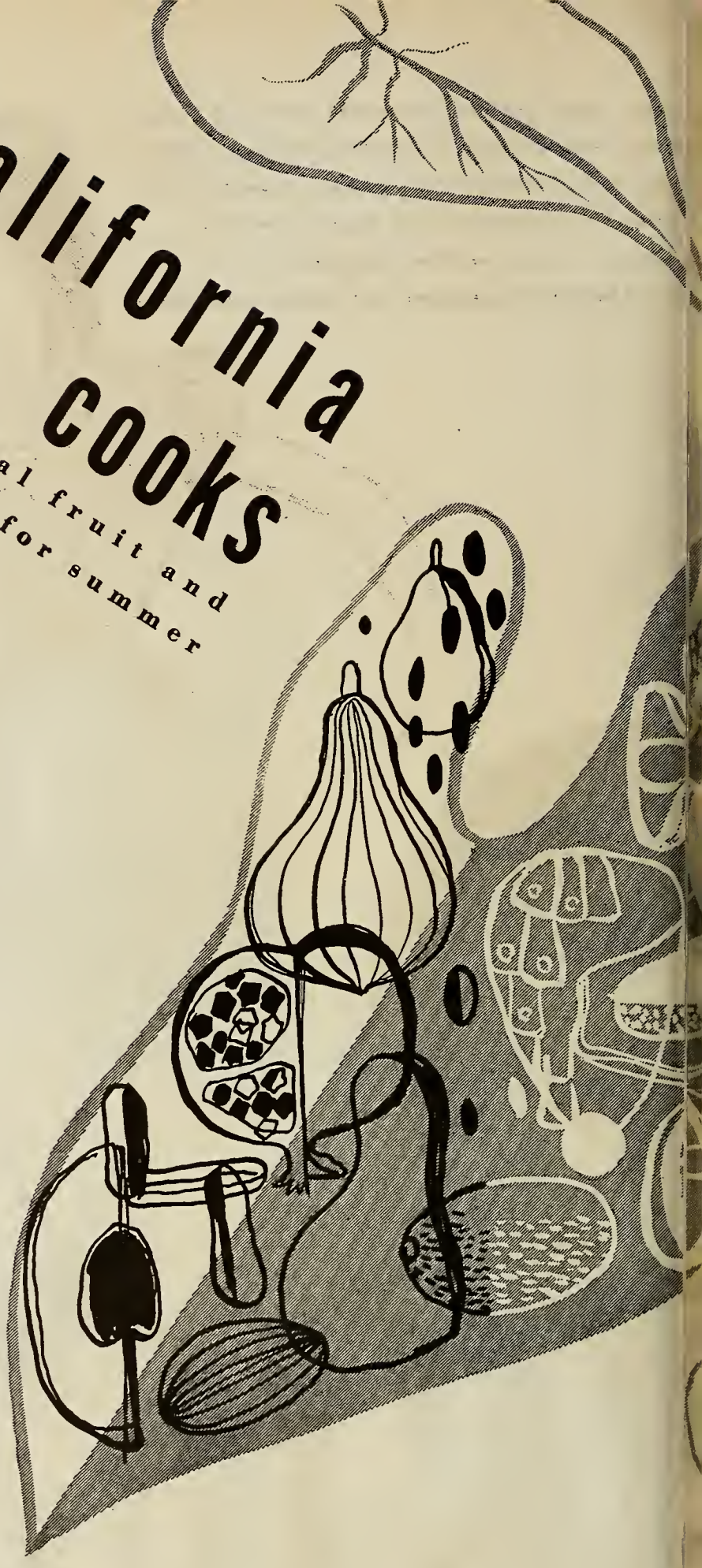
wee-folk

n, petite cotton petticoat and panties trimmed in baby
t; Mary Cheely; about $5; at Saks Fifth Avenue, Los Angeles;
dson's, Minn. Center, Sanforized school dress by Jean
n; about $8; The Broadway, Los Angeles; Hecht Co.,
ington, D. C. *Right*, Free Chee's fitted coat;
$25; at Bullock's, Los Angeles; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans.

lore

california cooks

tropical fruit and vegetables for summer



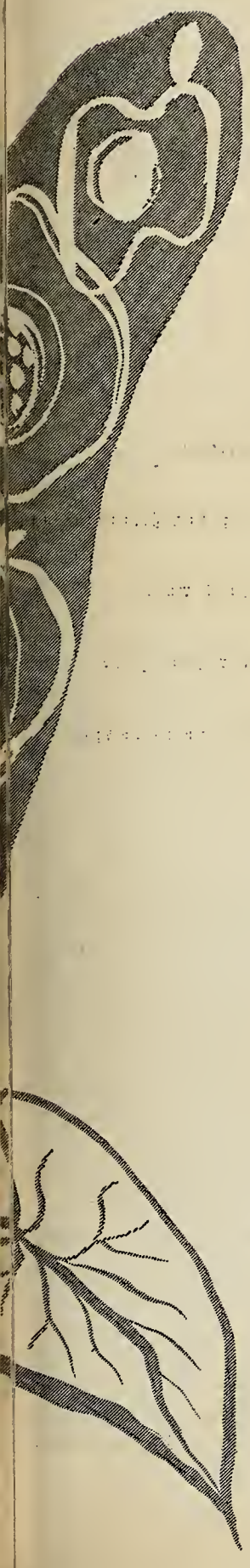
by Helen Evans Brown

California foods get around these days. A Maine potato doesn't even blink an eye when he finds an avocado in a neighboring basket, and chances are he doesn't give a loquat more than a passing glance. It's just as easy for a fig, ripe to the point of bursting, to adorn the table of a Cape Cod cottage as it is for a Philadelphian to fly West for a dunk in the Pacific. Airborne freight is no longer a gourmet's dream, it's here, and to stay, like the California way.

So you're a native son or daughter? Do you know all the exotic fruits that are grown in your favorite state? Even if you are on speaking terms with them, do you know how to serve them? Oh, you know enough not to eat an olive picked ripe from the tree. You know, too, that figs aren't always dried, and that kumquats and loquats are not one and the same. But do you know all the semi-tropical fruits you see in the fabulous markets of California? Even if *you* do know all the answers, there are those who don't, whether they do their marketing at a fancy food store in New York or a roadside market in Eagle Rock. So here:

FRESH FIGS

Take fresh figs—so perishable are they that until they donned their flying togs they were a delicacy little known outside of California. Figs should be picked when their rich juices are actually oozing from their plump interiors. And don't think that that exact moment isn't a matter of great importance to the fig lover. Fresh figs are usually peeled before eating, particularly if they are of the coarse skinned variety. Sliced and served simply with cream they make



superb eating for company breakfast, and for a dessert that will be remembered with reverence, serve them peeled and baptized with California Port. And if you still insist you don't like figs, try them with the merest suspicion of salt—that's what I think.

FRESH DATES

Fresh dates are good nibbling any time of day, but even *you* will go for hot cereal if it's served with peeled and sliced fresh dates at breakfast time. At dinner time that favorite dessert of ours, fresh fruits and assorted cheeses, will be even more special than it was last night if one of the fruits is fresh dates and one of the cheeses is cheddar. But why not just fresh dates and cheddar?

AVOCADOS

Avocados you know all about, or do you? Ever serve them as a fritter, dipped in batter, or egged and crumbed, then fried to a golden brown? Do you cube them and add them to clear soups as a garnish, or sieve them and fold them into a cream of chicken soup (this at the last moment)? Or do you mash them, season them with salt and pepper and serve them in place of the ubiquitous Russian dressing, on hearts of Romaine? And there are those who serve halves of avocado filled with all manner of foods: crab salad, fruit salad, creamed foods—if the last idea appeals to you, do it this way. Put your hot creamed crabmeat or chicken or whatsis into the halved unpeeled avocados, then put them in the oven just long enough to heat the avocado. I say fifteen minutes in an oven set at 350°. Put a smidgin of water in the bottom of the pan, and for goodness sake don't cook the avocado! I don't think I'd dare serve this dish to a man; I couldn't take that slightly raised masculine eyebrow. But go ahead and serve it at your next bridge luncheon and don't invite me. I feel the same way about caviar served in avocado halves—they don't need each other. But here's another story, one that bears repeating: serve avocados on the half shell and accompany it with wedges of lime and a decanter of rum. Both lime juice and rum are poured over the fruit, not too sparingly.

GUAVAS AND FEIJOAS

Then there are guavas and feijoas, the size and shape of pullet eggs, and of several varieties. Strawberry guavas are red, and lemon guavas are yellow. Surprised? The pineapple guava, or feijoa, is not a true guava. Unlike its namesake, its seeds are so small they may be eaten. Like a guava, though, it requires peeling. For a super treat, try:

VISTILLAS FEIJOA MARMALADE

Add four cups of sugar and a half cup of lemon juice to a quart of peeled and quartered feijoas. Boil slowly until almost ready to jell (220° on your jelly thermometer). Chop two medium sized oranges, skins and all (fish out those seeds, though), add them to your mixture, and bring once more to a boil. Boil two minutes, pour in jelly glasses and seal. Those feijoas aren't just ornamental trees after all!

Guavas and feijoas do nicely in fruit compote and/or cocktails, but for a dessert that is really spectacular, try:

GUAVA SHELLS WITH CREAM CHEESE

Remove the stems and blossom ends from guavas without cutting into the skin. Cut the fruit neatly in halves and scoop out the seeds. For every pound of guava shells add three-quarters of a cup of sugar, a quarter of a cup of water, and a tablespoon of lemon juice. A tiny speck of salt won't do any harm. Cook slowly until the shells have acquired a glorious deep pink and a semi-transparency. Careful now, don't break those shells; they should be tender, but firm enough to keep their shape. When they're cool, fill them with cream cheese which has been softened with a spot of cream; if you think it would be fun, squiggle the cheese in with a pastry tube. Serve the shells three or four to a serving with a little of the syrup drizzled over them. Have extra servings, you'll need them, and while you're about it you might just as well cook up a big batch of the shells. Sealed in jars while hot, they'll keep all but forever.

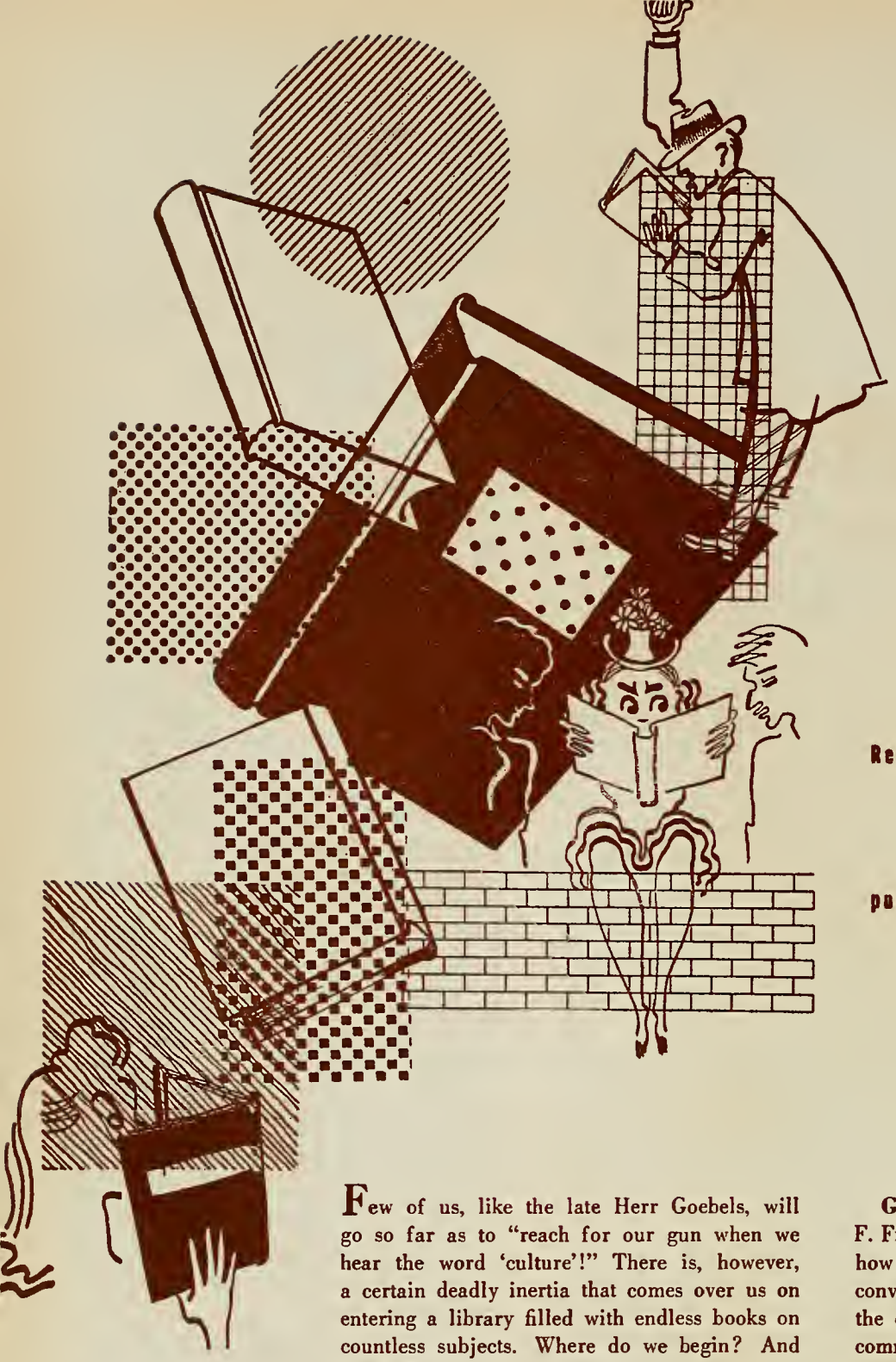
POMEGRANATES

Pomegranates lead a double life. They serve first as the most exquisite of table decorations, then, as their beauty fades and their skins toughen, they are at their best as an exotic fruit dessert. Cut in halves, their juicy flesh-covered seeds are eaten with a spoon. They taste like grenadine, and no wonder, for they're what granadine is made of.

PERSIMMONS

At last I've come to them. They're an autumnal rite with me. I watch them change their color, soften, reach that stage of transparency and utter ripeness when they are at their very best, I'm told. And then, when they've become of more than passing interest to the fruit flies, I throw them, ever so reluctantly, into the garbage can. But don't listen to me. Listen to the gourmet who says they are best eaten directly from the skin, scooping out the flesh with a spoon.

These are but a few of the exciting new taste thrills that California has to offer the gastronomical world. California clothes, California homes, California food. Small wonder the whole country's gone Californian!



IT'S EASY

Reading is like marriage.

It must be given direction and

purpose. It takes hard work.

And to the winner goes

a lifetime of reward.

Few of us, like the late Herr Goebels, will go so far as to "reach for our gun when we hear the word 'culture'!" There is, however, a certain deadly inertia that comes over us on entering a library filled with endless books on countless subjects. Where do we begin? And how?

We begin after we have realized that self-education is a dynamic thing . . . a thing which goes on at the theatre and in the lecture hall . . . while we listen to the radio or talk with our friends. It is going on in the movies and even as we read our daily papers and periodicals.

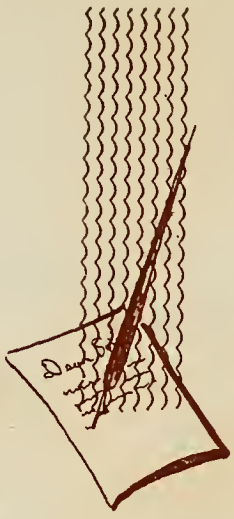
Here is a list of ten books that has been recommended by librarians and educators for those who want to pick up where their schooling left off. While it will not give the highly polished veneer of a Harvard five-foot book shelf, it is reading with a plan, and reading with a purpose.

GIVE YOURSELF BACKGROUND by F. Fraser Bond—a book for beginners. It shows how to use the by-products of your reading in conversation, in letter writing and public speech, the conduct of meetings, and organization and committee work; how to apply it in the decoration of your home and the selection of your wardrobe. Background *is* poise and it may be found, not through buying an original gown, but by spreading out mentally—finding new interests, additions to your vocabulary, new ways of expressing all the things you think.

TITANS OF LITERATURE by Burton Rascoe—this is a flesh-and-blood book about fictional characters. It is a great book because it talks about Homer in terms of the average Athenian, talks about him as a human being, harassed by poverty, worried by petty business cares and domestic problems. Rabelais' earthy wit, the haunting morbidity of Byron, and Ana-

BY JUNE BARTH

TO LEARN



tole France's biting skepticism—these and other classics come in for a treatment which is sometimes shocking but never dull.

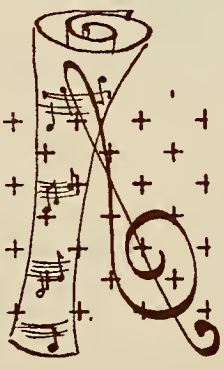
YOU AND THE UNIVERSE by John J. O'Neill—is a handbook for living in the atomic age. It translates the strange symbols and curious terminology of chemistry and medicine, of anthropology, physics and engineering. It explains the world-shaking discoveries in such simple and graphic terms that they take on an everyday significance.

Here is atom-bursting as O'Neill expounds it: "When a neutron gets inside the nucleus of an atom the nucleus becomes uncomfortable, and like the small boy who has overeaten at Thanksgiving, it is ready to burst . . . the nucleus is overstrained and something has to be ejected if the neutron is to stay inside."

THE BASIC TEACHINGS OF THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS by S. E. Frost, Jr., starts out so—"Everyone, whether he be plowman or banker, clerk or captain, citizen or ruler, is, in a real sense, a philosopher . . . the world in which we live will not let us rest."

Of all the questions in our life, the biggest one is "Why?" Why are we here and where are we going? How should we live? What can we do while we're alive? Every insignificant B-picture we see has some underlying philosophy, every comic strip character is good or bad, kindly or bewildered, because of the way he thinks.

These men—the philosophers—were more important than they knew! Nietzsche, though he lived long before our time, designed the pattern for the entire Nazi state. His will to power, his theory that the weak must be destroyed to make room for the strong, is nothing more nor less than the fascist excuse for human gas chambers and mass murder. And the democratic people who fought the Nazi rule, fought, also, with an idea. Their idea was originally that of a philosopher named Hegel who said, back in the eighteenth century, that the goal of life must be a society of free individuals—a state in which the individual so blends himself with the whole that his will is theirs.



MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION by Lancelot T. Hogben, the book which covers everything from the arithmetic of human welfare to crossword puzzle combinations, started out as a convalescent's pastime, became a best seller.

We live, as the author so vividly points out "in a welter of figures; cookery recipes, railway time-tables, unemployment aggregates, fines, taxes, war debts, overtime schedules, speed limits, bowling averages, betting odds, billiard scores, calories, babies' weights, clinical temperatures, rainfall, hours of sunshine, motoring records, power indices, gas-meter readings, bank rates, freight rates, death rates, discount, interest, lotteries, wave lengths and tire pressures."

This is the answer to that fuzzy feeling that sometimes comes over us when confronted with the facts-and-figures problems of everyday life.

DISCOVERING POETRY by Elizabeth Drew—is a book about fun—the fun of exploring new and strange thoughts, words which tease forth memories of our youth, sensations we've never forgotten! It starts out with Emily Dickinson's definition:

"If I read a book . . . and I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry . . . is there any other way?"

It is possible, of course, to live without poetry just as it is possible to eat without seasoning. But in no other way are we privileged to look on in a super-real world which mirrors our own in all its complexity and anguish, its wonder and its hope. Poetry is, for each of us, but one more chance at recreation.

STREAM OF HISTORY by Geoffrey Parsons—starts with the lowly amoeba and works its way up to twentieth century man. Here, in 567 pages, is laid bare the whole pattern of civilization . . . minus the interminable dates and battles, the trivia which clutter every other chronicle of our heritage.

The demogogues and revolutionaries, the dubious ladies of decadent courts who ruled whole nations from their boudoir, each writes his headline and gives way to another. Like a diary of all men, this book takes you through the travail of humanity from the early herdsmen and hunters to our modern brethren who span whole continents before breakfast.

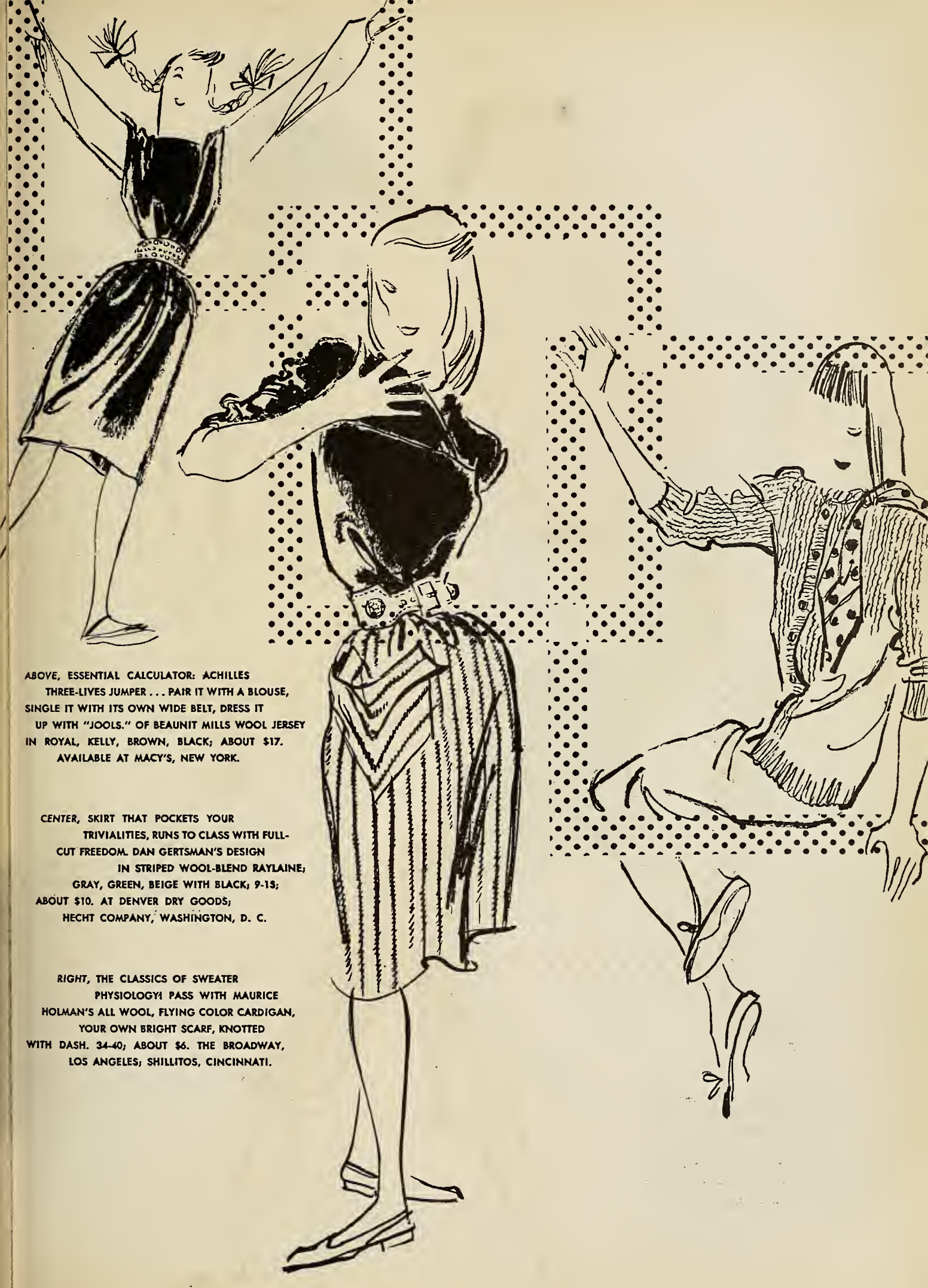
ART THROUGH THE AGES by Helen Gardiner—painting, sculpture, architecture, ce-

(Continued on page 82)

campus logarithm: add two make one

WORK WITH HALVES . . . SKIRTS, SHIRTS, SWEATERS, JUMPERS . . . ADD GOOD BELTS, A SPLASHY SCARF AND YOU HAVE IT . . . YOUR CAMPUS CALENDAR! *TOP:* PETER LEE'S CHARMED PEASANT BLOUSE WITH DROP-ROUND YOKE, FLUFFY SLEEVES; ABOUT $3. ADD REMLE'S CORDUROY DIRNDL, ABOUT $8. SKIRT AT GIMBELS, PHILADELPHIA; THE HECHT CO., WASHINGTON.

RIGHT, A FACTOR YOU'LL MULTIPLY TO INFINITY . . . THIS PLAID WOOL-BLEND SHIRT WITH IN-OR-OUT TAILS, TO SLACK, TO SKIRT, TO SUIT. ACHILLES MADE, ABOUT $8. AT GIMBEL'S, PHILADELPHIA.



ABOVE, ESSENTIAL CALCULATOR: ACHILLES THREE-LIVES JUMPER . . . PAIR IT WITH A BLOUSE, SINGLE IT WITH ITS OWN WIDE BELT, DRESS IT UP WITH "JOOLS." OF BEAUNIT MILLS WOOL JERSEY IN ROYAL, KELLY, BROWN, BLACK; ABOUT $17. AVAILABLE AT MACY'S, NEW YORK.

CENTER, SKIRT THAT POCKETS YOUR TRIVIALITIES, RUNS TO CLASS WITH FULL-CUT FREEDOM. DAN GERTSMAN'S DESIGN IN STRIPED WOOL-BLEND RAYLAINE; GRAY, GREEN, BEIGE WITH BLACK; 9-15; ABOUT $10. AT DENVER DRY GOODS; HECHT COMPANY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

RIGHT, THE CLASSICS OF SWEATER PHYSIOLOGY! PASS WITH MAURICE HOLMAN'S ALL WOOL, FLYING COLOR CARDIGAN, YOUR OWN BRIGHT SCARF, KNOTTED WITH DASH. 34-40; ABOUT $6. THE BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES; SHILLITOS, CINCINNATI.

BELTS BY ROGÉ.

ABOVE, A HALF THAT EQUALS TWOI JUST-INVENTED DUALOTTES... A FLICK OF THE ZIPPERED FRONT AND BACK AND YOU HAVE A TAILORED SKIRT... ANOTHER FLICK AND YOU HAVE CULOTTESI RAYON GABARDINE; ABOUT $10. AT MILLER AND RHOADS, RICHMOND; HESS BROTHERS, ALLENTOWN.

ABOVE, ADD COTTON CORDUROY PUSHERS, A WOOL JERSEY TOP, GET A FORMULA FOR COMFORT. "SMARTY PANTS" ABOUT $7; BUTTON-FRONT-OR-BACK BLOUSE, ABOUT $5; BOTH BY KORET. AT DESMONDS, LOS ANGELES; BON MARCHÉ, SEATTLE.

ABOVE, ONE THAT HALVES, PERCHANCE . . . PREVIEW'S WESKIT JACKET, FRONT FULL SKIRT IN STRIPE WOVEN MERGER WOOL; BLUE OR GREEN-PREDOMINATE STRIPE; 10-18. A SMOOTH DOUBLESOME TOGETHER OR APART. ABOUT $25.

ABOVE, OFF CAMPUS, GRAFF'S SKIPPER SLACKS IN STRUTTER, A SHIRLEY FABRIC; ABOUT $6.50; GRAFF'S CONVERTIBLE-COLLARED SHIRT OF COHAMA MOON MIST; ABOUT $4. THE BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES; YOUNKERS, DES MOINES.

westbound wearables

what to wear on your trip to california

august weather data

	Los Angeles	*San Francisco*
Average Maximum	84.0	65.2
Average Minimum	62.6	53.5
Highest	92	92
Lowest	56	46
Percentage of sunshine	82	63

August presents a challenge for the west-bound traveler who would be rightly dressed, for it is a month when you'll want your coolest clothes . . . and yet it is a time when first fall fashions make their exciting debut. It's not exactly a fight-to-the-finish dilemma for there are compromises between dicta of comfort and fashion . . . clothes that are dark in color but light in weight being the most obvious.

So if you're heading for California in August your "don't forgets" should include sun clothes and swim togs galore, *plus* darker dresses for town and dining-out occasions.

Many Californians label August their favorite vacation month, so irresistible are the temptations to play. If you are sportsminded, too, bring cottons and brevities for sun-fun at the beach, at Catalina, in the mountains . . . and in fact for outdoor play anywhere from the Mammoth Lakes to a sunny patio!

Bring tennis whites and sailing blues . . . sweaters 'n' skirts for golf . . . riding clothes (tuff-stuff denims for the mountains, city-slick fashions for the parks). Bring play shoes for fun, walking shoes for comfort because you'll want to cover miles as you attend the races at Del Mar, watch tennis and golf matches, maybe even take in a county fair or art exhibit at Laguna Beach!

A suit for street wear is another "must." A smart black linen, a lightweight wool (gabardines are wonderful) . . . dark colors are specified for San Francisco, but you may be a bit more lighthearted in the southland with a dark print or two-piece dress—a choice that really goes to town!

After dark is time enough to dip into the exciting fashions of the coming season . . . with a costume suit or a short dinner dress, or with formal gowns if you anticipate a need for them. But never forget that formality is not a necessary part of California life . . . you'll be as right as the rain you'll never see in August (we crossed our fingers!) if after dark you cling to those more packable little frocks.

A coat? . . . We suggest you consider a short-sport, the briefer the better for daytime wear over light cottons or prints . . . to throw over your shoulders in evenings. You'll find more than a few occasions when a coat is needed at the beach, in the mountains or right in the heart of town . . . at Hollywood Bowl concerts, just for instance.

Put great emphasis on accessories for your travel wardrobe, for this is where you can achieve variety without adding too much bulk to your packing: a scarf, belt, jewelry, even gloves and shoes can change the "mood" of a basic dress so that it is adaptable to wear for many different occasions.

So grab your hat (a brief rounder for travel and sight-seeing, a big sun hat if you shun the sun) and be on your way. But please, make reservations far in advance for both hotel and travel, for this is a westward-ho month, this August!

ANNIE DROP YOUR BOOKS!

Cutting one o'clocks . . . rainchecking classes for battles on the green in change-abouts from Stuart of California. New as the semester and done up in dad's dream of a gray menswear flannel. Bike pushers spiked with color stripes on either side; jacket goes full in back, and skirt boasts twin pleating. Anglo wool; suit about $40; pushers about $15, at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Saks 34th Street, New York. Mode de Paris blouse. Playshoes by Cobblers; Joyce.

GOING . . . everywhere, the chameleon cardigan with its own topper, Perfect-Fit Tailleurs, just that for just everything. In Barnai's doeskin or Kanmak gabardine, about $60 each. With it, the hat with flourish . . . Weyman's off-the-face zephyr beaver, about $27.50. All at Haggarty's, Los Angeles; Auerbach's, Salt Lake City. Ceramic jewelry by Fillipa. Deauville blouse. Handbag by Pacific.

COMING . . . the wraparound . . . clean of line, gay of cut like Demoiselle's surplice of simplicity with stitched jester touches at collar, cuffs and pockets. The fabric is of J. N. Werk's Beauclene. Sizes 9-17, 8-18; about $35. You'll find it at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Shillito's, Cincinnati. "Copper" is the German Boxer, two-time award winner owned by Mrs. B. Bennett.

the mathematics

Pigtails away—freckles vanishing under a light spray of powder. And it all adds up . . . sum total of soft lights, sweet music and *That* guy. Bare a shoulder for a samba, ruffle back a skirt, take to tiny, turned-up collars . . . how can he forget you? *This page*, Domb's plaid taffeta clings smoothly over one shoulder. Under $25, at The May Company, Los Angeles. Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. *Opposite page, top*, Palladium blues play up to Jourdelle's white crepe which barely sleeves. Oscar Hayman crepe; about $30, at Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. *Center*, Marion McCoy's swing stuff of wool jersey has a turned-up collar and contrasting sash. About $30, at Bullock's Los Angeles; L. S. Ayers, Indianapolis. *Below*, a new couple . . . Juilliard velveteen top takes up with madras striped skirt that flounces out in back for fun. From Saba. About $11.

f dating

BY MARTA BLACKSTONE

"what comes naturally"

California makes native sons out of the most casual newcomers, so when it gets such promising material as Lizabeth Scott . . . well, you can imagine with what enthusiasm we claim her for our own!

For here is a girl who really personifies the far-famed *California look* we brag so much about . . . a natural, glowing beauty plus a verve and freedom that goes well with sunny California. Besides, Lizabeth Scott has a rare sensitivity that instinctively makes her react to her surroundings. She does-as-the-Romans-do . . . and in this case, she loves it.

She streaked across the Hollywood horizon first as a star in her own right, a sort of starting-at-the-top policy that had local adherents to the Alger formula completely flabbergasted.

But they didn't know how she worked to achieve this chance: the years of study at home and in drama schools, defying her parents' pleas for college to go on the road with "Hellzapoppin'" (learning stage business the hard way), and understudying Tallulah Bankhead in "Skin of our Teeth."

Yes, she had the experience, but actually she came to California by a curious fluke: being selected by some bright-eyed scout who saw her strikingly fresh beauty in a fashion picture (she'd gone to modeling as a stop-gap between theatrical hopes). Thinking he was snaring a beautiful unknown, that gentleman was a mite surprised to find that he had a talented actress on his hands.

After a few disappointing interviews and tests, Lizabeth Scott won her great opportunity through Hal Wallis. Ironically enough, this was the same man who once wired her for an interview and was turned down!

Given the starring role in a sensitive opus "You Came Along," this potentially great actress scored an immediate success . . . and came right back in a totally different role co-starring with Barbara Stanwyck in "The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers," a Hal Wallis production for Paramount release.

Since she has been in California, Lizabeth Scott has adopted the carefree life for her own . . . aside from studio routine which, of course, takes most of her time. She lives alone and simply in a small house, cooks her own breakfast and dinner, shuns night clubs and artificiality in any guise. She is known to rise early (and we mean 6 a.m.) to take inspirational walks just because she enjoys them.

Understatement in clothes is the dramatic note she always has achieved, so here, where sportswear is the rule, she is particularly at home. She has no fussy formals or languid "frocks" in her entire wardrobe. (On the day of our interview she wore a wonderful royal blue blouse with full sleeves, a simple white skirt.) Color is her interpretation of clothes suitable to California living, an inspiration to women everywhere.

This chameleon quality of reflecting moods in her actions and her clothes is typical. She is a born actress. Moreover, she instinctively has a "feeling" for everything she wears. The coat pictured opposite, for instance, gave her a swagger and freedom that she adored: conversely, it would seem the coat was designed for her personally. Lizabeth Scott is like that about so many things she likes . . . they become part of each other.

A word picture of this newest star wouldn't be complete without putting emphasis on one thing that doesn't show in the photograph, but is perhaps her dominant characteristic: the throaty thrilling voice which adds significance to her every word.

"Studied to be an opera star and strained my voice . . . when I was nine," she will tell you with a twinkle if you ask how she happened to acquire her deep husky tone. Despite elocution teachers' efforts to lift it a notch or two, her voice remained at its resonant low level . . . to the delight of her fans.

Lizabeth Scott is a fatalist about her voice and about her whole meteoric rise in pictures. She always had a "feeling" that she would succeed some day. The day has finally arrived, and so has la Scott.

A few months ago she couldn't get an acting assignment at any price . . . and just the other day Hal Wallis refused $50,000 for her contract.

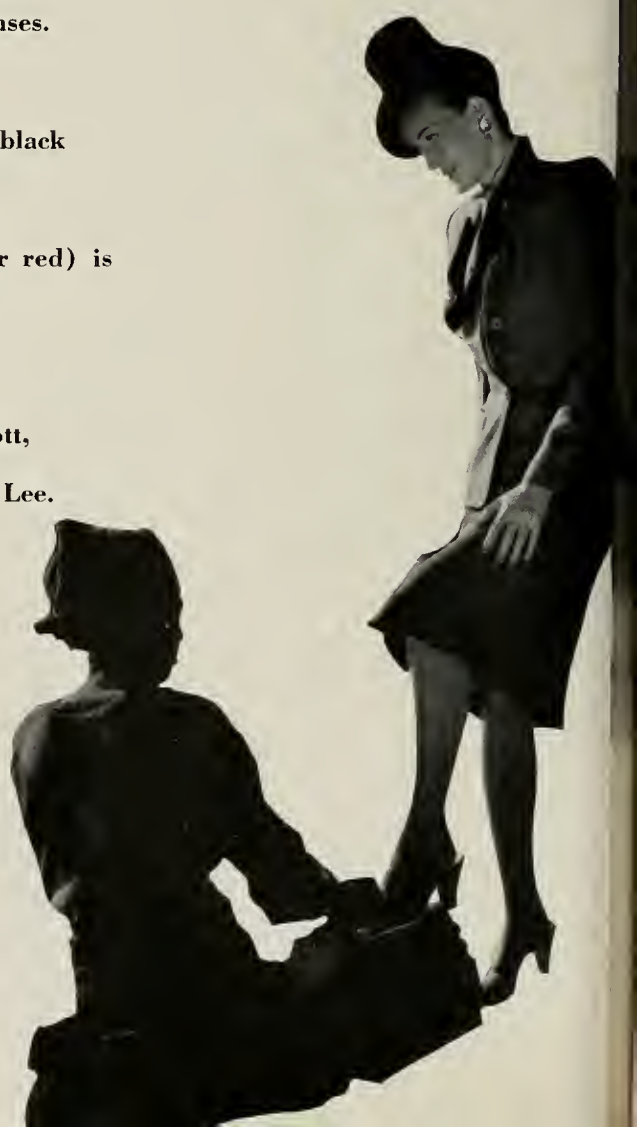
LIZABETH SCOTT "TAKES TO" THIS GREATCOAT WITH BUTTON-ON HOOD LINED TO MATCH THE BLOUSE; LYNN LESTER DESIGN. MISS SCOTT CO-STARS IN "THE STRANGE LOVES OF MARTHA IVERS," A HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION FOR PARAMOUNT RELEASE. KODACHROME BY CHARLES KERLEE.

YOU

CAN WEAR IT LIKE THIS ..

It's a well-wed group in the California manner . . . suit, tri-way topper, skirt, two blouses and you. Hat them, belt them, mix and re-match them for any weather, any season. Famed coordinator Barney Max designed them of J. P. Stevens cashmere type woolens, color-blended Celanese blouses. Topper (with a belt that goes butcher boy, all 'round, or stays off) comes in brown with aqua or beige; black with red; about $25. Matching skirt with stitched box pleat, about $9. The four button suit (black, brown or red) is about $32; its short-sleeved, high-collared blouse, about $8. Shirt with deep cuffs, tucked back yoke, about $9.

All at the Broadway, Los Angeles; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Dramatizer hats by Suzy Lee.



OR THIS

OR THIS

OR THIS

BY VIRGINIA SCALLON

Once in a blue moon you find a house so excitingly different that you explore it with a that's-for-me expectancy. Such a one is that owned by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Douglas II in Balboa, California.

As is the modern way, garages are streetside and you enter the house through a flowered patio with all its expansive opportunities for modern living.

Open the front door to this home designed by Herbert Riesenberg, and immediately you experience a sense of drama . . . walk in. and you enjoy the rare comfort that modern architecture and modern furniture can provide.

There are no confining partitions to divide the spaciousness you find here. The unique floor plan is basically open. from the sun-splashed morning room at the right of entry. to the living room and lanai adjoining. to the ample dining room . . . yet serpentine screens or furniture grouping make each unit as separate as if it were closed off by a wall!

Putting even more emphasis to airy spaciousness is the translucent corrugated glass wall of the stairway. inspirational treatment which enables light to filter through between dining room and entry hall. A floodlight heightens this decorative drama by night, while the circular floor well at the lower landing extends into the living room, providing a modern display for tropical flowers.

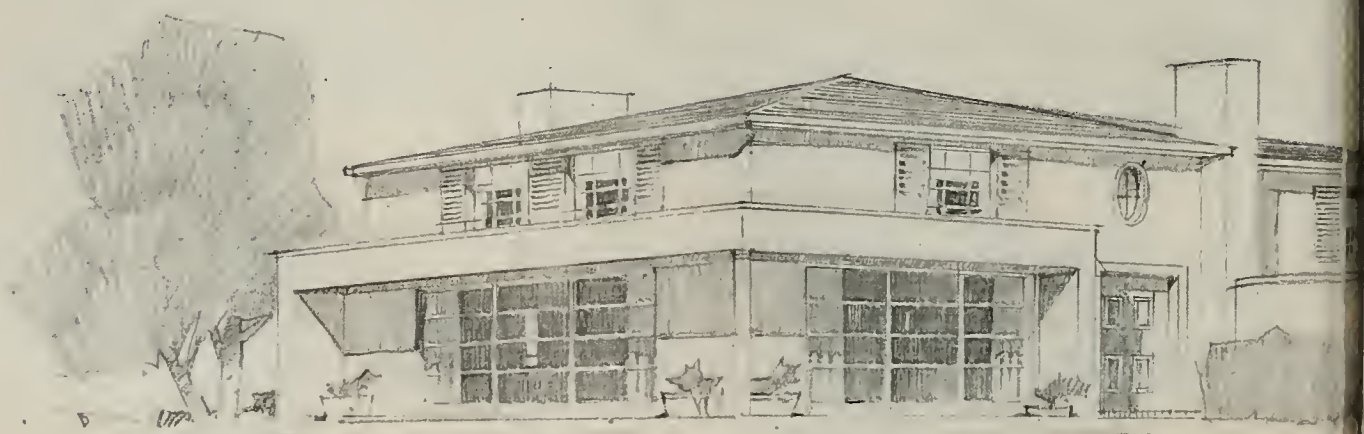
Because it was designed as a beach home, it utilizes a deep sea blue rubber tile flooring throughout (so dramatically colorful it might be considered for more widespread use). Walls are in graded shades of coral, light reflection determining their degree of intensity.

Well. there you have it. Given this wonderful expanse, this enlivening color, you'll soon find details that make this house a home. Obviously, it was designed for a family with hospitable instincts, for entertaining (even on a grand scale) is no trouble at all, thanks to its wide-open plan. The double kitchen opens into both the dining and morning rooms, completing a ring-around plan that has infinite practical value.

Bedrooms have many built-in features: movable bed frames. bookcases. even wardrobes. As a concession to the beach setting, much of the woodwork is brightly painted . . . one child's room in marine blue (with sailboat wallpaper), one in red to complement a bright color scheme. A nursery kitchen. outside entrance. combination bedroom-sitting room . . . these are notable upstairs features contributing to carefree living.

All in all, this is a home so colorful and so dramatic that it means California living . . . in mood modern!

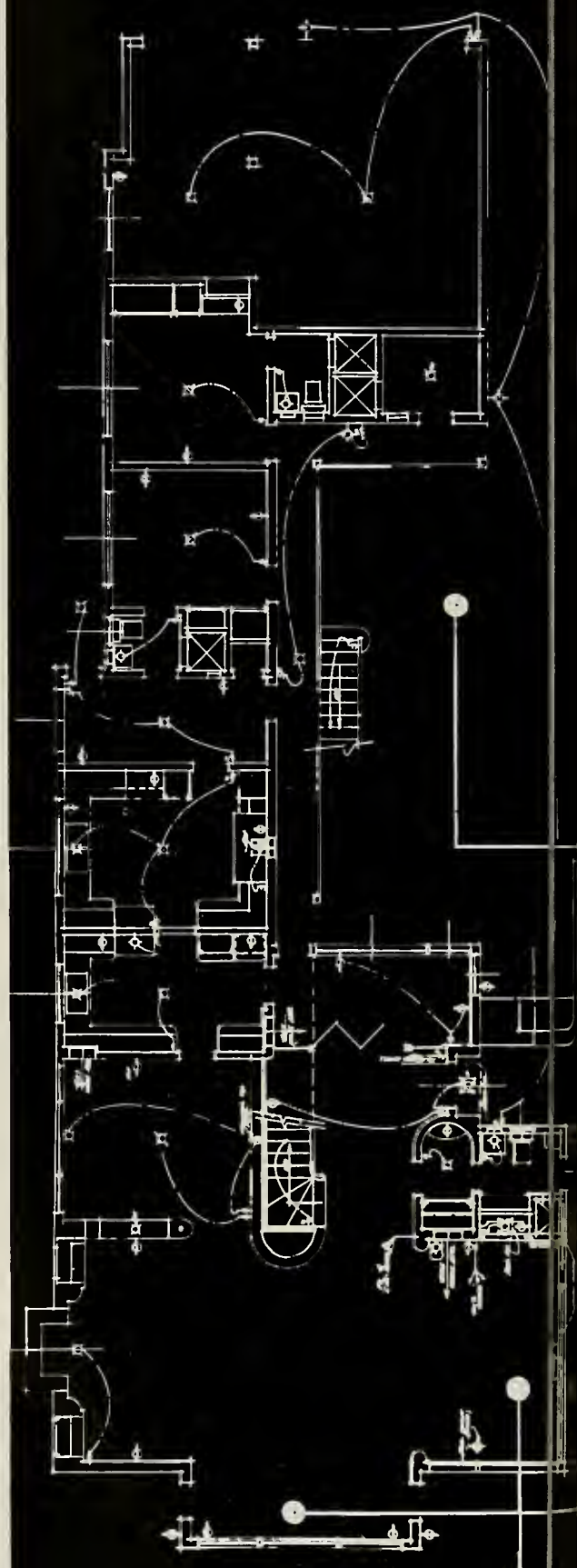
CALIFORNIA LIVING IN THE MODERN

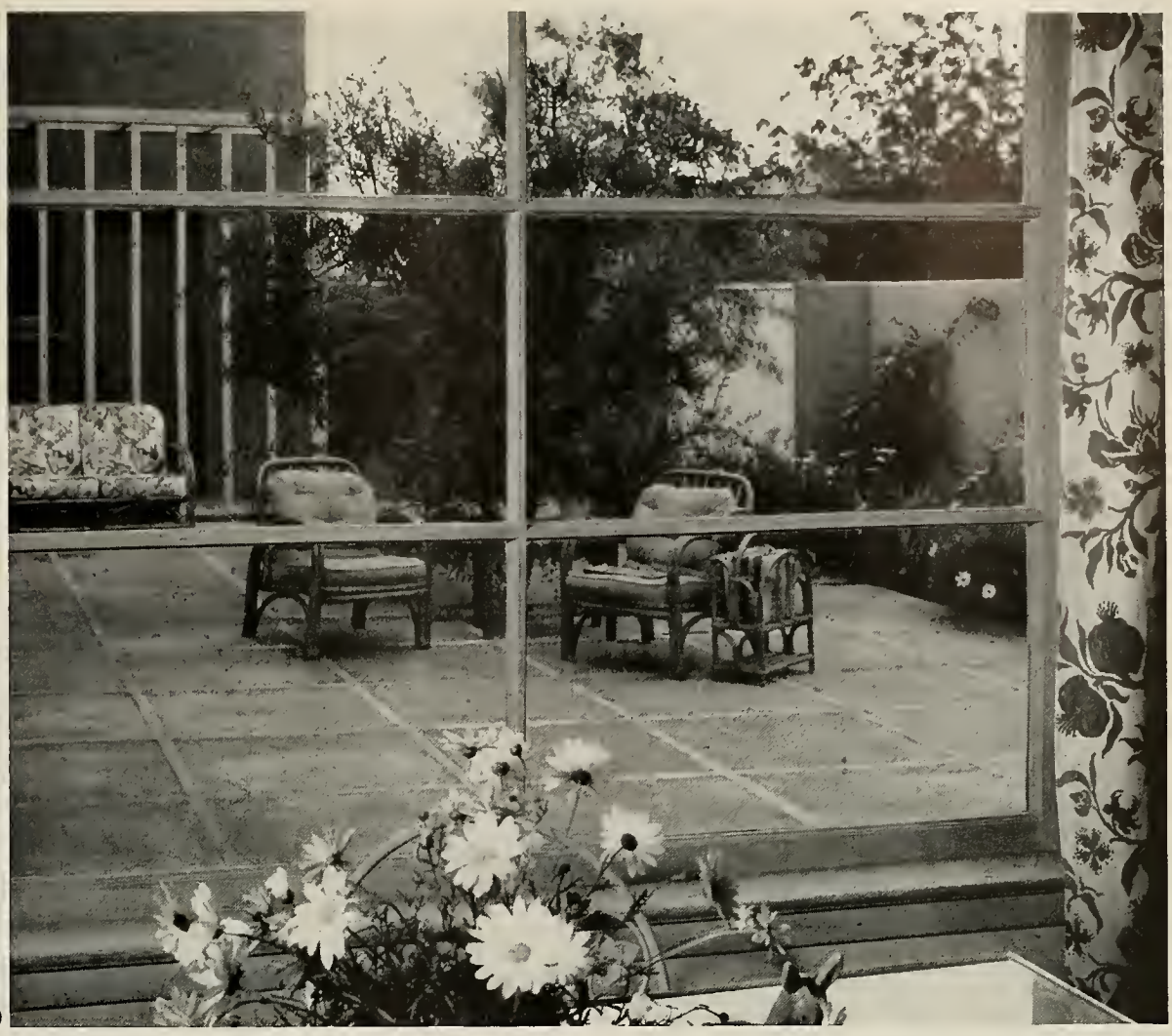


PHOTOS BY MERGE

MODERN LIVING ON A GRAND SCALE IS EXEMPLIFIED IN THIS COLORFUL HOME DESIGNED BY HERBERT RIESENBERG. A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE LIVING ROOM (ABOVE) AND A TURNABOUT GLIMPSE INTO ADJOINING DINING ROOM, WITH OPEN DIVISIONAL CUPBOARD BETWEEN.

THE MASTER BEDROOM WITH LIVING ROOM COMFORT, ITS COCOA-BROWN WALL DRAMATIZED BY CHASTELY SIMPLE CHROME-FACED FIREPLACE, OPPOSITE WALL PAPERED IN GREEN IVY PATTERN ON WHITE . . . NOTE BUILT-IN MOVABLE BEDS, BOOKCASES AND WONDERFUL CORNER VIEW WINDOWS.





CALIFORNIA LIVING IN CAREFREE, COLORFUL FASHION: THE PROTECTED PATIO *(ABOVE)* WITH GAY BAMBOO FURNITURE, PARASOLS, AND TABLES CONTINUALLY IN USE. *(BELOW)* THE SUNNY LANAI OFF THE LIVING ROOM, WHERE CUT SILK FLOOR-TO-CEILING DRAPERIES MAY BE DRAWN FOR PRIVACY.

COMFORT AND A VIEW, TWO IMPORTANT ATTRIBUTES OF ANY HOME, ARE AFFORDED HERE BY THIS DEEP-SEATED DAVENPORT IN FRONT OF A DEEP-RECESSED WINDOW. CHINESE MODERN END TABLES, LAMPS, ADD INTEREST TO THE DECORATIVE PLAN OF THIS SPACIOUSLY INVITING LIVING ROOM.

Below. Golfer (left) wears pre-formed straw hat, two-tone button-front sweater, hand-screened silk tie, welt outseam flannel slacks. First listener has hand-woven Madagascar straw, all-wool loafer shirt, hand-loomed all-wool tie, wool doeskin slacks. Balding linksman is snappily dressed in double-striped all-wool casual shirt with pleated pockets, "resort" slacks with hand-picked seams. Fourth man sports white linen cap, fine glove suede sleeveless jerkin with zipper.

California styles fit into the picture, no matter where they are worn . . . On Land, On Sea, or in the Air. Embodying the free and easy way of life that is California, they are full of color, dash, excitement. The true-color sketches below show some of the new fall styles.

Yachtsmen wear (left) gold cardigan with gold buttons and hand picking on seams, tan gabardine walking shorts, wool socks and casual shoes; (Right) "Admiral's cap" with two-tone crown and green undervisor, cotton cable-tee with cable stitching, extra long walking shorts, argyle plaid lightweight wool ribbed socks and single strap sandals.

Air enthusiasts, below, feature (left) two-tone western style jacket with front zipper, twill riding pants, (right) large check western type wool shirt, gabardine trousers.

Rex Hardy, left, William Hughes and William Candy, veterans who piled up flying hours with Uncle Sam's Navy, are now flying for fun and planning their interesting flight-seeing tours.

Lake Arrowhead lies before you in the folds of forested mountains, a wrinkled emerald fringed with tiny boat landings. Ahead and into the mountains winds the Rim-of-the-World Drive. To the right you can see the great, fertile San Gabriel Valley, patched with orange groves, vineyards, ranches, towns. On the left, salt-and-pepper ranges and bland desert reach to the horizon, sliced by a tiny railroad, freckled with small settlements. You've heard about, read about, perhaps even visited in piecemeal fashion, Southern California's varied terrain—valley, mountain, desert. But did you ever dream you would be able to see them, almost all at once? How? Flight-seeing . . . four young Navy flyers' idea of how sight-seeing ought to be done . . . from the air!

It all began when Lieutenant Commander Bill Hughes and Lieutenant Commander Rex Hardy were flying submarine patrol off the coast of Florida early in the war. They agreed that tiny islands, reefs and coves of shoreline with white beaches and layers of cobalt sea were a sight civilians would give their eyeteeth to see. You've never really seen an island, a shoreline, or an area in proper perspective or with half its beauty until you've seen it from the air.

(*Continued on page 94*)

flying IS FOR FUN

. . . THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VISITOR IS A SKY-TOURIST NOW . . .

'Twas a gay day when Lieutenant Commander Hughes received his seventh combat decoration. Admiral Ike Johnson makes the presentation while partner Candy looks on. Above, air view of Mt. Wilson.

in california it's...

. . . THE PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD WHICH ARE BEING SOLVED. HELPING THE HANDICAPPED, THE HUNGRY, THE HUMBLE, MAKES NEWS!

MRS. ELMER E. CORFMAN, former organization leader and parliamentary law instructor for more than 25 years, this summer authored a book —34 pages in Braille—which will change the lives of thousands of blind. The text, available in a booklet for the general public, is called "Parliamentary Outlines." It will open legislative and political channels for the seeing as well as the handicapped. Mrs. Corfman, past president of the Utah Federation of Womens' Clubs, wrote the text at the request of the Braille Institute of America.

DR. HENRY BORSOOK, biochemistry professor at California Institute of Technology, is the father of a new food product known as M.P.M. . . . or multi-purpose meal. For three cents, this dehydrated granular substance provides every nutritive requirement of a well-balanced meal. Commissioned by UNRRA for use in China, M.P.M. will probably be extended to famine-infested areas of Europe. (The substance must be boiled in water for 30 minutes before it is eaten.) Dr. Borsook's group has worked on the problem more than a year.

FRED ELDRIDGE, reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, returned from service with enough notes on the China-Burma-India theater to write "Wrath Over Burma." Published recently, the book deals with General Stillwell's experiences in the Orient, reveals the failure of Chinese and British officials to cooperate in waging war on the Japanese. Recent reviews on the book have aroused the ire of Anglophiles and Chiang-supporters. (Eldridge also served as general manager of *Stars and Stripes* in Paris.)

ELIZABETH McCANDLESS, 28-year-old chairman of the Los Angeles Youth Council and only delegate from the West to attend the youth conference in London, visited five European countries before she came home. With 600 other young people from 64 nations, the representatives formed a World Federation of Democratic Youth, pledged to work for elimination of all discrimination based on race, nationality, property, religion or political conviction. Elizabeth then set out on a tour of France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Germany, the USSR.

california's never a dull moment department

AUGUST DATE BOOK

AUG. 1-8	WATER SKI RACES	Big Bear Lake
AUG. 1-8	PARADE OF LIGHTS	Big Bear Lake
AUG. 3	LA MERIENDA	Monterey (175th Civic Birthday)
AUG. 3-4	MISSION UNDER STARS	San Gabriel Mission (Historic Drama)
AUG. 7-18	FESTIVAL OF ARTS	Laguna Beach
AUG. 8-10	FIESTA	Santa Barbara
AUG. 11	KAYAK RACES	Huntington Beach
AUG. 21-25	LIVESTOCK SHOW	Susanville
AUG. 22	FIESTA RANCHERO	Santa Paula
AUG. 24-25	RODEO	Alturas
AUG. 25	SOAP BOX DERBY	Huntington Beach
AUG. 25-26	REDWOOD EMPIRE RODEO	Eureka
AUG. 29	STATE FAIR	(opening) Sacramento
AUG. 30-31	DAHLIA SHOW	San Leandro
AUG. 31	OLYMPIC GAMES	National City
AUG. 31	TRAIL RIDE	Concord

If You're Fairminded

You've a yen for pickles and posies and people en masse. You hanker after roller coasters and floss candy and hot dogs. So come to California in August . . . the big month of county fairs.

Aug. 3-10, Sonoma County Fair, Santa Rosa; Aug. 2-4, 12th District Fair, Ukiah; Aug. 5-11, Stanislaus County Fair, Turlock; Aug. 9-11, Amador County Fair, Plymouth; Aug. 9-11, Contra Costa County Fair, Antioch; Aug. 12-17, Midland Empire Fair, Billings; Aug. 15-18, Merced District Fair, Merced; Aug. 15-18, Plumas County Fair, Quincy; Aug. 17-25, San Joaquin County Fair, Stockton; Aug. 23-24, Yolo County Fair, Woodland; Aug. 23-25, Mariposa Fair, Mariposa; Aug. 23-24, Annual Fair, Huntington Beach; Aug. 23-24, Placer County Fair, Roseville; Aug. 24-25, Trinity County Fair, Hayfork; Aug. 31, Shasta Inter-Mountain Fair, McArthur.

CANDID CALL

If I look odd at 9 A.M.
It doesn't help to say,
That every butterfly by night
Must be cocoon by day.
And that is why I say postpone
The television telephone.

—Don Marshall

Easy to Learn

(*Continued from page 59*)

ramics—these are no remote things which you can afford to reserve for a day at the museum or the art gallery. They are a part of your taste. Everything you do, each object that you buy, reveals your feeling for color and design, for texture and for form.

These men and women—artists and architects—who recorded the mood of their particular moment in history can scarcely be ignored. Your favorite old china is, perhaps, copied from a Renaissance pattern; that piece of antique jewelry you treasure may very well be taken from a painting by El Greco; while the toasters, automobiles, the plumbing all around you, incorporate the functionalism and beauty of art in industry.

INTRODUCTION TO SOCIAL SCIENCE by George Atteberry and John L. Auble—it was during the '20s that an awareness of the problems of people, or what is sometimes called a "social conscience" became a necessary ingredient of personality.

Pick up a paper and search, if you can, to find a story in which the underlying struggle for social adjustment is not implicit. Housing, health, education, family problems which—left untreated—result in crime and delinquency, racial issues that must be resolved; nationality groups pleading to be integrated into the rest of society . . . all these are the symptoms of a giant growth . . . the maturing of man.

DISCOVERING MUSIC by W. R. Anderson and Howard McKinney—is for the average person, bombarded by daily outpourings of concert, opera, symphony and jazz, who would reach out to select if only he knew how.

Here are the practical forms of folk music—work and fighting songs, ballads, pastorals that originated with a shepherd's call. Here, also, are the highly cultivated sonata and tone poem, the cantatas which—adapted and syncopated—find their way into our popular hit tunes. This is the book for the listener, for those who would know what they hear!

The world, divided as it is into 24-hour sections of existence, leaves us little enough time for relaxation and release. But it is through art, music, through culture and social perception that we find that final *plus*, that last bulwark to reinforce us against the vagaries of life.

in Tegra,
a Lubtex fabric — in
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glossy plastic patent comes alive . . .
glows with its own deep fire . . . and another
superb afternoon-into-evening shoe
joins the Sbicca gallery.

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Matinee

Multi-colored sequins

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Frock in Black, Grey,

Lime, Aqua or Coral.

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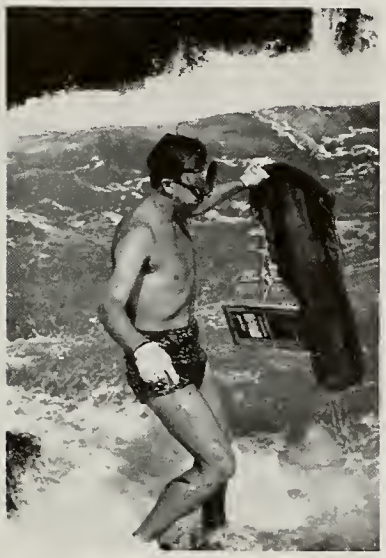
skin diving

ABALONE HUNTERS LEAD EXCITING LIVES

ABALONE SHELL FISH. THAT'S SHORT FOR RICH, TENDER, JUICY STEAKS AND IT'S A SPECIE OF FISH THAT DOESN'T COME VIA LEISURELY FISHING IN COOL STREAMS. EQUIPPED WITH A GLASS FACE PLATE, A PAIR OF BIG RUBBER FLIPPERS, A 12-INCH IRON AND A HEALTHY PAIR OF LUNGS, ABALONE HUNTERS DESCEND TO THE OCEAN. THE PLACE, PALOS VERDES ON THE PACIFIC COAST; THE SKIN, THEIR OWN.



MILES OF BLUE PACIFIC AND APPETITES *THAT* BIG. ONCE CAUGHT, ABALONE BECOMES THE SPECIALTY OF THE BEACH IN SHORT ORDER. IT IS REMOVED FROM THE SHELL, TRIMMED OF ALL MUSCLE, SLICED INTO INDIVIDUAL STEAKS. THE FINAL TOUCH—EXPERT POUNDING, AND THEN TO THE SKILLET.

NOT FOR SISSIES! SKIN DIVERS MAKE THEIR WAY TO A RELATIVELY CLEAR SPACE ON THE ROCKS, WAIT FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT BETWEEN BREAKERS, EASE INTO THE WATER. ONLY POWERFUL STROKES MASTER A HEAVY UNDERTOW. ABALONE ARE CAMOUFLAGED WITH PARASITE, EQUIPPED WITH SUCTION CAPS. ONCE LOOSE, THEY LEAVE AN SOS SCENT THAT ONLY EELS CAN SMELL AND IF EELS ARE NEAR, DIVERS BEWARE!

this month's mail

(In this column The Californian each month will answer written inquiries regarding California's history, climate, fashions, organizations, institutions, industries, recreational facilities, famous persons and eccentricities. Please address questions in care of *The California Column.*)

Dear Editor: What is the Winchester House and where is it located in California? Friends of mine who visited in the state have told me that it is one of the strangest places they have seen. —Mrs. Hugh Curtis, Des Moines, Iowa.

The Winchester House, in San Jose, California, originally was the home of Mrs. Sarah L. Winchester who inherited a large portion of the Winchester rifle fortunes. During her lifetime Mrs. Winchester suffered from a neurotic belief that as long as she continued to build she could not die. She, therefore, hired workers to add construction to her home constantly, seven days a week, the year around.

When Mrs. Winchester finally died, her home contained two hundred rooms, forty stairways, and forty-seven fireplaces, including innumerable oddities such as blind alleys leading to blank walls, staircases which lead nowhere, and secret passages that served no purpose except to ease their owner's lifelong fears.

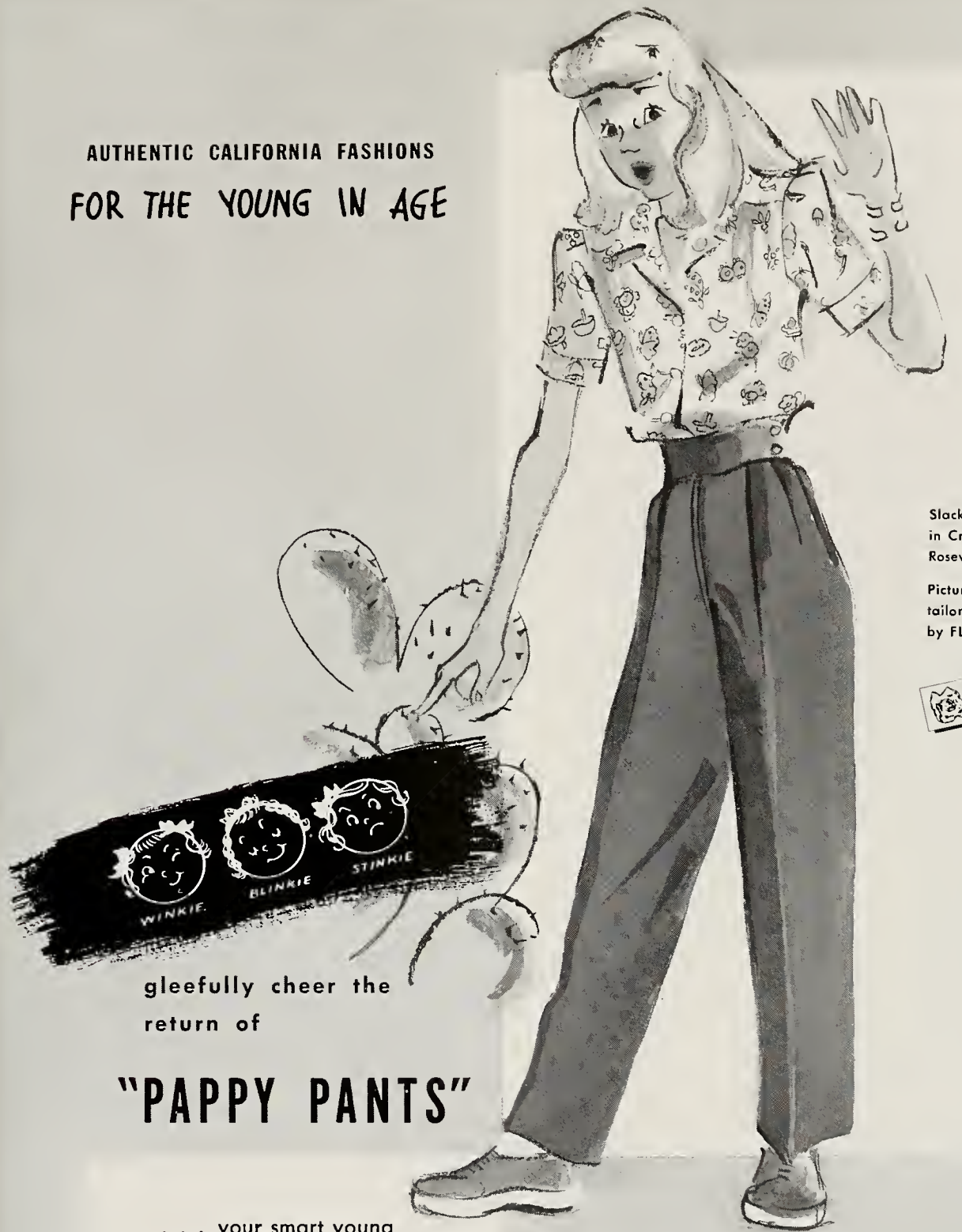
The house is now open to the public for a small admission.

Dear Editor: Can you suggest some reading for a story to be written on Japanese-Americans in the United States—particularly upon their experiences in the agricultural districts in California? — Peggy O'Neill, Boston, Massachusetts.

The U. S. Office of Education, in cooperation with the Columbia Broadcasting System, has prepared a radio script, "*Orientals in the United States,*" which may be ordered for 25 cents. Carey McWilliams' book, "*Minority Groups in the United States,*" includes a chapter on the Nisei. Another article containing such information is "*A Workshop for Urban Community Leadership,*" based on a report in the *Journal of Educational Sociology.* It is available for 15 cents by writing to the Bureau of Intercultural Education, 1697 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

AUTHENTIC CALIFORNIA FASHIONS

FOR THE YOUNG IN AGE



Slacks, sizes 7 to 14, in Crosstown by Rosewood Fabrics

Picture print Shirt, tailored in Pique-Boo by FLUEGELMAN

A ROSEWOOD FABRIC

FABRIC BY FLUEGELMAN

gleefully cheer the return of

"PAPPY PANTS"

. . . your smart young daughter's idea of smart young slacks . . . grown-up in styling and strictly man-tailored.

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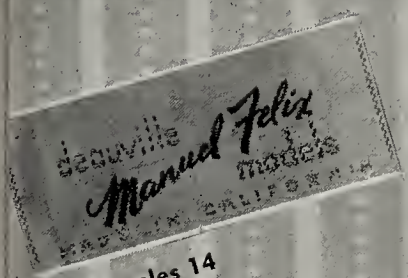
Fanya does a paradox: The adult sophistication of ebony black Bloomsberg crepe and the childhood charm of a pinafore and apron sharply etched in black lace. In black only.

created for california deauville models

The focal point of your wardrobe—resplendent with the sparkle of jewel studs and cuff links—luxuriously designed with deep French cuffs.
A Celanese* fabric in white, shell, aqua, black and brown—$12.95

California's finest blouses at B. Altman & Co., New York; Desmonds, Los Angeles; Kaufman's, Pittsburgh and other fine stores throughout the country.



Los Angeles 14

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You'll be mad about this gadabout! Chin-chucker bow, winking gold-color buttons, on Crompton's "Cordurella". Danish Blue, Turkey Red, Turf Tan, Parchment, Leaf Green, Winter White, Black. Sizes 9 to 15.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

The Electrocution

(*Continued from page 45*)

"What was that you pulled in there just now?"

"Nothing, nothing, I tell you nothing!"

"Nothing, nothing," he said. "Like hell it is." His face twisted. "Like hell! You haven't done anything like that for three years now!"

"I was nervous!"

"Three years it's been," he said, bluntly. "I remember the first nights after we were married you did that. You think I don't remember? You think I forgot how when I switched the power on this same thing happened then as happened tonight? Only its been three years since you did that. You been sitting in that chair for three years like someone listening to a radio. And tonight, and *tonight!*" He cried, choking, standing over her, his fists tightened at his sides. "Damn it, *tonight*, you little tramp!"

"Please, please, Johnny. I was nervous."

"What were you thinking there in the chair?" he demanded, leaning down wildly. "What did you think about?"

"Nothing, Johnny, nothing." He had hold of her hair. "Please, please!"

He threw her head down, turned, and walked out. He stopped outside the trailer door. "I know what you were thinking," he said. "I know." And she heard his footsteps fade off. . . . .

And now tonight the young man was not here in the tent.

From the corners of her eyes, she had looked for him, but he was not anywhere to be seen. Now, in the blackness, with the blindfold tight to her face, her stomach began to know fear.

She had sat in this chair for the last twenty minutes, while Johnny described the wonders of the Needle Man over on the next platform. The fear had started then. Every person that entered the tent she had stared at, nervously. Johnny walked stiffly around on the platform. He was all rigidness and stiffness, and the tendons under his jaw were visible.

The crowd had finally rustled, turned, led by Johnny and his voice like a battered metal horn. He jumped up on the platform with her so suddenly that she jerked aside and licked her red lips. He looked at her with an expression that frightened her so much that she almost bolted from the chair.

Now the knot of the blindfold was finally tied tight and hard.

"Miss him?" whispered Johnny fiercely.

She said nothing. She held her head up. The crowd moved below, like horses idling in a straw stable, moving.

"He's not here tonight," said Johnny as he flipped over the connections on her left arm. Again she did not speak. He whispered once more. "He'll never come back," he said. He fitted the black skull cap upon her loose coiffure. She trembled. "Afraid?" he wanted to know, quietly. "What of?" He drew the straps around her ankles. "Don't be afraid. Good clean electricity." A gasp escaped her lips. He stood up. "I hit him," he said softly, as he made the final adjustments. "I hit him so hard I broke his front teeth. Then I knocked him against a wall and I kept hitting him again and again—" He changed his voice. He shouted. "Now ladies and gentlemen, you will witness the most astounding feat in carnival history! Here before you, you see a regulation electric chair exactly like those used in our biggest penitentiaries for destruction of criminals." He accented the last word enough so that she strained forward in the chair, trying to think of what to do and not for a moment believing Johnny would hurt her.

Johnny said, "Before your very eyes this little lady will be electrified!"

The crowd murmured at his words, and she thought of the tesla transformer beneath the platform and how Johnny may have tinkered with it so she got amperage instead of voltage. A most regrettable accident, the papers would say, with six brittle lines of black type.

She was slipping her right hand from its leather strap when she heard the switch click into its bed and felt the power seize and hold her, screaming!

The audience stared at her. She could feel their staring. They thought her screaming was high drama; part of the show. She fought the bonds, sweat bursting out of her in streams. She bit her tongue and tasted blood.

Out of the black spaces reeled a body. And Johnny's voice. "I hit him so hard I broke his teeth!" The body jerked. The teeth in the mouth splintered from some unseen impact. "Then I held him and hit him on the face, on both sides—" The head snapped back and forth. The eyes blurred, became bloody, the cheeks were cut and ran red. The body fell, was picked up, fell again. She screamed high and long and a million hot insects stung and tormented her. There was a frantic livid clustering of blue flame around her heart, pressing like fingers. The body in her vision whirled, blew apart in a violent explosion of bone shrapnel, sparks and withered grey ash!

Then, calmly, Johnny handed her the sword. She was all right.

Being safe was like a blow to the stomach.

She sobbed, collapsing back upon the chair, fumbling at the sword, quivering and jerking without wanting to.

She sat there, the power hummed. The crowd stuck out their hands, some manicured, some filthy, some square, some like spiders, some like birds leaping away in startlement wherever the sword made the blue fire spit on them.

Humming high, the power lived inside her bones. All over the carnival grounds the lights dimmed.

Click. It was over. The switch lay on its OFF bed.

She sank, fell in upon herself, the perspiration came off her lined face, around her nose and her sagging mouth. Her breath slid in and out, in and out, avidly. She held up a weak thumb and forefinger of her free hand to fumble the blindfold away.

The crowd even now turned to another platform, another miracle; lured on by the insistent spiel of the Fat Lady.

Johnny did not move. His hand lay upon the switch. He dropped that hand, stood there, looking at her, a slight bend in his knees, his head down, his dark eyes into her, unmoving, not flickering.

The tent lights looked dirty, old, yellow and unclean. She stared blindly at the retreating crowd, Johnny, the tent, the lights. She looked half-size, shrunken in the chair. It seemed as if half of her had poured out through the wires, flushed into the copper cable that fled over the town, leaping from high pole to pole. She lifted her head and it weighed a hundred pounds. The clean light had come, entered into and slid through her and blasted out again; but it was not the same light any more. She had changed it; she saw how she had made it. And she was afraid because the light was so discolored.

Johnny did not move. Only his mouth opened. She didn't hear him the first time. He had to repeat the cold words.

"You're dead," he said, firmly. And he said it again. "You're dead."

And sitting there still held by the leather straps, with a wind from the tent flaps playing over her skin, evaporating the wetness, staring at him and seeing the dark look in his eyes, she knew that he was telling the truth.

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Flying Is For Fun

(*Continued from page 80*)

Later, at steamy jungle bases on Guadalcanal and New Guinea, the two flyers, like servicemen all over the world, talked about what they would do after the war. The future, they decided, had to include flying. And neither of them relished the idea of settling down to an airline pilot's routine. Flying had to mean adventure—and they both wanted flying to be fun. But for bread-and-butter, too. So why not fly for fun? Everyone who liked to travel, who liked to sight-see, should be crazy to flight see.

A lot of ribbons accumulated on the chests of the two young flyers before the dream became reality.

The war ended and the new partners arrived home. No time for extended celebrations. Space at Grand Central Airport was the first problem. In the beginning it provided only a desk, later it became a cactus-trimmed bungalow in typical California style. Next requirement, of course, was a plane. Army surplus offered a twin-motored Cessna T-50. Extra instruments equipped it for blind flying; upholstery turned an Army workhorse into a comfortable, five-passenger flight see-er.

Charter flights came first. With success, the pair bought another Cessna. Then Commander Bill Candy, another Navy pilot, joined up. Lieutenant Commander Kenyon Boocock, who had ferried Navy planes across the Central Pacific became a fourth partner.

The first trip—and yours—goes like this: Breakfast at the airport . . . then up over Hollywood swimming pools and the song-famed San Fernando Valley . . . early sun along Pacific bays and inlets . . . sleepy Santa Barbara, lying between its yacht-dotted harbor and the purple curve of mountains. South again and inland to circle the famed Mt. Wilson Observatory.

Now the desert . . . you listen in as the pilot contacts Palm Springs airport . . . "a taxi to meet the plane? Roger!" Lunch on a sunny terrace overlooking a tourist-folder pool under Chamber of Commerce palms.

You're off again . . . through the 10,000-foot jaws of windy San Gorgonio Pass . . . then south to the shiny silver dome. Palomar Observatory, where the big 200-inch telescope one day will be. On, over high, green, dissected mesas and then the harbor and city of San Diego appear. . . . Then back along the sea.

At dusk you are over Los Angeles, looking down at the sprawling, million-eyed pattern of seacoast towns. Down to earth again, with a brand new unforgettable perspective of one of the world's most exciting regions . . . and best of all, with the knowledge that flying has been fun, for your pilots as well as for you!

Rosemary Brown Meets California

(*Continued from page 29*)

The hyper-moral, critical parent-chaperon was a rarity, she found.

Two years of singing lessons in Texas, a lifetime of work in Sunday school and church groups with the nebulous ambition of becoming a missionary—this had been Rosemary's background. After high school and a three-month course in comptometry, she had gone to work for Sears Roebuck, later moved to the Army Air Base in Eagle Pass, close to the Mexican border. Except for her one visit to the West Coast and a childhood vacation to Chicago, Rosemary had never been out of Texas. In California, she hoped, all this would change.

With the help of *The Californian* (who chose Rosemary as a typical working girl newly arrived in the West) she made plans for attending school. Deeply sincere about her ambition to become an interior decorator, Rosemary knows she must study more about color and textiles, blueprint reading, the history of furniture, salesmanship, and drawing to teach perspective and scale.

There are art exhibits—both modern and classical—that will turn the dry, academic culture Rosemary read about in school into a living thing.

Exhibits at the Huntington Estates in San Marino, the Pasadena Art Institute and Hollywood's American Contemporary Gallery . . . international pageants and folk music festivals on the UCLA campus, lectures on music and art at the County Museum . . . these she will see and hear!

Someday Rosemary wants her own apartment. And the first thing she will do is to redecorate it in her favorite style, Regency. There will be black floors and a slightly modern flavor to the French period decor. Decorating is something she believes may be easily combined with marriage and a home. There were no artists in her family and few creative people whom she has had the opportunity to meet. But always—as long as she can remember—Rosemary has loved beautiful things and beautiful surroundings.

Comptometry, even though she lives a new, exciting, California life, is still her job. She is a good operator—speedy and accurate—although she "hated arithmetic in school." Even as a child she kept a desk covered mile-high with papers.

Reading is something else Rosemary feels that she needs to broaden her scope. From a bibliography of books recommended for background in decorating she chose the following as a gift from *The Californian: Language of Color; Apollo, Art Through the Ages; Historic Textile Fabrics; Historic Wallpapers;* (and to recreate the atmosphere of bygone centuries) *The Scarlet Pimpernel*; and *Chesterfield's Letters to His Son.*

Current events, she realizes, are a part of her life as well as that of every other person. And although Rosemary lacks the leisure time to participate in organizational activity, the "atom business (she says) scares me to death!"

California is full of young men and women like Rosemary Brown. They come from Minnesota and Texas, from faraway New England and the little towns of the deep South. A few, such as Rosemary, have definite ideas and ambitions; still others want only to meet new and interesting people, to be stimulated by the breadth of life in California—the culture that is commonplace, the pleasure of year around outdoor activity.

Some of these young people will become successful decorators, authors and engineers; most, eventually, will turn to the family life which Rosemary found so refreshing in its natural growth. All will find themselves not only new Californians, but new people, the better for their broadened life, the stronger for their effort.

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September 1946

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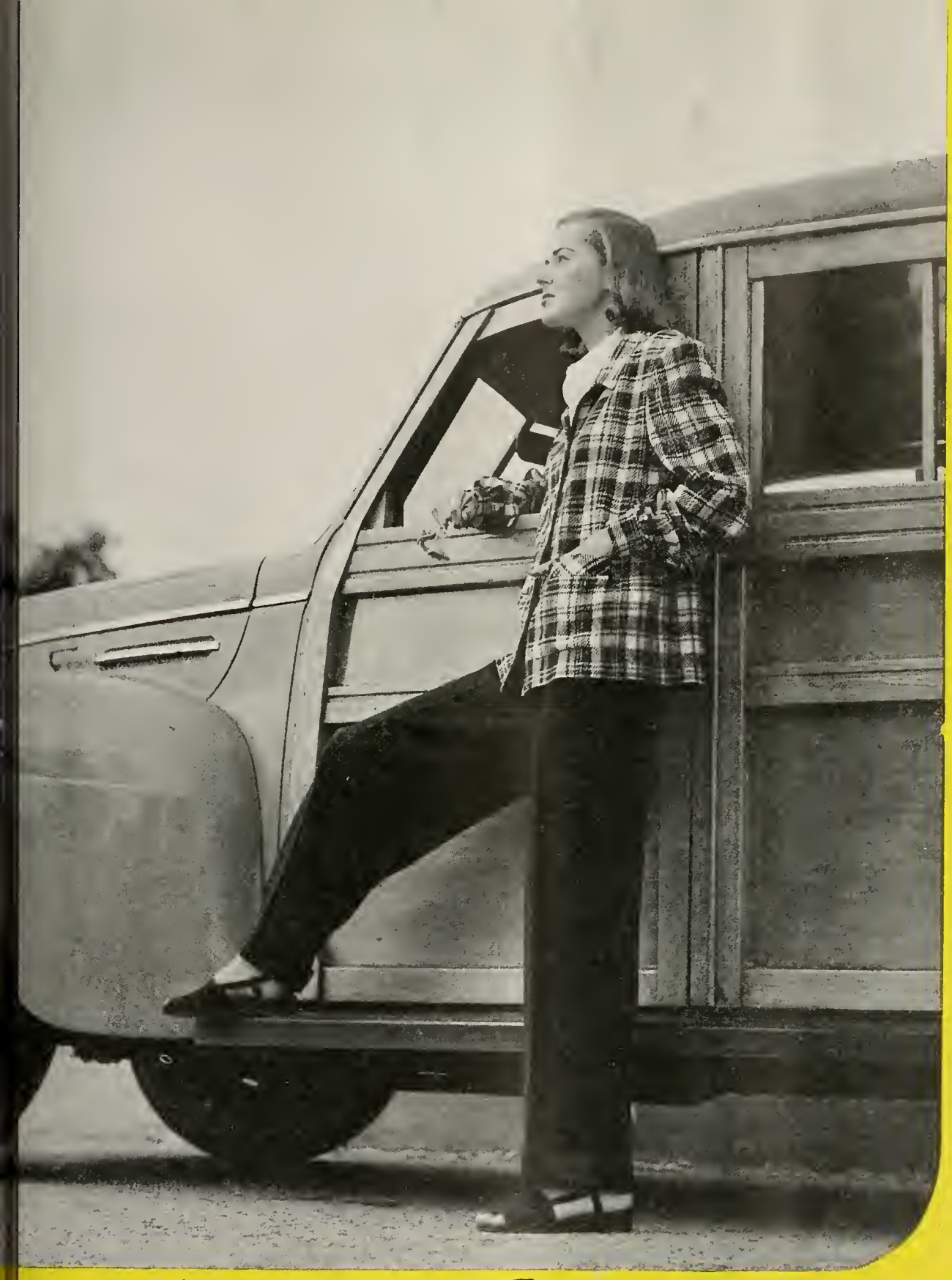

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Against a background of casual living, an important over-jacket, a great-shirt. Koret of Californ. designs it, names it the Jack-Shirt, fashions it in subtle Milliken plaids to blend with other sportswear. Shown buttoned up, worn as a shirt with classic, well-cut Slim-Hip Slax. Shirt, 60% Wool, 40% Rayon and slacks, 100% Wool Waverly Flaunel, each about $11. At fashion stores wherever you are.

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All the freedom of California-living-under-the-sun is captured in the singing colors and clean-cut lines of Modern — created by Brown-Saltman! Startling simplicity, functional, comfortable beauty. Breuner's have gathered every exciting new style, color and bright decorating idea into a store-wide Color Fair, designed to show California living at its best!

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on record

Jed Tucker Says

There's a boom on music in California . . . which scarcely sets it apart from the rest of the nation . . . but it is particularly apparent, and for the impressive reason that more and more musical activity centers on the shores of the blue Pacific. Noted composers, like Igor Stravinsky and Arnold Schoenberg, have made their homes in California; Alfred Wallenstein has given new importance to the symphonic scene during the Los Angeles Philharmonic season, and Leopold Stokowski brings his spectacular shock of hair and equally spectacular musical dynamics to the Hollywood Bowl.

Sheer weight of numbers plays its part, too. Each of the major studios, employing dozens and even hundreds of musicians in the scoring of cinemas . . . has attracted a substantial bonus to the musical population.

Records are undoubtedly showing, statistically and phonographically, that interest in all kinds of music is mushrooming to unprecedented heights in the postwar world. The same psychologists, who have discovered the therapeutic effect of music on mental, nervous and emotional disturbances of convalescent G.I.'s might well draw an interesting parallel from this prevailing civilian situation.

REAL NECESSITY

Certainly, music is more of a necessity than ever in a world still out of tune. And from the practical standpoint, the release of critical war-time materials to record manufacturers is bringing a bumper crop of satisfaction.

To answer current demand, both established and new companies are providing a fresh, zestful selection in contrast to the somewhat standard libraries of pre-war recorded music. This is, of course, especially true in the classical field. But in popular music, too, no one type—swing, boogie or blues—dominates as it has in faddish periods of the past. All of which is extremely gratifying to the record collector.

Perhaps impetus has been given to this new trend by the birth of several excellent new record firms during the war. These have preferred to debut with seldom-heard works, rather than to compete on classic standbys already recorded by leading artists.

WHAT'S NEW?

Children's records: The younger generation of late has been recognized as a burgeoning audience. The result is any number of delightfully done stories, fairy tales with music, and sugar-coated educational features.

In the latter class, and just about as charming a job as can be, are the first of a series for "Children Who Ask Questions" . . . the "What-How-Why-Who and Where" stories. These volumes have the added attraction of appealing illustrations and text to accompany the recorded explanation of many puzzling phenomena, such as rain or the busy-ness of bees.

Popular music: There must be a trend of some sort, but it's scarcely discernible when you stop to consider that today's top sellers include such opposites as the languidly sentimental "To Each His Own," either in Majestic's version by Eddie Howard or the Ink Spots on a Decca release; and the down-to-earth rocking of Ella Mae Morse in "The House with Blue Lights" for Capitol.

Good new albums: "Cole Porter Review," with David Rose turning out his always interesting arrangements of the composer's best tunes. Victor album.

shopping

A NEW SALON . . . now welcoming the many who have long acclaimed Keneth Hopkins as the West Coast leading hat designer. Here he continues to design hats that bring beauty into fashion. Rodeo entrance, Beverly Wilshire Hotel, Beverly Hills, California.

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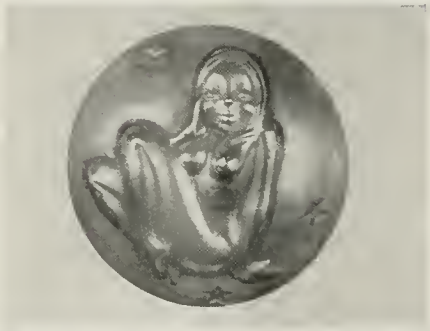
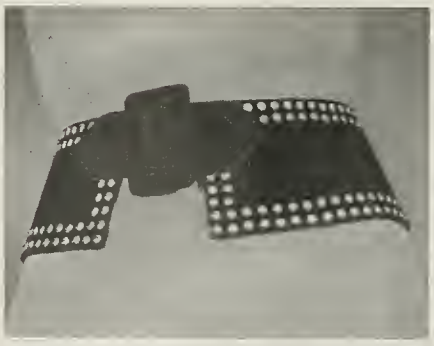


ARE YOU A VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 22) . . . One of a group of twelve whimsical Zodiac pins in bold repousse. Antique or English silver finish, $7.50. Earrings to match, $7.50. You'll find these in the Joseff Jewellery Department of your favorite store, or write to JOSEFF, 354 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, California.



COCKTAIL BELT . . . luxurious black velvet heavily studded with nailheads. You will want one of these to wear with your basic dresses to the first parties this fall. Best described as a broad, fitted peplum. In sizes 24-30, at Strawbridge & Clothier, Washington, D. C.; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; and better stores. Made by John Nelson, 728 S. Hill, Los Angeles.

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roundup

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GUEST TOWEL PAK . . . attractive and useful. Convenient, transparent dispenser can be hung on the wall and colorful paper guest towels removed one at a time as needed. Ideal for powder rooms. Designs and colors vary. By Monogram Company of California at leading stores throughout the U. S., including Marshall Field's, Chicago; Montgomery Fair Co., Montgomery, Ala. The Emporium, San Francisco; Rorke's, Burlingame.

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On the cover: *Nuthalie Nicoli combines a striped jacket with two tab pockets und a slim, solid contrast skirt. Forstmann's wool; browns with green or luggage, blacks with royal or red; about $80. Derby by Leslie James. Both at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Buffums', Long Beach; H. Leibes, San Francisco; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Sun Red lipstick by Chen Yu.*
Photo by Erven Jourdan.

THE CALIFORNIAN
CREDO FOR

San Francisco

Behold, Queen of the West, city of mixtures and multitudes:
Here, hillside-borne, a tinseled tourists' Chinatown
where pearls and rare jade are sequestered in quiet back rooms.
And there, next door, an assayer's office, weighing the hidden gold
of our West. An Irish vigor, a touch of Spain,
a glimpse of Italy, a Russian flavor from the earliest
settlements, an Armenian mystery and a long tradition of
sea-faring men — the Golden Gate stretches its arms to welcome
them all, for their very differences create a city
of unity and tolerance, a city with an understanding of the
inevitable one world that can be synthesized
from the experiences of so many.

. . . for the california way of life

The CALIFORNIAN

vol. II no. 2 september 1946

SAN FRANCISCO IS a suit city, a fur city, a city where fine tailored woolen matches nearly every mood of fog or sun. Here's a jewel-toned suit with its own removable leopard ascot, to match with a giant muff. Lill Ann's design in allwool crepe, about $95. Weyman's matched roller, about $23. O'Connor & Moffatt, San Francisco; Bedell's, Portland; Gimbel's, Philadelphia; Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. Muff, Sussman's, Los Angeles

KODACHROME BY ERVEN JOURDAN

AT COIT TOWER where San Francisco reaches out on every side, a three-quarter topper with dropped, rounded yoke, belted waist. By Country Club in Forstmann's muted colors; about $65, J. J. Haggarty, Los Angeles; Hecht Co., Washington D. C.; De Pinna, New York. Meadowbrook hat; Janet bag.

SAN FRANCISCO BY DAY

AT THE YACHT CLUB a tattersall check, vest-front suit by Jimmy Thompson. About $35; O'Connor, Moffatt, San Francisco; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Schuster's, Milwaukee. Meadowbrook hat; Janet bag.

NEWS: THE TOPPER SUIT . . . jacket square, skirt slim . . . to pair for town, to single out for travel. Kay-Saks' brief version of the Chesterfield looks over the Golden Gate. In officer's dress serge; brown or navy, about $55; matching skirt, about $11. City of Paris, San Francisco; H. P. Wassen, Indianapolis. Earrings by Joseff; Francois' velveteen hat, about $36. **FAVORITE:** Koret's string-along flannel jacket, Pleet-skirt of rayon crepe. Jacket about $15; skirt about $8. The May Co., Los Angeles: O'Connor, Moffatt, San Francisco: The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. Hat by Leslie-James; Rogé bag.

THE CARDIGAN . . . a yare little suit for wind and sun and walking the dogs . . . all-wool worsted checks by Irving Schechter; about $45. May Co., Los Angeles; Donaldson's, Minneapolis; Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. Francois beret; Joseff's pin. **THE BASQUE** . . . collared, buttoned, snugly nubbed. Jimmy Thompson's wool crepe suit, about $35. O'Connor, Moffatt, San Francisco; Schuster's, Milwaukee; Rich's, Atlanta. Rogé bag at May Co.

FOUR-THIRTY A.M. ON TELEGRAPH HILL

NO HUSTLE MUCH BUSTLE . . LONG AGO

SAN

A friend of one of San Francisco's *grande dames* was heard to ask her if she liked the fog. "Like it!" she said. "I love everything about San Francisco!"

The lady's ancestors were among the founders and financiers of San Francisco, and it is to such adherents of their home city that the Capital of the West owes so much.

This is the mood in which all tourists and some Californians (excluding those from less well-endowed sections of the Golden State) accept the city so well-loved by its residents.

Its camaraderie is expressed by its easy familiarity where no one is a stranger—where all are met as friends.

Since the time that Yerba Buena was a village of Californians, and the Mission Dolores was two miles west, the Northern California city has excited the interest of travelers and wayfarers. From Three-Fingered Jack to Sally Rand, from Ralston and his ring to Giannini and Lapham, the city has engendered a mystic and fascinating interest. Its storied past is matched by its frenetic efforts on behalf of the Pacific War. It has been tried many times and has yet to fall down on demands.

As frankly uninhibited now as it has always been, San Francisco is the playground, mecca, and promised Shangri-La for thousands of tourists and Iowans.

The *laissez-faire* of Nineteenth Century San Francisco has given way largely to a free-wheeling spirit that makes citizens welcome strangers to the city's bosom of hills in wide-open Western hospitality.

BY RICHARD LLOYD WILLIAMS

"The City" still retains its conviviality and dignity, but has no longer the happy-go-lucky ways of the Poodle Dog, Wigwam, or even the old Orpheum era. Neon has replaced gas lights and order now prevails where the Vigilantes once roamed, but San Francisco retains a virility that appeals to all travelers and it doesn't take a stranger long to settle into the ways where living a good life is of utmost importance and drive-ins and indigestion are unknown.

"The great days are past," mourn the old-timers as they look

FRANCISCO

back with nostalgia upon the days of Lotta Crabtree and Tetrazzini and the Emperor Norton. But because of the war, and despite a moribund Chamber of Commerce, the city is regaining what little ground she lost to the "upstart" in the south. The largest financial center west of Chicago, Western industry looks to Montgomery Street for the wherewithal to keep its wheels turning.

Don Juan Bautista de Anza settled San Francisco in 1776. A mission was established immediately by Father Junipero Serra and was named San Francisco de Asís, now called Mission Dolores. De Anza built the Presidio.

The first frame house was erected in 1835 by Capt. William A. Richardson. In 1846 Capt. John B. Montgomery raised the American flag over Yerba Buena, and the straggling settlement was named San Francisco.

The same year Samuel Brannan led a group of Mormons to the village, and in January, 1847, established the first San Francisco newspaper, the *California Star.*

In January, 1848, James W. Marshal had found gold on the South Fork of the American River. In two years the village had more than 25,000 population and could count a score of different nationalities.

An average of fifty vessels a month dropped anchor in the great bay during the year 1847—most to be deserted by their crews and officers who hurried up the river in the Gold Rush.

Many of the ships were beached and used as stores, hotels and foundations for buildings. Six fires devastated the city in four

LONGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN THE WORLD . . . THE PERFECT VIEW

FEW CHANGES FROM '79!

GOOD LIVING NEAR THE ROCKY SHORE

years. but always. like the Phoenix. which is the city's emblem. it arose overnight from the ashes.

Vice. sin and corruption soon found their way into the daily life of the city. Thugs roamed the streets and set fire to buildings for the purpose of looting. Then came the era of the Vigilantes. who not only cleaned up on the thugs. but also the crooked politicians who were working hand in glove with the hoodlums.

Ravaged many times. the last and most damaging catastrophe hit the city in April. 1906. The "earthquake." as called by outlanders. lasted only forty seconds, but the conflagration which followed flamed for days and caused $500.000.000 damage, the largest fire loss in history. Miles of stores and residences were destroyed by the fire. but the walls were hardly cooled in a downtown hotel when a meeting was held to plan reconstruction.

Proof that the earthquake was not the whole cause of the dam-

CHINATOWN FOR THE TOURIST

age are the many downtown buildings that survived both the quake and the fire—Central Tower, on Third and Market; the DeYoung Building, just across the street; the Montgomery Block, the Fairmont Hotel and the Main Post Office at Seventh and Mission.

Epicureans and gourmets trek to San Francisco for its varied food and drink. The food of a half dozen different countries can be had in a half-dozen consecutive blocks on Broadway. Italian *minestrone, scallopini,* and *tagliarini;* Spanish *risotto;* French *escargots* and *bouillabaisse;* Mexican *pollo con arroz* and *guacamole;* Scandinavian *smorgasbord*—all can be had on Broadway, where Chinatown adjoins the Italian district.

There's nothing fancy but the food about the city's restaurants. As excellent fare can be had in the room behind the bar at any number of small pubs as at the El Prado or Fred Solari's downtown. And not too far away is Schroeder's, where *sauerbraten* and *potato pancakes* have been the Friday night menu for scores of years. Women only recently have been permitted to eat dinner there—no lunches, though.

Pierre's and Camille's are gone, but Pierre's lives on under the incongruous name of Camille's. George Mardikians's Omar Khayyam is an oasis of Armenian food in the downtown sector. Collins and Wheeland have been doing business on Montgomery street for three-quarters of a century, but they had their trouble trying to keep their specialty, roast beef, on hand during the war. Vanessi's and Louis', the Lombard and Breen's—it's practically an impossibility not to find good food wherever the appetite strikes.

Fisherman's Wharf is another tourists' mecca where good food awaits the seafood lover. Fresh-caught crab and fish, *cioppino* and shrimp mingle together with all the smells of all the ports in the world wrapped up at the foot of Mason street and the Embarcadero.

A "union" city, it is governed by a "big business" man. Mayor Roger Lapham was on leave of absence as Chairman of the Board of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Lines to work for the War Labor Board in Washington when he was elected as "the peoples' choice" on a one-term platform.

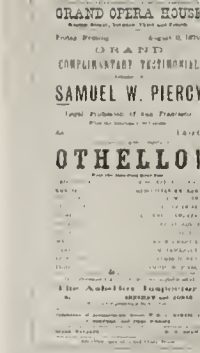
As spokesman for the Waterfront Employers' Association, he engaged in a public debate with the ubiquitous Harry Bridges before a pro-labor meeting in Civic Auditorium a few years ago. The laborites had come to boo, but stayed to respect the man with the shock of iron gray hair who stated the owners' stand so succinctly.

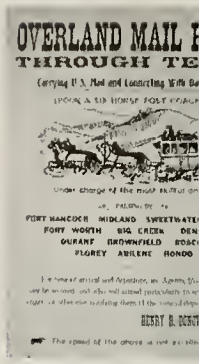
Lapham has tried to improve the city's antiquated transportation system. Although the voters turned down a proposal to build subways, they did vote to buy the privately owned Market Street railways and consolidate it with the Municipal Lines. They were undoubtedly swayed for this proposition, thinking that by voting for the consolidation they might get rid of some of the four tracks on Market street—a veritable booby-trap for the unwary pedestrian.

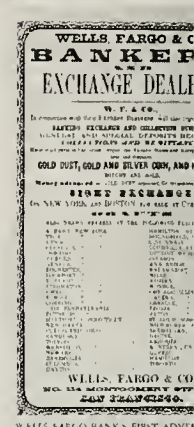
The mayor's tenure was upheld successfully in a special recall election in July in which sorehead political "outs" sought to have him removed from office. The recall election was a source of embarrassment to right-thinking San Franciscans, as other major cities, observing Lapham's regime, couldn't understand why the citizens would even consider unseating a man who had stuck by his promises and been such a good civic leader.

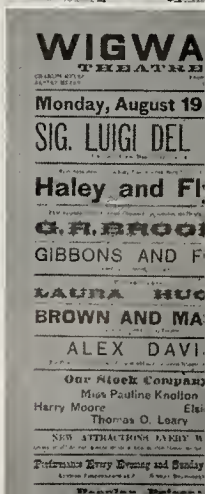
Lapham confounded the opposition when he signed his own recall petition—he was trying to get enough signatures to put the petition on the ballot for a coming-up summer primary and save the city an estimated $68,000 for a special election. Not enough valid signatures were

(*Continued on page 76*)









Miss Rhoda Welch

leads a triple life, modeling in one of San Francisco's better specialty shops, designing and making most of her clothes. week-ending at Burlingame Country Club. Daughter of Mrs. Raymond Welch and granddaughter of the late Rear Admiral Fullam, Rhoda is studying voice, has an eye on a radio career. She is another of the "I might have" club whose members are San Francisco beauties pursued by Hollywood's talent scouts. For dinner at home, she chooses black crepe to set off her fragile beauty, side-buttoned. with a startling green and aqua chiffon scarf.

Miss Jane Ryan

rides the wind on a horse named Alison at the family's New Mexico Fortune ranch. Most of her time, however. is spent in San Francisco where the Thomas Fortune Ryans make their home. Known for her trick riding at rodeos, Jane spends weekends at the Burlingame Gymkhana Club, weekdays working as secretary to a San Francisco attorney. Day clothes are strictly tailored; at home she chooses to become part of the Chinese motif in pure silk shantung. *above.* or a decorative dinner companion. *right,* in pierrot pajamas with dramatic tie-on skirt.

TOP O' THE MARK clouds above an exciting city . . . the suave perfection of Peggy Hunt's beautifully proportioned dinner dress. Duplex crepe, cut asymmetrically tier on tier, tapering to slim fascination. About $45; at Nancy's. Hollywood; Carson Pirie Scott. Chicago; B. Altman, New York. Silver fox jacket-cape. Rippled gold collar. Liebhold.

SAN FRANCISCO BY NIGHT

REACH OUT YOUR HAND and pull in a cloud. greet the dusk with idle relaxation . . . you are at the Top o' the Mark, San Francisco's famous eyrie. Focus of attention: Fashion Forecast's dress and scarf. The dress is sleek and basic, the separate scarf gleams with silver. In gray, black, brown, cocoa, smoke blue, aqua; sizes 10-18. Each about $35 at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Arnold Constable, New York; John Gerber, Memphis.

FINE WINES, exotic foods and the background of the Balalaika are a tribute to a Marvian dinner dress. The bare look of daring is done in the manner of sophistication, the mood of elegance. Sequined Oscar Hayman crepe. About $55, at Filene's, Boston; A. Harris, Dallas.

PRELUDE TO GAIETY in the Orchid Room of the St. Francis . . . Eleanor Green's harem-skirted dress in Duplex Sanchilla with a covered-up look. About $20 at O'Connor, Moffatt, San Francisco; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago. Marsha's hat. bag.

THE FASCINATION of shiny patent leather, the overall artistry of famous Lalique orchids, the quick tempo of world-wide travelers—these make the St. Francis one of the nation's favored rendezvous. Here, Georgia Bullock's shining simplicity in new gunmetal satin. About $40. at Carson Pirie Scott. Chicago; Marsha's sequined gladiator helmet.

REMINISCENT of carriage days and ladies of elegance, the Garden Court of the Palace Hotel and a Duchess taffeta Lenora dress with the delicate grace of an antiquary's cherished treasure. About $20 at O'Connor, Moffatt, San Francisco; Halle Brothers, Cleveland. **COMPANION PIECE** in pastels . . . Emma Domb's dress of Bates Chamikin with a classic feeling, modern simplicity of line and the rich touch of gold. Seen by candlelight in the romantic Garden Court. Dress about $25, at J. W. Robinson's, Los Angeles; O'Connor, Moffatt, San Francisco; The Bon Marché, Seattle; Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

Take it to the country, your basic suit. Transform it magically, marvelously with a hooded blouse of wool jersey, beautifully bulky, cinched-in at waist and cuff. Carry your all in a rough leather shoulder bag, matched in color and cut to its own wide belt and perfect low-slung shoes. You're ready. Hiking, spectator sports, outdoors, fireside...your basic suit sets the pace, steals the scene.

suit stretchers

Star it under bright lights...your basic suit. Touch it with excitement of a lame cuff turban... a soft, subtly-draped and bare-armed crepe blouse ...long, long dark gloves. Add for final aplomb a velvet shoulder bag, triple gold china choker, and spike-heeled ankle sandals. There you are. Night club, theater, dancing, dining...your basic suit underlines your poise, claims compliments.

Oberon...

AS IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

"I killed a man with poison from this glass," murmured Merle Oberon as she gazed broodingly at a sparkling bit of crystal.

Then she broke off the mood, looked up with her loveliest smile and joined in the slightly more prosaic conversation in the studio gallery. Just that quickly does the actress project herself into a mood . . . this time in retrospect as she posed for still pictures for her newest starring vehicle for International Pictures. "Bella Donna."

But we were interested in obtaining a sort of fashion philosophy for women all over America, and looked to this impeccably gowned woman for tips and trends. First and foremost, and most rewarding, was her view of high-style extravagances.

"I dislike economic waste of any kind. This idea of a completely new silhouette each new season is ridiculous. A woman should know her basic type, then stay with it. I know, for instance, that the rounded shoulder line is not good for me, so I have none of it . . . even though it is a big trend. On the other hand, I might adopt another current fashion if I felt it became me."

This conservative policy is sane. It also is typical of Merle Oberon who is a gracious, thinking woman. Her rich experience in the theatre and in pictures has given her rare discernment in the picture quality of clothes. Like many other celebrities, she finds her wardrobe naturally divides into categories of street costumes, formal gowns and sportswear . . . a good formula for busy women everywhere. "I like the more flattering soft suit, not too fussy," she elaborates. "For play and leisure wear, I usually choose dirndl skirts and peasant blouses." Her wonderful shoulders are reason enough for this choice!

We photographed her in a gown never before pictured, her newest frock by Orry Kelly. It is her husband's favorite, a picture-perfect black satin with hand-painted Degas dancers on the bustle bow that trails to the floor. This is from her own private wardrobe, destined for some elegant occasion.

But Merle Oberon, like women all over the country, has fallen prey to the interchangeable ensemble.

"Maybe I have more money than most working girls," she said, "but still I feel there is important economy in the costume which is versatile. For instance, I have a new dark blue satin with plum color accent (note high-style color choice). It consists of a jacket to be worn over a very daringly cut evening gown, full bouffant skirt . . . or over a short sheath of a skirt which is ideal for tea time!"

Miss Oberon is one of our great ladies of the screen. Born in Tasmania (an island south of Australia), educated in Bombay and at La Martiniere College, she went to England at 17. Her breathtaking beauty was commented upon at every hand, her interest in the theatre became intensified . . . and when her family left England, she remained behind to try her luck, which at first provided only the smallest of bit parts.

Her first real "job" was as hostess at a cafe where real hunger had led her. This provided an opportunity to meet people and soon she had extra work at motion picture studios. Alexander Korda sponsored her career, changed her name from Merle O'Brien Thompson to Merle Oberon; Oberon from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." And then came a hard apprenticeship.

Her makeup was developed to accentuate the mysterious oriental beauty of her face, and at first she was typed as an extremely exotic siren. In "The Private Life of Henry VIII" with Charles Laughton, she was projected to world fame. Later she played with Douglas Fairbanks and the late Leslie Howard, and came to Hollywood to make "The Dark Angel" in which she emerged from under exotic oriental makeup to be her own personable self . . . vibrant, modern, natural.

In her current picture, "Bella Donna," she is a double-typed villainess . . . a departure she welcomes to vary her acting career. And at the moment she is anticipating a well-earned vacation before she steps before the floodlights again to enhance the Oberon saga.

BY MARIA BLACKSTONE

KODACHROME BY RAY J(

THE COAT DRESS

to be worn everywhere when the first hints of fall spice the air . . . to be put on just as you would a dress . . . to be accessorized just as you would a coat. Newer than a suit, more cosmopolitan than a dress, the coat dress is the beautiful answer for September weather when the temperature soars, but the mood is autumn. Here are four from California collections . . . each ultra smart in its own way, each cut with a designer's eye for exciting simplicity, each in a muted color and fine fabric. From left to right, a coachman's coat, with "darby", leather handbag and gold buttons • next, emphasized button cuffs, turned back collar • center, double-breasted buttons, fitted lines. • last, adroit two-way collar, concealed buttons.

Fred Matthews

fortnight wardrobe for san francisco

● So you have a week or ten days "time off" from routine and responsibility! This is the kind of trip that usually is the signal for a concentrated program of fun, a hold-your-hat dash to see places, do things, visit people.

If your mecca is San Francisco, you'll wander from Fisherman's Wharf to old Chinatown, from sophisticated, cosmopolitan Nob Hill to the sprawling lazy acres down Palo Alto way . . . and you will want to take along all the right clothes, but no excess baggage. Since San Francisco is a moody city, you may find these hints helpful:

● First off, a versatile suit. This probably will be your traveling companion, so choose one that can be transformed by a frothy blouse, a tailored one, a scarf. Add a top coat, maybe a fur scarf. Paradoxically enough, even though September has the highest average temperature of the year, unless you "walk on the sunny side of the street" nights and many days are cool enough for coats.

A cocktail suit or a short dinner dress is concession enough to evening unless you have really formal affairs on your agenda.

● These things are basic. With them you'll need a small hat to defy ocean breezes, a flirtatious ready-for-anything one . . . walking shoes for sight-seeing, high-stepping slippers for social occasions . . . and the usual wonderful accessories which are such practical travel aids, freshening and changing your wardrobe with minimum ease.

● On such a "quickie" visit, you'll doubtless scout the countryside . . . across the Golden Gate Bridge or down to favorite haunts, Piedmont to Palo Alto. For these side jaunts take a casual sportdress, lightweight knit (always fresh and ready!) or sheer wool . . . a sweater and skirt if you expect to join the golfing enthusiasts who abound in the country.

● Many vacation playgrounds are just a stone's throw from San Francisco, from the romantic Russian River country to southerly Santa Cruz, Pebble Beach and Carmel. If you head that way, bring swim suits and sun-clothes.

Plan your itinerary ahead, if possible, then bring only the things prescribed for that program. This wardrobe, while suggested for San Francisco, is suitable for many a fortnight vacation where you want basic clothes to carry you in carefree fashion through a busy fun-routine.

San Francisco weather data for September

AVERAGE MAXIMUM	68.5
AVERAGE MINIMUM	54.8
HIGHEST	101
LOWEST	47
PERCENTAGE SUNSHINE	70%

THE

BACK

WRAP

. . . dress that goes on

like a pinafore, goes out with

a look of perfection . . .

of all wool jersey, with two

ties and a snap to close

it, a wreath of matched felt

leaves to top it.

WHAT MAKES

JUDY CANOVA

. . . her fans reach from Arkansas to Rumania. So do the cookbooks they send her!

Judy Canova has never been to the Ozarks, although she has thousands of fans down there—and sprinkled all over the world for that matter, including a new Canova club in Rumania.

Her career in comedy started when she won an amateur contest back in Jacksonville, Florida. Today she has her own radio show and contract with Columbia Studios . . . not to mention a two-year-old daughter nicknamed "Tweeny." The girl, whom most people think of as a lady yodeler from the back hills, is married to a Cambridge University graduate she met while visiting England.

Judy is a paradox. She gives out with raucous humor and rural philosophy not unlike that of Will Rogers.

Her own audiences laugh at Judy because she's on the sweet and friendly side. Mothers write in asking her to lullaby their youngsters with "Go to Sleep, Little Baby." Her hobby of collecting cookbooks is never publicized, but she gets back an avalanche of family recipes or unusual cookbooks (one, sent by a generous admirer, was more than 100 years old.)

In the future she hopes for a few straight, dramatic roles . . . the type of thing that Marie Dressler used to do so well . . . although at the moment she's working on another western picture, "Ghost Town," for Columbia.

Her own sense of humor is good, rollicking and typically wholesome. The most embarrassing moment she remembers happened when she was making "True to the Army." Dressed up in regular GI uniform, complete to cap and shoes, Judy forgot herself by walking into the ladies' room one day without warning. Consternation reigned, but she wasn't being funny.

DANNY KAYE

. . . he gets stage fright in front of anything but a jam-packed audience.

In the first place Danny Kaye "never *feels* funny . . ." The singing, dancing, face-contorting comedian is, for all private purposes, a very sane young man whose 12-year knock on the door of success left him with definite ideas of why people laugh.

"Humor comes out of everything that happens"—this from Danny, "only it must be heightened and exaggerated until the audience recognizes something in it that parallels their own experience."

You don't mention Danny Kaye in Hollywood without adding Sylvia Fine—his wife. Sylvia writes all of Danny's songs and many of his comedy routines.

Although it was 1943 before Danny made his first picture, "Up In Arms," for Samuel Goldwyn, he started in show business back in the depression days of 1932-33 on the famous "Borscht Circuit." He tried musical comedy (from Broadway to Tokyo and back on one-night stands), finally night club performances and a big show on Broadway.

Danny Kaye is a "natural" comedian the way some men are "born" lawyers. He does things to amuse himself and the result is pretty obviously mutual. There are no other comedians in the Kaye family, although his brother, according to Danny, is "kind of an idiot . . ."

Audiences, he finds, are the same the world over. He can't understand it, but admits he feels like running away whenever he's out on location and trying to act with a handful of curious spectators standing around. Give him an audience of 30,000 people and he couldn't muster up an inhibition if he had to!

Soon to appear in the Goldwyn production of James Thurber's "Secret Life of Walter Mitty," Danny Kaye has the look of a man who loves his work. He is wrapped up in show business but not so tightly that he can't see what is happening in the world.

'EM

BY JUNE BARTH

JOAN DAVIS

. . . she gave up selling goldfish,
spent years falling into a comedy career.

When she was 16 years old Joan Davis decided to retire from show business (which she'd started at the age of 3) and settle down. So off to the local dime store she went and got a job in the goldfish department. Six days later she was back on the stage.

The mother of a 13-year-old daughter, Joan Davis now leads what—for Hollywood—is a very good life. She is the highest paid woman on the air. Her husband, deeply proud of her success, is a writer on her radio show. She is happily lacking in any neurosis . . . film players' most common occupational disease. She has a mansion in Beverly Hills and a beach home at Malibu, and as soon as she finishes "Rich Man, Poor Man," with Eddie Cantor, she plans to pack up her family and head for South America *de vacaciones.*

Joan's success in comedy she attributes entirely to her sense of timing. For a long time she avoided radio, fearing that without a visible audience much of her humor would be lost. It wasn't.

Now she is trying slowly and subtly to change her brand of humor to something approaching sophisticated comedy. "I just want to stand up and tell those little gems," she sighs, recalling without too much tenderness the 15,000 slapstick falls she estimates it took her to crash Hollywood.

Joan Davis has worked hard to get where she is. That may be why, on meeting her, you are impressed with the lack of extroversion, the simplicity, the quiet friendliness that makes her personable. What makes her funny is method, and not madness—be very sure!

JOE E. BROWN

. . . was the man-most-likely-to-die-in-
the-last-reel before he opened his mouth.

At 9 Joe E. Brown was an aerial performer in a circus—one of the Five Marvelous Ashtons. He played in vaudeville, knocked himself out in burlesque, did a string of Broadway shows, and finally ended up in Hollywood!

In five of the first seven pictures he made, Joe died a noble and heroic death. One day somebody saw him open his mouth. From then on he was an actor—of the species *comedian.* Joe has the power to sustain character, build into it lines and gestures, the walk . . . look . . . feel of a funny person. His audiences laugh not at any one moment or any one thing but, instead, at the total personality as they see it portrayed.

He played the part of a baseball player. Of a lion tamer. A caterpillar tractor salesman. In his present stage role of "Harvey," he acts a happy schizophrenic whose escape device lopes through the play in the invisible shape of a 6-foot white rabbit. He is best as the kindly, modest little man who is forever being confronted with Life.

Joe's own personality is founded on a hard core of sincerity. He is a family man. Brags of his two grandchildren—one of whom, Cindy, is already following in the comic footsteps of her grandpop. Plays with his dogs (the smallest—Elmer—is his shadow, wears his poodled hair braided neatly into a knot on the middle of his forehead.)

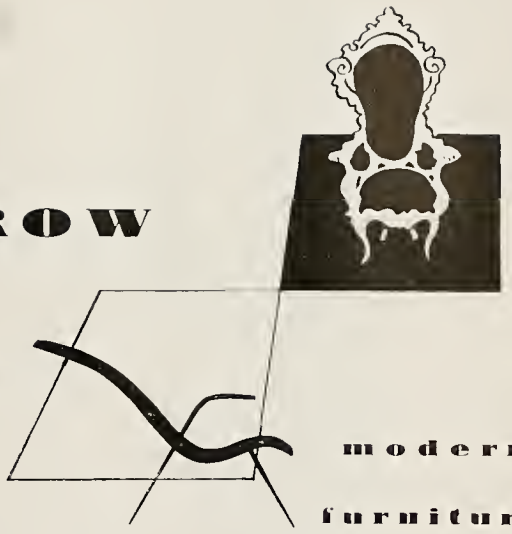
What makes him funny? Joe thinks the first requisite for humor is a mental condition on the part of the audience. He clowns until the people want to laugh. The rest is easy. In England the public does it for you, according to Joe. They giggled at the boxoffice, were roaring by the time they took their seats!

Joe's war job of entertaining took him about 205,000 miles—or more than eight times around the world.

Wonderful color, wondrous charm and comfort of modern furniture! We show it here . . . in the circular and magna-sized davenports, so perfect for conversational grouping; made-for-comfort chairs in hand-screened print fabric selected for color contrast; outsize glass-top coffee table proudly flaunting its birds of paradise. This is the modern way of creating a dramatic background for colorful living.

Utility-minded but sleekly beautiful, these suggestions for your study or "living" room: modern desk of lightest ash, its uncluttered lines a delight to see (book-nook just for decoration) . . . divisional davenport with many uses including this effective treatment, with square lamp table at corner. New carved-out trend adds grace and lightness to massive chairs, so inviting for your leisure hours.

TALK OF TOMORROW



today's modern furniture may be tomorrow's heritage

You have changed.

Your way of life has more color and variation than it had even a few years ago. You enjoy a new freedom in the carefree things you do . . . even in the way you dress. Maybe you actually don't live in a new house, but you have learned to open the doors, so to speak:

You invite the outdoors in, add brightening touches, tend toward increased comfort and drama even in your furnishings. All this has led to the development of a new type of furniture once labeled *moderne*, then simply modern . . . but which we are inclined to call *Californian*, so well does it interpret our credo for living. Besides, California artisans are prime exponents of this wonderful, functional furniture.

How to describe it? Color. Form. Comfort. These are the basic attributes which have resulted in structural ideas that have set a new tempo to home decoration.

California's modern furniture makes magnificent use of *color* . . . the lime, coral, pomegranate, ice blue, fuchsia of high style color charts . . . clear kelly, fire red, yellow of primary importance . . . and basically, cream-cocoa brown, chalk white, ebony black.

But it is in *form* that this new trend makes its most startling differentiation from the ordinary. Here are starkly simple lines with a fluid grace that enhances any decorative scheme, keynotes a whole new world of interior design.

Basic pieces . . . tables and desks or accessory things . . . have a timeless uncluttered beauty that make them "at home" anywhere. They usually are interpreted in hardest ash, rubbed and treated to a rare, soft gleam, sometimes painted. Brown-Saltman, one of the foremost creators of modern furniture, has developed a "combed" finish which adds enviable decorative value for molding or paneling.

Upholstered pieces, even more than the woods, show a revolutionary change in form, a sculptured artistry. Instead of starting with small fragments and building up, you have the feeling that here talented craftsmen have visualized the whole, then carved it down to achieve balance and grace and ease.

And, now we come to *comfort*. Of all things, your delight in the luxurious comfort of modern upholstered furniture is something out of this world. Technically, there is reason for your pleasure, for modern furniture designers have started with ample spring support, then utilized a sponge-like substance to give extra resilience.

Texture is part-and-parcel of the modern story, with handwoven fabrics, handprints, and a dozen or more carefully developed finishes utilized to intensify their eye appeal.

In analysis, you can sense the creative cycle responsible for modern furniture . . . a new way of life calling for a new background for living. Many people will find the answer in the easy-to-care-for, easy-to-like modern version. No dust-catchers in its smoothly simply construction. Extra utility in its divisional davenports that may be grouped so many ways, in nests of tables and wonderful outsize coffee tables that do so well for informal entertaining—even dining.

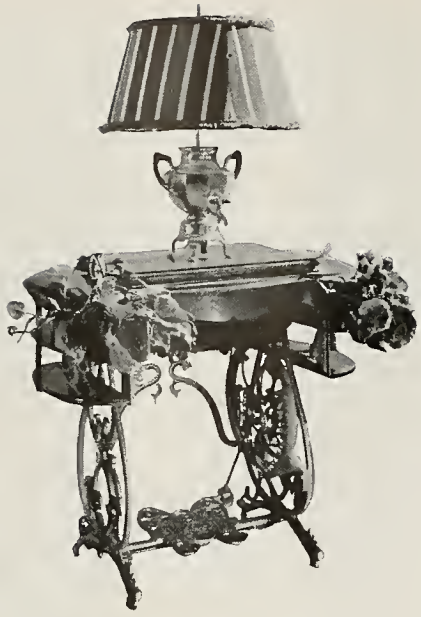
Modern furniture has a new spirit that reaches its ultimate importance in your home. But to trace it back: you can visit the ultra-modern Brown-Saltman factory, for instance, where the walls are tinted to give the psychological advantage of color harmony to craftsmen. It is even sold differently than traditional styles, for modern furniture usually is grouped on a single floor or in a single department. And this is as it should be. Since modern architecture opens up the entire living area of a house to achieve maximum spaciousness, it is obvious that you must select furniture that will have a color relation.

If you have a yen to redecorate your home, or if you are starting to furnish a new house, it might pay to take a modern view. There's inspiration in it. There's excitement.

Maybe you're one of those people who has a traditional feeling about interior decoration, in which case you might consider modern treatment for a room or two. Or it might provide the desired "lift" to your vacation home, when you look for added color and drama to change the pattern of your days.

Modern furniture is proving increasingly popular, whatever its use, with the returning GI and his bride among its staunchest advocates. In fact, retailers report that the bulk of their customers for modern things are the young people, uninhibited and inclined to buy furniture that will supply the drama and comfort they demand.

Yes, modern furniture is excitingly different, but also it is inherently sound, so acceptable that it well may become the heritage of tomorrow.



BY VIRGINIA SCALLON

"The only trouble with this house." said Dane Clark. owner, "is that people never want to leave it. They're so comfortable, they get such fun out of exploring all the colorful ideas . . ."

The gleam in his eye belied the harsh statement, for Mr. and Mrs. Dane Clark are the most hospitable hosts. and take huge delight in the ease with which they can entertain in their little house high in Mandeville canyon.

Like many other prospective big home owners, they settled for a makeshift arrangement until building limitations relax: remodelled the little cement cottage that already was on the beautiful acreage they selected. and added wood siding and the type of roof which will characterize their proposed new house. The present house includes one tremendous dining-living room some 40 feet long, a small bedroom and a bath, a miniature kitchenette which will be the "hospitality unit" of their completed big home.

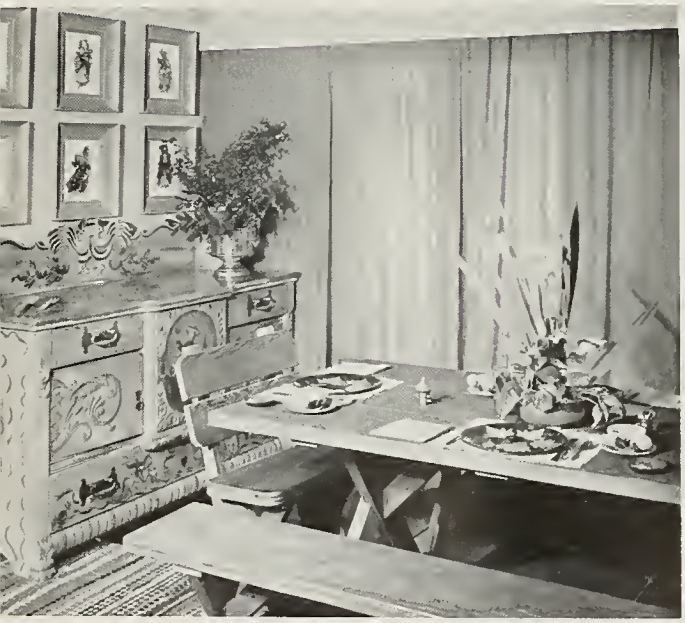
With Ione McMillan, interior decorator. they worked miracles. First they chose a horizon blue wall as the perfect background. Then they used riotous colors right out of their own California garden and set up a *soft* harmony, even though the colors used are vibrant shades of green and more green, turkey red. yellow. blue. Over all is the ruddy gleam of copper and old brass, underfoot the friendly charm only achieved by hand-made rag rugs.

Most intriguing is the fact that the whole house was furnished out of "available" materials found in the house, at auctions, second-hand shops. Misshapen chairs and davenports were fluffed up, carved down. then re-upholstered in rich colors . . . the overstuffed pieces all in shades of deepest green (all greens are harmonious says Ione, who uses dark to chartreuse green throughout.)

"But look around you." the Clarks will say invitingly, eagerly. You do and yon find lamps ingeniously made from a gleaming coffee nrn, a small water pump painted fire-engine red . . . wash stands and massive sideboards which have been touched with the magic of color and whimsical decorative design.

"We started out with the idea of using neutral browns." and onr hostess described the color metamorphosis humorously. For they came up with every color *but* beige and brown.

OS BY BOB CLEVELAND



An outmoded sideboard was rubbed to a satiny finish. painted in rainbow colors with whimsical designs . . . and *presto!* . . . it's wonderful. Both pictures and the now-lovely chest are Ione McMillan's own handiwork.

A mammoth fireplace made-to-measure for hospitality: a steak broiler that really works. a generous tile hearth, and an array of gleaming copper from utensils to the scalloped hood over the broiler. Unwashed bricks add their own decorative touch.

CALIFORNIA LIVING IS COLOR-FULL

Taking the long view from the dining alcove, the thick rag rug puts focal interest on the unusual corner fireplace. Note divisional cupboard which backs one davenport . . . and the preponderance of copper and old brass.

progressively his!

Readin', writin' and 'rithmetic, cardinal points of classical education for centuries, are crumbling under progressive schooling and scientifically tested educational methods. School clothing, the fourth cardinal point, is retreating from austerity too, in the face of overwhelming pressure by young Californians. From collegian to grammar school kid, young men believe that uncomfortable clothing is not an educational prerequisite. Younger California has found slacks, casual jackets, sweaters, cardigans, loafer coats and leisure shirts make the classroom tasks a mite easier, psychologically as well as physically.

Professar will tell you thot the smartest boy adds an "A" far oppearance when school bells ring. Good teacher that he is, he sports a two-button camel's hair coat, *opposite page*. Of modified Aztec design, it blends with amber slacks. Nearest student chooses a plaid sport coat and hand painted silk tie. Boy with books likes a casual shirt. Seated listener wears a panel-knit sport sweater of slipover style. Teen-age book-toter, *above*, shows a shirt with all-over plaid of harmonizing colors. Middle boy prefers a two-tone loafer jacket of wool gabardine, with checked wool back and sleeves. The fine wool herringbone suit makes our other chum a standout for fall.

NOT for men only . . .

Californian Women Hold Key Positions in Industry

MRS. BELLE BENCHLEY

You might expect women to win fame in fields where their feminine talents naturally apply . . . as designers, artists, actresses, retailers. But what of those daring souls who have stepped into man's sacred realm to make a whacking success of jobs seldom if ever held by a woman?

Just for instance. Never in this world would you expect to see a feminine executive actually managing a vast shipping company, directing salt-seasoned sea masters and a whole fleet of ships that touch many foreign ports.

Yet **Barbara E. Watson,** California manager of the American Mail Line, does all that. She is responsible for the most minute detail, coordinates the work of an able staff, and capably runs coastal operations for that major line . . . the only woman on the coast (probably the only one in the world) to hold such a job.

BARBARA E. WATSON

Electrical engineering sounds like a man-sized assignment, and no mistake. But then there is **Mabel M. Rockwell,** a nationally recognized authority in this field. Early in her career with Southern California Edison Company, Mrs. Rockwell helped make the initial studies for the great Boulder Dam which brings power to Los Angeles.

Next, consider the case of **Mrs. Belle Benchley** who is Director of the San Diego Zoo. To see this friendly, motherly little woman you would not dream that she really is a human dynamo of efficiency, conducting the big business of a major city zoo with the same ease she'd run her own household.

GRACE S. STOERMER

Qualified (she admits it) only by excellent health, abounding energy and "I could take punishment . . . mental, physical and spiritual," Mrs. Benchley has discovered she possesses unsuspected talents. As zoo director she has had to develop a flair for showmanship, for public speaking and radio talks, for writing (and here she excels for Mrs. B. has written three books and has a child's volume ready for fall).

Banking is an exacting profession, and another field in which men usually hold top posts. Yet California's **Grace S. Stoermer** has the enviable title of Vice President of the Bank of America, National Trust and Savings Association.

Not only does she handle her bank duties efficiently, but she is identified with a score of scholastic and civic enterprises, is considered one of the state's best informed people on "Californiana." Her public services include work as secretary to the State Legislature (first woman elected by any state to that position), five-time president of the women's division of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, past grand president of Native Daughters of the Golden West, president of the Association of Bank Women, and currently as head of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Los Angeles.

ETHEL HILL

Women have made their mark in many divisions of the motion picture industry, but it remained for scenarist **Ethel Hill** at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to add the distinction of being a top-notch writer *plus* . . . breeder of War Knight, thoroughbred winner of the Santa Anita Handicap. A sportswoman of renown, Miss Hill currently is writing a scenario based on the horse, picture to be called "Hundred-Grander."

BY MALCOLM STEINLAUF

FIRST LESSON FOR SCHOOL

. . . plan for high style and wearability in the wardrobe of your active youngster . . .

". . . but madame, your son just tried on a size 10 in light blue!"

"Son, please stop pulling the arms of that sweater!"

"Yes, madame, it comes in five colors."

"No, not in his size."

"But, this is too large for your boy."

Throughout the nation these phrases may be repeated more than a million times this month, for September, the month that should be sunny and bright and mean comfortable living for all, portends the "Back-to-School" buying crusade . . . an avalanche of grim and determined mothers dragging, pushing, cajoling tired and reluctant youngsters through shopping crowds.

Today's plague of try-ons and indecisions, over-bought, under-bought or incorrectly assembled youngsters' wardrobes is giving thousands of mothers their annual headache.

But there is a simple preventive—a buying "aspirin"—that can turn this major battle into a small skirmish; a preventive that is almost as easy as a lesson right out of the first-grade primer . . . a coordinated shopping and wardrobe plan that will return a full sixty shopping seconds for each minute.

Happily, what the grammar school or high school set *wants* and what it *needs* are almost identical. Even though 'teen-agers will want to wear only the "fad" of the week, their first loves are jeans or cords. Luckily, they are very tough, long-wearing items which are easy on the pocketbook. Following in popularity this season are Norwegian-patterned wool ski sweaters, gabardine slacks, solid color but "noisy" socks, plaid sport shirts, tee shirts and finally, knockabout mocs.

Now it remains for the diligent time-economizing parent to do her homework—her planning.

For instance, prior to the next school-shopping day, make a selection of three colors which you know will be appropriate, and plan to buy a tie, sweater and a pair of socks in each of the selected hues. After you've shopped you'll find that you have enough varied accessories to provide matched or harmonizing outfits for as many as nine separate wardrobes. Make at least one of those ties the new high-style wool knit which will triple for school, sportswear in the evening, and for the Sunday "dress-up." In socks look for the new non-shrinkable rayon-cotton yarns, perfect for constant tubbing.

A few California casual shirts, using one, two, or all three of the colors further enlarges his useful wardrobe.

Shoes, too, are an important style item, for they furnish the finishing touches. Sturdy moccasin shoes, made of all-leather tops with plastic-rubber soles, are unbeatable for looks and durability.

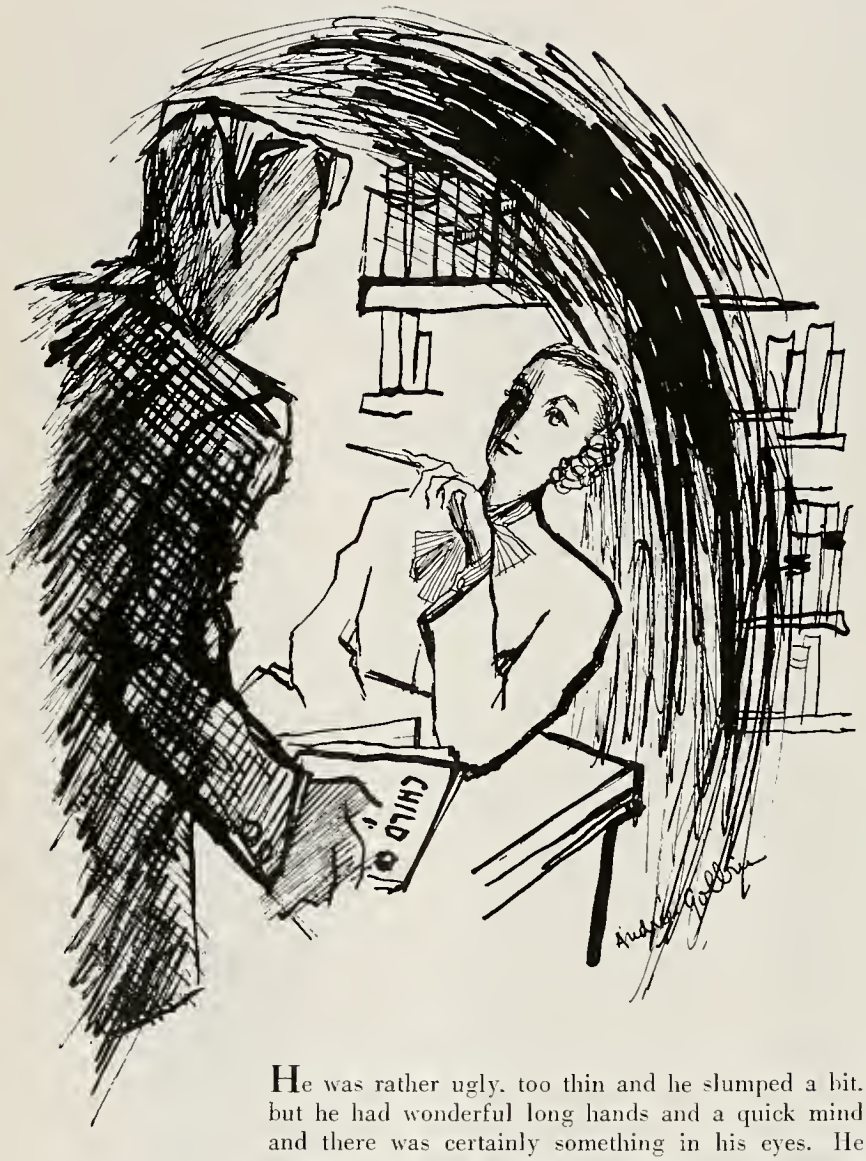
A matching sport coat for his outfit might be a lightweight woolen single-breasted, with gray or tan ground, and a fine blue, red or yellow plaid or stripe. By selecting sweater, tie, shirt, socks and slacks to harmonize or to contrast with the coat, an infinite number of sport outfits can be made to serve busy 'teen-agers any place, any time.

As a guide to stylish wardrobe ensembles, with varying combinations for young boys ranging in age from eight to eighteen, see pages 62 and 63, "Progressively His." They illustrate, colorfully, merchandise that may be purchased from your boyswear retailer.

The growing interest in stylish, colorful, typically California clothes for men and boys has accentuated the need for an enlarged section of *The Californian* devoted to masculine fashions. Here's the first article in the new series.

A Story by
Narda Stokes

EARTH AND A SPARK



He was rather ugly, too thin and he slumped a bit, but he had wonderful long hands and a quick mind and there was certainly something in his eyes. He looked at a woman and at that first moment of optical contact she was as good as in his arms.

You might say she wilted, except that wilting implies a negative, withering reaction and the effect he had was far from that. At the risk of seeming contradictory you might say she bloomed and wilted at the same time. It took a bit of doing but she invariably accomplished it, for this man—Stephan Darby, his name was—was quite a fellow.

It's only fair to state that it wasn't intentional, this wholesale bowling over of the feminine contingent. If it had been he could never have gotten away with it so thoroughly and with such unvarying regularity. To call him a wolf would have been rank injustice. He saw beauty. He appraised it—searchingly, as if he were looking for something beyond it—and beauty always preened itself and went forth to meet his unspoken challenge. The fact that Stephan Darby continued to search proved that, so far, the challenge had not been met to his satisfaction.

It wasn't too surprising, then, that at last he became a little bored with easy conquests that came to nothing but an electric moment, a pleasant hour, or at best a too soon forgotten week-end.

For Stephan Darby was thirty-six, a success as the world measures success—which is to say he made enough money—and he hadn't as yet been "caught." Like most men, he wanted more than anything else to be caught and to stay that way for the rest of his life. He did his part. He gave the women every chance. The fault must have been with them.

His friend, Bill Duffey, told him off one night when Stephan was having dinner with the Duffeys. Bill said, "But Steve, you can't find a beautiful, feminine woman with a man's mind, and that's what you seem to be hunting."

Steve said "Nuts," he wasn't hunting anything, but he looked at Grace Duffey, Bill's pretty wife, and the two Duffey children with something like envy. Of course Grace Duffey was an exceptional woman who kept her mouth closed, so that the state of her mind remained a mystery to practically everybody. "I'm doing all right," Steve brushed him off. "I get around."

"You're lonesome as hell and you know it," Bill insisted. "Why don't you marry one of those lovesick women who are forever hanging on your neck. You need responsibilities."

Steve relighted his pipe with more care than was necessary, while he watched Grace exit to the nursery, the two children in tow. "That's a fool thing to say," he told Bill. "Implying that a man's responsibilities are limited to propagating a race that could easily get itself blown to bits in ten years."

Bill was embarrassed. "I didn't mean that. Hell, I'm as aware as the next man. But you can't expect women to go around revamping the world."

"Why not? In the most vital age humanity ever lived, it's unbelievable that the female is still blindly absorbed in exploiting her own biological processes. It's self worship. Narcissism in its most stultifying form." Steve got up and walked to the window. He stared into the blackness for a moment and then he faced Bill. "When I find a woman with her brain cells working I'll marry her. Not until."

Narda Stokes, Californian

Grace Duffey was still conveniently out of ear shot and Bill said, "Women with brains on display usually don't have much else to show. You don't want a flat-chested, frustrated goon-woman do you?"

Stephan grinned at him. "You mean I have to choose?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Then I'll take brains."

"You're a liar and you know it," Bill said.

But the conversation had put Steve on a new tack. "I've been trying to buy the wrappings instead of what's in the package," he told himself. And that's how he happened to look into Sarah Radcliff's eyes, one day at the public library.

Sarah was thirty-three and nobody had ever termed her a beauty. The material was there, as it is in any woman with good bone structure, tastefully upholstered. Her blond coiffeur was neat, if a little severe. Her nice wholesome face, except for lipstick unobtrusively applied, was unretouched. As she sat behind her desk, rubber stamp at hand and card index near enough for immediate reference, book seekers seldom gave her more attention than they gave the lead pencil with which she competently jotted down their card numbers. She was pleasant. She was intelligent. As for having masculine appeal—well, it could be that the necessary stimulus had never come her way.

True, a few not too exciting young men had, at intervals, evinced some interest, but as soon as Sarah had given them the benefit of a few clear-cut views on economics or politics they'd promptly run away to make love to somebody who didn't care two pins about post-war planning but who was simply passionate about silverware patterns. And later, at the wedding, Sarah would sigh with a trace of wistfulness and a large measure of relief and say to herself, "There, but for the grace of a few well chosen phrases, go I." The wistfulness, it must be noted, was not because of the men who had in each case got away, but because there had been no man, thus far, who made the holding on important.

Then came the day when Steve looked into her eyes. He walked to her desk, as he had dozens of times before and said quite matter-of-factly, "Miss Radcliff, have you anything new on Russia?" He looked at her jacket, trimly tailored. The jacket stubbornly refused to reveal any secrets. He looked at her lips, seemingly innocent of applied allure. The wrappings were certainly not of the eye-catching variety. So far so good. Then he looked into her direct blue eyes with that challenging, searching look. It was a gift. Steve couldn't miss with that look. Women, as I've said, bloomed and wilted simul-

(*Continued on page 83*)

HI HO, TO FAME OR FAMINE!

It isn't every day you interview six girls, all wrapped attractively in the same white gabardine suit. A confusing experience, but we did come to one definite conclusion, anyway. If Narda Stokes—actress, author, screen writer, model, song writer, and vehement espouser of causes—continues to dash off in all directions at once she could get lost, and then again . . . she *could* arrive in the Hall of Fame. Wherever she lands we'll bet that she's having an exciting time en route.

California, as is true of many followers of the arts and letters, is Narda's adopted home. But she's from Oklahoma. "When I say that, people out here ask me what part I played in it. There's a state called Oklahoma, too! A very fine state," Narda assures us. "My father and my black shepherd dog, Othello, wouldn't live anywhere else!"

Narda, the actress, began her dramatic training in 1937, at the swank Pasadena Playhouse, appearing in some forty stage productions with such stars as Robert Preston, Victor Mature, Laird Cregar and Dana Andrews. She played everything from giddy ingenues to prostitutes to Tahitian natives, and died a startling variety of deaths both homicidal and suicidal. Poison, the dagger, starvation and the briney deep all conspired to bring Narda's stage portrayals to an untimely end. "But the juiciest demise," she says, "was when, my chest riddled with Nazi bullets, I died for eight minutes, talking like mad in Russian dialect."

IN CALIFORNIA IT'S

CAREERS AND COURAGE THAT COUN

SHE FIGHTS DISEASE . . .

CAPTAIN DEFIES THE ELEMENTS . . .

HE BRAVES CRITICS . . .

BENIAMINO BUFANO, whose stainless steel and stone sculpture ha alternately amused, interested and piqued San Franciscans for years, is workin on a statuette he calls "Apparel Annie" to be presented annually by S. F. Manu facturers & Wholesalers. Bufano, scorned by traditionalists, executed the famou statue of Sun Yat Sen in the Bay City's Chinatown. **LINI STOUMEN,** on of first six American nurses to enter Spain in '37 to aid Loyalists, is now Medic Service Administrator for Mexican Nationals in Southern California. Wife former Yank correspondent Lou Stoumen, Lini has done public health work i Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and Spanish-speaking areas of New Mexic **CAPT. CHARLES HANSEN,** who pilots passenger liners and cargo shi in and out San Francisco Bay, was 14 when he started his sea-faring career l shipping out of Denmark on a four-masted sailing ship carrying cargo around t Horn. His deep-sea days over, Capt. Hansen's pilot duties take him but 12 mil out to sea. **HELEN BRUSH,** newspaper photographer, took her husban job on the *Los Angeles Daily News* when he went in the Navy. Now that h discharged they work together, share the same darkroom. Her most exciti assignment was flying on the outside of forest fire-fighting helicopter. For f Helen goes abalone diving, a daring sport, studies Spanish, French and singi

DANGER IS HER BUSINES

Be scentsible

● Sultry Cleopatra, who knew the provocative appeal of perfume, bathed leisurely in heavily scented bath oils. Centuries later, Madame Du Barry, toast of Parisian courts, put perfume on the inside hem of her skirt. Both women had the right idea, but *they* were mere beginners.

Today's skilled chemists turn perfume-making into an art with their exciting blends of jasmine from Egypt, cyprus from the Mediterranean, oils from Spain. Select from their finished products carefully. You may not go down in history books, but your perfume rating will be par excellence. We list the "musts" below . . . they're adaptable, they're scentsible!

YOU'RE SMART IF YOU

● Use cologne for daytime, perfumes for evenings. If your stock is really flush, you might use a little of both provided they match. Don't concoct a few brands of your own; it takes a skilled chemist to blend fragrances successfully.

● Use cologne generously after a bath. Put your favorite scent on your wrists, your shoulders, behind your ears—wherever you are warm.

● Keep the perfume atomizer away from furs. Many furriers will tell you the chemicals in perfume are injurious to the pelts and that there is an undesirable chemical reaction when perfume mixes with natural pelt odors. You might make little bags, fill them with cotton saturated in perfume, and pin them inside your coat at the shoulders. Effect: smooth fragrance; harm: none.

● Remember, good perfume stains your clothes. Instead, use it successfully on shoulder pads of suits, dresses where it lasts and lasts. The Du Barry trick of putting perfume on the inside of skirt hems is still smart for formals. One blender suggests you flatten a piece of cotton, absorb it in perfume and then stitch it inside the hem of your street dresses.

● Keep perfume away from your hair. Perfume and cologne become rancid there before you can say "Chanel No. 5." You can't miss, though, if you drop a little bath oil in the final rinse water when you wash your hair. Or, if you like, there are special perfume hair rinses that give the same fragrant effect.

● Find scents that are exciting . . . that give you a lift. Try different ones until you find those that are light and refreshing for the office; others that are smart and exhilarating for special occasions. Whatever your choice, use it discreetly. And, incidentally, hang on to tiny one-inch bottles. They make wonderful flasks for perfume "fresh-ups."

dress Essence

You're young, you're young married or you're celebrating your fifth anniversary . . . You'll be wearing his favorite fragrance, your favorite dress . . . junior-sized for a youthful figure no matter what your age. An Allah-scarf breathes moonlight drama; drapery focuses fashion on slim hips; wrap-around jackets and skirts play up your height.

This page, Francine's Frock: black Mallinson crepe, about $23 at Haggarty's, Los Angeles. Opposite page, left to right, Robert Gould's original, Oscar Hayman crepe, about $23 at The May Co., Los Angeles. Nan Parker's "little black", colors, about $23 at The May Co., Los Angeles. Bee Stewart's gold kid bandeau. Lee Gersten's two-piecer, gray, black; about $40, at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Bonwit-Teller, Philadelphia. Suzy Lee hat. Shoes in soft suedes and leather from Sbicca.

MUSE
DE
COTY

From pin-checks to plaids, fall fashion takes a swing to the checkered. These are friendly additions to stretch your suits, brisk up your fall basics. *This page, left:* a great bloused beret of wool and matching gallant gloves. *Above,* clan plaid topper with giant pockets, to wear belted or loose. *Opposite, above:* a one-piece wool jersey "puddle jumper" with wide leather belt . . . its checked skirt or cape is circular cut, button-on. *Right,* pockets again . . . big, black and detachable . . . velveteen over a shepherd check date dress. *Below,* squared and snug, a swing jacket that pairs with a fly-front skirt.

Re-Check On Fall

...San Francisco gives the world its art and originality in exotic, wonderful cuisine...

BY HELEN EVANS BROWN

San Franciscans love to "rib" Los Angeles, and Angelenos are adept at casting an aspersion or two about California's "second largest city," but just let someone from outside California take a crack at either! Family stuff. But from a safe neutral spot outside of California, I have the temerity to suggest that San Francisco has the culinary jump on Los Angeles.

While the Southern city's culinary art has a background of exotic foods contributed by the Spanish padres, San Francisco's is a colorful gustatory mosaic composed of the best from the cuisine of China and of Spain, of Italy and of France, of Austria and of Russia.

One famous dish created by Victor Hirtzler, once chef of the great Hotel Saint Francis, is Celery Victor. Though a San Franciscan specialty, it has been enthusiastically adopted by gastronomes throughout the world. Good reason, too.

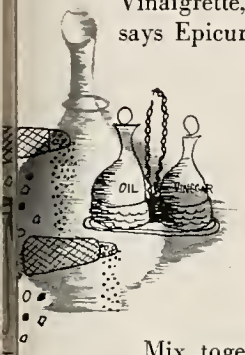
CELERY VICTOR

Split three stalks of celery lengthwise. Trim them of their coarsest leaves, and pare the roots. Cover the celery with chicken or turkey stock. Add an herb bouquet, which you know by now to consist of a sprig of thyme and/or marjoram, a bay leaf and a few sprigs of parsley, bound together with white thread. Toss in a carrot and an onion for added flavor and let the whole thing simmer slowly until the celery is tender. Drain and cool, then gently press out the excess stock with your hands.

Now that we have the celery well drained, we marinate it. As far as I can determine, the original marinade was simplicity itself: one half cup of white wine vinegar, one and a half cups of olive oil, salt, fresh ground black pepper, and a little chervil. Now chill the celery in the marinade, and serve simply, as is, or cross each stalk of celery with a strip of anchovy and one of pimiento.

That's Celery Victor in the classic manner, and here it is in the thrifty manner.

Make it with celery trimmings. Clean these outer stalks well, and cook them in the stock as above. When cool, you change your technique. You stack the celery stalks three deep, and press them very firmly together. Then you cut the stacks, diagonally, into three-inch pieces. Continue with the same marinade and anchovy and pimiento routine. Voila! Of course, you've planned to use that celery flavored broth for a very special soup, and you could marinate your celery in a Sauce Vinaigrette, using a less expensive salad oil. Who says Epicurean food is expensive?



SAUCE VINAIGRETTE

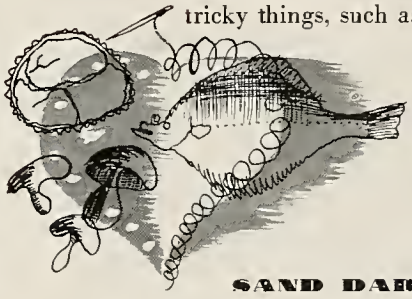
Mix together a half cup of wine vinegar and a cup of oil. Add two teaspoonfuls of salt, some black pepper (you know what kind), a tablespoonful of capers, one of chopped chives or shallots, and one of pickle relish or chopped green olives. Use this on the foods I mentioned above, or on any other that might occur to you. Like broccoli, or lamb's tongues, or cucumbers. And what you don't use this time, you can keep in the refrigerator till next time you want a treat.

Did you ever know two cooks who agreed on the exact ingredients for Cioppino? The reason could be that this renowned fish stew was introduced to the world by San Francisco's Italian fishermen, who made it of whatever they found in the day's catch. It could be that, like spaghetti, it's a favorite with amateur men chefs, and even the most ardent femininists have to agree that most men cook with more imagination than do women. (What have I said?) Here, then, is *one* recipe for

FISH CIOPPINO

First for the sauce: make it by sautéeing a chopped onion, a minced clove of garlic, a chopped carrot and two chopped stalks of celery in a quarter cup of olive oil. When lightly brown, add a cup of white wine (yes, some use red wine, some sherry, and there *are* teetotalers), a large (46 oz.) tin of tomato juice, a teaspoonful of salt, some black pepper, an herb bouquet and a goodly pinch of oregano. Cook this slowly for an hour then set it aside until an hour before you're ready to serve your "fish choppin." When that time comes, you do this: cut four pounds of striped bass or halibut in pieces. Clean four dozen clams in their shells (or mussels, if you live where they're safe.) Shell and clean three pounds of shrimps and cut three large crabs in serving pieces, shell and all, cracking the claws. Now produce your largest earthenware casserole and arrange the fish and shell fish in layers. Then pour on the sauce. If the sauce doesn't cover the fish, add some more white wine; don't be stingy. Cover the casserole and bake for an hour in a moderate oven. Serve in generous bowls, and give your guests a break by providing napkins large enough to tie under their chins, for they'll want to get in there and dig the last delectable morsel from every piece of shell. Nothing sissy about *this* Californian dish.

Sand dabs and abalone are California's own, and both are so delightful it's hard to decide between them. Abalone is at its best when cooked simply and quickly, but sand dabs go for all kinds of tricky things, such as this favorite of the Bay City.



SAND DABS EN PAPILLOTTE

First find yourself some cooking parchment, or some heavy white bond paper, large sheets of it. Cut fat heart-shaped pieces, about eight inches long and just as wide. Butter them well on one side, and lay a skinned and filletted sand dab on one half of each paper heart. Add a small slice of boiled ham, two mushrooms that have been dipped in melted butter, a suspicion of chopped shallot or chives, and the same of minced parsley. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and fold the heart in half. Crimp the edges together, or fold over and baste with white bread. Bake these little surprise packages in a fairly hot oven, 375° to 400°, for fifteen minutes, or until the paper is brown. Serve them in the cases. This is more than just a fun way to serve sand dabs. It makes plenty sense, because not one single drop of savor escapes this cook's valentine. This cooking in paper idea is supposed to have originated with Madame de Maintenon. She dreamed it up for the benefit of Louis the Fourteenth, and her jealous friends sneeringly dubbed them "Madame de Maintenon's curl papers." Whether the heart shape was another subtlety, I can only guess, but Louis fell for the scheme, anyway. Yes, that belle dame knew a trick or two, in the kitchen and elsewhere. but San Francisco learned her culinary ones and everyone else's, too. Ah, to be in San Francisco when it's time to eat!

The author, Richard Lloyd Williams, is a rabid San Franciscan and has been one of its colorful residents for nearly a score of years. Formerly a Latin American correspondent, he contributes to Asia, Travel, *and* Pan America *and has been a staff member of several metropolitan newspapers. Also authored a book on famed Telegraph Hill.*

SAN FRANCISCO

(*Continued from page 41*)

forthcoming, however, and the special election had to be called.

This was an expensive way for San Francisco to show its faith in its mayor, but it also helped to repudiate its implied faithlessness in its government.

Lapham had shown his mettle only a few days before the election, during the paralyzing streetcar strike by the AF of L and the CIO unions. After four days of traffic congestion, he was able to get the two unions to call off the strike by promising to present their demands for a higher wage on the ballot in the November election—with pay raises, if any, retroactive to July 1.

The California Cable Car workers, however, stayed out a couple of more days. Privately owned, the company promised a raise if the voters sanctioned the municipal increase in November.

The first cable car made its appearance in San Francisco in 1873, and some cynical people say it is still running around the city. Nevertheless, citizens show great pride in the mechanical billy goats and ride them with glee.

Great civic pride is attested to the fact that about the only time a tourist will be on the receiving end of a freeze-out is when he refers to the city as "Frisco." It's all right to poke fun at Oakland by calling it the "Brooklyn of the West," or at Los Angeles by saying it is "seven suburbs in search of a city." (or making Angelenos downright mad by saying the City of the Angels should be named "Bakersfield-by-the-Sea"), but lo, the poor visitor unless he uses the city's full and proper name!

Even the summer fogs are claimed by citizens as a providence bestowed by a genial weatherman to create a climate that holds the temperature to a top sixty-four degrees. If you want heat, humidity and lethargy, they say, go up the river, or down the Valley. But if you want a mild climate, brisk and coolingly comfortable working conditions, San Francisco's the place.

Not only is the fog salubrious, but it helps keep the women among the best-dressed—woolens and suits can be worn the year 'round, adding even to the chicness of the shopgirl. Furs are as common as they are in Hollywood—and the wearers have more reason to sport them.

The literary legacy left San Francisco by such giants as George Sterling and Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Lincoln Steffens, Jack London and Henry George, Ambrose Bierce and Robert Louis Stevenson, has been ripened, if one reaches into the Bay Area just a little distance. There you may find Eugene O'Neill, John Steinbeck, William (The Man) Saroyan, C. G. and Frank Norris, Stewart Edward White, Harry Leon Wilson, Gertrude Atherton, Kathleen Norris, Ernest Haycox and a few dozen other lesser lights.

The sculptors are holding their own, too. Haig Patigan, Ralph Stackpole, and yes, Beniamino Bufano, have earned world-renown with their work.

One of the best "show" towns in the country, San Francisco is proud of its heritage in the theater. Edwin Booth, Louisa Tetrazzini and Lotta Crabtree are a few immortals recalled from "the good old days." Many plays are tried out here and it is a "must" call for New York shows on road tours.

Always a lover of good music, and proud of its cultural background, San Francisco is the home of Pierre Monteux, one of the world's top conductors, a renowned symphony orchestra, and the finest grand opera company now existent.

The Civic Opera House is the most outstanding in decor in the country. (Yes, San Franciscans speak in superlatives when it comes to music, but musicians call the Opera House "superb.") The opera season attracts socialites and Bohemians alike—and all are proud of the setting.

Symphony is the city's own. Some cities may be proud of their rodeos or races, their regattas or tournaments, but San Francisco is proud of its Symphony.

The Opera House is only one of many beautiful buildings in the Civic Center. The City Hall was modeled after the nation's capitol—and its dome is fourteen feet higher. The War Memorial Building, next to the Opera House, was built as a memorial to all San Franciscans who served in World War I. The Civic Auditorium was given to the city by the Panama-Pacific International Exhibition and is the scene of many enterprises and entertainments.

And the Opera House, incidentally, is the founding home of the United Nations Conference. It was decorated in a bit more flamboyant manner than for "Faust," but the city feels no more appropriate place could have been chosen than "the crossroads of the world."

The Civic Center also includes the Federal Buildings, the Public Library, California Historical Society Building, the State Building and the Public Health Building.

Sights of San Francisco are celebrated. The inspiring view from its hills makes the midlander catch his breath with awe. The Top of the Mark is a favorite vantage point with those

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SAN FRANCISCO

(*Continued from page 76*)

who like to wet their whistles while they look but, condensed as it is in 44 square miles (the smallest area of any major city in the world), San Francisco has many points from which to sit and stare.

Coming around any corner in San Francisco at any time is a soul-satisfying experience at any season of the year. The city is full of astoundingly beautiful vistas and panoramas, from little block-long tree-lined lanes to broad, sweeping highways following the miles-long beaches.

Telegraph Hill, in the northeast section of the city and ten minutes' walk from downtown, probably has the best close-up view. One of the most beautiful harbors in the world spreads from the Golden Gate, Mount Tamalpais and Sausalito, past the East Bay towns and the University of California campus to Hunter's Point and the South Bay.

From here, at the base of Coit Tower, given to the city by a lady in memory of her volunteer fire-fighting husband, is a commanding view of Alcatraz Island, one of San Francisco's sore spots. Much agitation has been brought by the citizens to have the Federal prison removed from its front yard, and it is with reluctance that one of the tourists' first-view "musts" is pointed out by the residents.

The Bay is home for many yachts. From its sheltered coves to the deep water outside the heads, any type of sailing conditions can be found. The Lightship, Vallejo and Santa Cruz races are held annually, with the exception of the war years, and the Honolulu race was started from Treasure Island in 1939, opening the Golden Gate International Exhibition, and the last year the over-water race was held.

A walk along the Embarcadero, past the wharves where ships anchor from the Seven Seas, gives a worm's eye view of the towering skyscrapers carrying wings of fog-like pennants streaming from their roofs. At one end of the Embarcadero are Fisherman's Wharf and Joe DiMaggio's fish grotto, and just beyond the other end lies Hunter's Point, the newest and largest naval installation on the West Coast.

A stroll through Golden Gate Park, one of the foremost civic horticultural developments in the world, will bring sights of the far corners of the earth, a monument to John McClaren, the Scotchman who redeemed a waste of sand dunes into a paradise of grass and trees and flowers.

At the Panhandle of the park is located Kezar Stadium, scene of the annual all-star East-West football game. Farther on is the deYoung Museum, especially rich in Mayan, Inca and Aztec Indian art. The California Academy of Sciences operates Steinhart Aquarium, housing one of the most colorful collections of live fish in the world; the Simson African Hall; and the Natural History Museum, visited by half-million persons a year. This museum houses departments of ornithology, herpetology and paleontology, but it also contains mammal groups mounted against natural backgrounds, exhibits of flowers, stones and Indian baskets.

The Conservatory and the Shakespeare Garden are neighbors with the Prayer Book Cross, a cross 57 feet high, commemorating the first Christian service held in English on the Pacific Coast by Sir Francis Drake's chaplain on the shores of Drake's Bay, July 23, 1579.

The *Gjoa*, Roald Amundsen's vessel which was the first craft to navigate the Northwest Passage, lies in the shadows of the Dutch windmills on the beach-side of the Park.

Nearby is the Cliff House, long a rendezvous for Sunday morning breakfast with San Franciscans. Not too far away, near the southern corner of the Park, is Fleishhacker Zoo and Pool, the latter being 1,000 feet long and 100 feet wide.

(*Continued on page 82*)

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STREET FLOOR: COULTER'S

SAN FRANCISCO

(*Continued from page 77*)

On the edge of Lincoln Park, overlooking Land's End and the Golden Gate, is the Palace of the Legion of Honor, founded by a lady who wanted to add to the culture of the city.

Always tolerant, and a bit proud of the Barbary Coast, even in its free-drinking days, the citizens finally closed it at the conclusion of the 1915 Fair. Established again a few years ago under the name of the International Settlement, it serves most to give the tourist a thrill as he walks along the street made famous by the blood and thunder sailing days when anything went—and did.

The promoters of the International Settlement wanted to use the name "Barbary Coast" for their development. But the righteous women of the city balked such an effort as derogatory to the city's fair name.

It was in the days of the Coast that side streets south of Market were named for *filles de joie*, and to this day they testify to the esteem in which their admirers held them.

Pisco Punch was invented in San Francisco and is commemorated by a plaque on the Montgomery Block, the city's oldest fireproof building and the scene of its concoction, Parker's Bank Exchange Saloon.

Parker's was a favorite hangout for Joshua A. "Emperor" Norton, and his two dogs, Bummer and Lazarus. The Emperor arrived in San Francisco in 1849 with a fortune of respectable size which he increased rapidly. But in trying to corner the rice market, he lost his shirt when several ships sailed in from China loaded to the gunnels with the grain.

The blow was too much for Norton's mind and, after several years' seclusion, he emerged as the "Emperor of the United States," and the "Protector of Mexico." Accepted by the city as such, he roamed the streets for many years in an elaborate uniform—at one time furnished by the city fathers—issuing edicts and proclamations, bonds and checks.

These were always accepted at face value, from 50 cents to $2.00, by the populace. He dissolved the Republican and Democratic parties in the interests of peace, and issued a ringing proclamation for a return to the religious way of life which an eminent minister of the gospel called one of the greatest tracts he had ever read.

Emperor Norton also called for the building of a bridge between Oakland and San Francisco—almost at the spot where the present Bay Bridge now stands. He had plans to connect San Francisco with Marin County—practically where the Golden Gate Bridge now straddles the Bay.

When the Emperor died in 1880, more than 30,000 persons attended his funeral. And when the cemetery in which he was buried succumbed to civic expansion a few years ago, city dignitaries attended the service in which his body was moved to a new burial plot.

Never-say-die San Franciscans started the two "can't do" bridges during the depression of the thirties. Today the bridges have been so successful that the bonds are paying off well in advance of the due date and plans are being formulated for a new span to the East Bay.

This is in the spirit of the titans of the past—Flood, Fair, Hopkins, Crocker and Huntington, who must look back with approval on these monuments to progress, for they, too, were builders of magnitude.

The home of empire builders since 1846, not afraid of something new, willing to develop any opportunity if it proves for the public welfare, San Francisco today stands at the threshold of its mature growth, destined to play a leading role along the Pacific Coast.

EARTH AND A SPARK

(*Continued from page 67*)

by Narda Stokes

taneously and, no matter what you might have expected, Sarah was no exception.

Her lips parted slightly in wonder. With an unconscious lifting of her shoulders something happened, suddenly, to the jacket. This was a new feeling. A good, warm feeling. Sarah liked it. Her lashes curtained her eyes for an instant, and then, searching too, her eyes went back to Steve's—held them until she couldn't get her breath. Absentmindedly she checked out a book somebody had just returned, titled Child Care and Feeding. Absentmindedly Steve walked out with it.

At five o'clock, after a dreamy perusal of the card index, Sarah walked in the opposite direction from her home. "I made a mistake," she said, when Steve opened the door of his apartment. "I found that I gave you the wrong book. You wanted something about Russia." She handed him a copy of Anna Karenin.

Steve thanked her. "I've looked through the other one," he said, smiling. "Very interesting." Then he said "Come in," because the look on Sarah's face and the way she held her body asked it of him. She'd done something to her mouth, he decided. And her hair was softer. She was blooming. She was wilting. She was beautiful. Steve began to mistrust her.

Conversation was an unwieldly thing at first. Steve tried to mold it to his own purpose. But Sarah was cautious. Sarah didn't talk about anything deeper than the way to make a Manhattan and Steve groaned inside himself and tried to hide his disappointment. "Funny I never noticed before how beautiful she is," he mused. "Too bad she's so darned dumb."

Then, because Sarah seemed to expect it, seemed even to demand it, he kissed her. "That's that," he promised himself. "That's absolutely that." But, without planning to, he kissed her again. There was something in her kiss that Steve couldn't account for. He kissed her once more to make sure.

"I want to see you again," he said when he took her home, and he kept saying that every night for weeks.

Bill kidded him. "At last it's happened," he said. "You got hooked, but good." Bill didn't know Sarah except through Steve's reluctant, fragmentary accounts. "She's evidently feminine enough," he said. "Maybe you can graft on a few brain cells for long rainy evenings when the honeymoon is over.

"There isn't going to be any honeymoon," said Steve, angrily. "She's just another attractive woman, that's all."

But it wasn't all and Steve knew it. That night he rang Sarah's doorbell, furious with her and with himself. "I'll say goodby tonight," he resolved, "and walk out of her life before it's too late." He'd never been more determined about anything.

Sarah heard the bell. Quickly she hid the book she was reading. It was titled Re-Education of the Masses. She put a little perfume behind each ear and walked to the door, her head back, her lips parted slightly. Steve took one look at her and she took one look at Steve.

Steve broke away at last. "Damn it," he said, "why do I do that?" He clenched his fist and shook it defiantly under Sarah's chin. "It's biological, that's absolutely all it is, and I won't be trapped! This is goodby." He turned and stalked out of the room, down the street and away.

He'd been gone at least thirty minutes and Sarah had begun to worry a little. She'd put on more powder and rubbed it off. She'd brushed her hair. She'd put on more lipstick and rubbed it off. At last she sat down with the Re-Education of the Masses and tried to concentrate on that instead of on the possibility of Steve's returning footsteps on the porch.

Finally she did lose herself in the book for just a moment and that had to be the moment Steve stuck his head in at the door. "You're in my blood," he said. "Like poison."

Sarah jumped and sat speedily on the Re-Education of the Masses.

"I can't figure it out," said Steve miserably. "You're just legs and arms and breasts like a million other women. Only you act a little dumber than most of 'em. What is it?"

"I don't know, darling," said Sarah. "Maybe you sense hidden possibilities.

"Maybe so," Steve said, without too much assurance. "After we're married I'm going to insist that you do a lot of reading. Everybody has a mind. It's just a matter of development. I don't think you actually lack intelligence. You're just unaware, that's all. I was reading a new book the other day called Re-Education of the Masses and it said—"

But Sarah's lips were on his and he forgot, for the moment, what it said.

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Vol. 2
No. 3

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OCTOBER
1946

Smartest trade-last* of the season, this mix-matchable series of "BOTANY" Brand 100% wool Marchan gabardine . . . linings and blouses specially dyed to harmonize in CELANESE fabrics.

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on record

Jed Tucker Says

Crisp autumn days . . . yes, even in California sun there's a grape-like tang to the air . . . mean, among other things, the opening of the music season. The Los Angeles Philharmonic and San Francisco Symphony orchestras get under way in October and November.. The gala season of the San Francisco Opera Company, with its distinguished importations from the Met and brilliant newcomers, lures formally garbed enthusiasts to the handsome Opera House in the north and to Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium in the south. All in all, things are good all over for music lovers in California and elsewhere in the nation.

Consequently, demand for good recordings zooms. You may, as many have, discover that possessing and familiarizing oneself with any of the works presented during a concert season underlines the enjoyment of the live music. Or you may even be one of those unfortunates, like yours truly, who begins to hear a composition, stimulated either by an actual performance or by just a mention of its name, and is haunted until the harmonious ghost is exorcised by a record purchase.

GOOD NEW ONES

In any case, there's a fine crop of new records . . . as for instance:

Semi-classical: Columbia is splurging on Andre Kostelanetz with two new albums, "Exotic Music" and Kreisler melodies, as well as the familiar "Kostelanetz Conducts." Sweeping strings and soaring tonal climaxes characteristic of this maestro.

Standard classics: "*Symphony No. 1*" by Johannes Brahms, recorded by Victor on vinylite, played by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, who certainly knows his acoustics and full tone value, but is sometimes eccentric in his dramatic presentation of this work.

"Violin Concerto No. 5," by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, in which Columbia presents a real collector's item . . . as perfect a performance as could be imagined, by Adolf Busch and Busch Chamber Players.

"Sonata Pathetique," by Ludwig von Beethoven, a much-loved and seldom-recorded piano work played with loving care, respect and sensitivity by Hungarian Erno Balogh, presented by Vox Records.

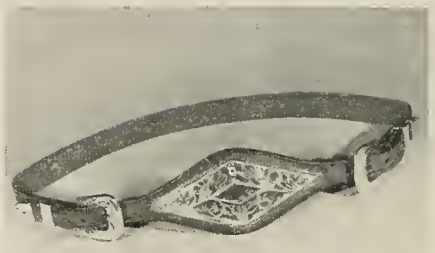
Off-the-beaten track: Jacques Ibert's "Escales," programmed tours of Mediterranean ports of call musically captured with an economy of color rightly used, excellently played by the New York Philharmonic under Arthur Rodzinski, recorded by Columbia.

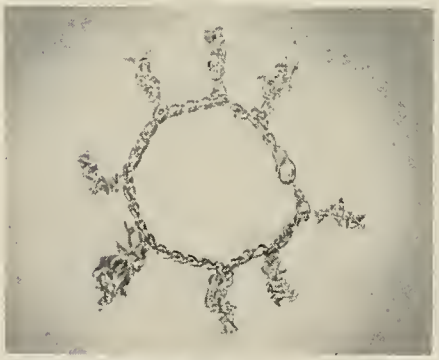
Another long-needed recording . . . Dohnanyi's lyric and exquisite "Suite for Orchestra," till now available only in one musically good, but technically bad version . . . now beautifully produced for Decca by Alfred Wallenstein and the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

Folk music: In the past two years, jitterbugs and longhairs alike (to make a rough classification of the record-buying public) have discovered and taken to their collective bosom the musical Americana of Burl Ives, Josh White, Leadbelly et al. To this

(Continued on page 71)

shopping





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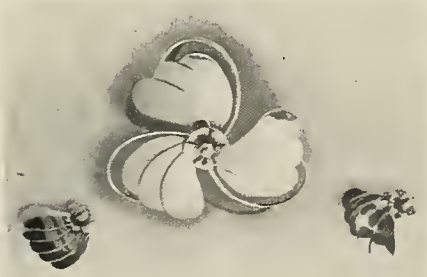

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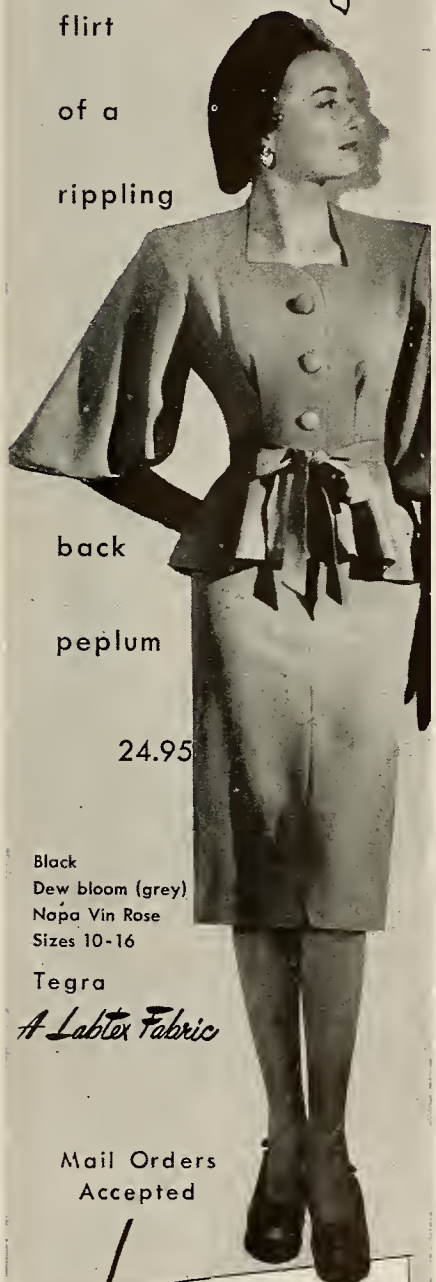

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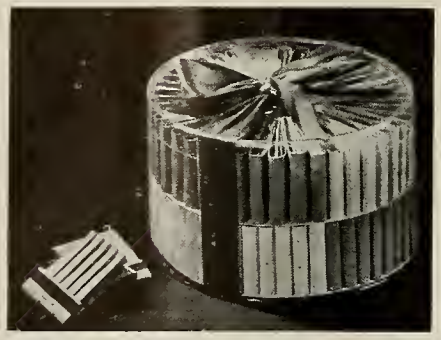

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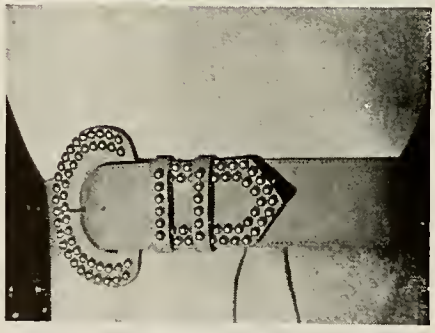

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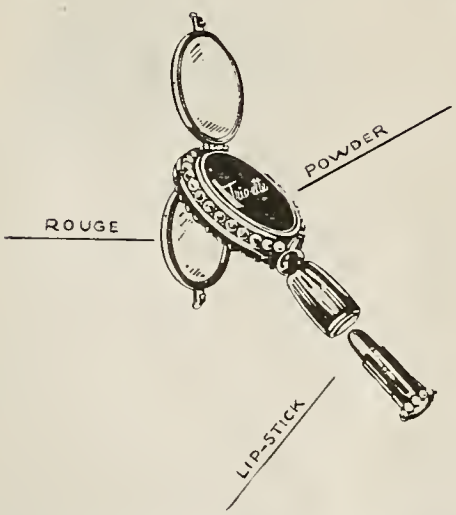

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Editor and Publisher, J. R. Osherenko; *Vice President & Advertising Director,* Herman Sonnabend; *Managing Editor,* Donald A. Carlson; *Fashion Director,* Sally Dickason Carolin; *Art Director,* Charles Gruen; *Fashion Editor,* Marcia Wilson; *Associate Fashion Staff,* Marguerite Bailey, Peggy Hippee, Jacquelin Lary, Serene Rosenberg, Rosemary Seal, Diana Stokes; *Associate Art Staff,* Andree Golbin, Eunice Leveskis, Morris Ovsey, Bud Mozur; *Features,* Virginia Scallon, June Barth, Frances Anderson; *Merchandising,* Loise Abrahamson; *Food Stylist,* Helen Evans Brown; *Photographers,* Erven Jourdan, Johna Pepper, Shew Lum; *Production,* Daniel Saxon, Robert Farnham.

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fair sports

Here are pedal-pushers and a whole intermatchable family of soft black wool, with rainbow "Ria stripes" yoking the cardigan "Jackoret," striping the knee-length "smarty pants." Close relatives and willing switchabouts: the slim jersey blouse, the tailored white shirt. All by Koret of California, in sizes 12-18; black, brown or green. Jacket, $15; skirt, $8; weskit, $8; pedal-pushers, $11. May Co., Los Angeles; Bon Marché, Seattle; Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

Opposite, velveteen and jersey, new fabric friends; ruby wine and mist gray, new color tone-mates. Deauville Models design. Lantern-sleeved blouse: black, kelly, red or gray; about $11; cotton velveteen skirt: green, blue, wine; about $13. Nancy's, Hollywood; O'Connor Moffatt, San Francisco; Donaldson's, Minneapolis. Chatelaine by Biltmore Accessories.

COUNTY FAIR

SANTA MARIA HORSE TRADER, AL PICO IS A DESCENDANT OF THE FAMOUS PIO PICO.

MRS. CHARLEY HOWARD TOOK BLUE RIBBON FOR THE BEST BEET RELISH.

County fair . . .

In front of a little brown frame house at 408 Cook Street Mrs. Charles Howard was carefully selecting the very best of her beets and cabbages from her vegetable garden . . . Down at Los Alamos in the Santa Ynez Valley on a 6,000-acre ranch, Eddie Fields took time away from his barley, oats, beans, tomatoes, squash, sheep, beef cattle and Belgian horses to add a slick new yellow paint job to his ancient, high-seated express wagon . . . And just three miles south of town on U. S. Highway 101, Al Pico wasn't doing too much of anything except feeding a few head of horses that he was readying for auction. But like Mrs. Howard and Eddie Fields, Al Pico was thinking about the County Fair which was only two weeks away.

For Santa Maria, as 59 other California towns had done or would do this year, was getting ready for its first fair since Pearl Harbor. Like Santa Maria's 10,000 townsfolk and thousands more in the rest of Santa Barbara County, millions throughout the nation were thrilling to the serious business of getting back to proud competition in fairs of all types.

Mrs. Howard laid her beets and cabbage down on the kitchen sink and picked up the "Premium List and Rules and Regulations, Santa Barbara County Fair." She turned to page twelve and ran her finger down to "Sweepstakes for Canned and Preserved Foods Division." and under that to "Class 69: Pickles, Catsups, Chutneys, Relishes," and finally to "Section 363—Beet Relish." The judges, she found, would count appearance (color, clearness, uniformity) for 25%; texture (firmness and crispness, consistency of syrup) for another 25%, the container (neatness and labeling) for 10%; and flavor for 40%. She would have to get busy, because it takes a good two weeks for the vinegar to penetrate and flavor the beets and cabbage just so.

The night before opening day was a hubbub of activity in the town and at the fair grounds. Pepper tree limbs were hung on floats in last-minute rushes to get ready for the parade. The stable areas were alive with dust and the pungent, familiar odor of the barnyard. Cowhands cussed as horses, cattle, sheep and hogs moved into stalls. Grooms polished harness or cow horns; owners gave their animals proud pats; and veterinaries rushed around to the beck and call of worried exhibitors. Over in the midway area concessionaires screwed thousands of light bulbs into their sockets.

Some pranksters stole the Whiskerino Hoosegow and made the front page of the Santa Maria Times. Fair manager Jesse Chambers took over in an emergency to act as midwife to a sow delivering herself of eight suckling pigs.

Jovial, stocky, red-nosed Eddie Fields went about in his usual calm and pleasant manner, saying "howdy" to ranch folk and getting his own big purebred Belgian draft horses groomed for an eight-horse hitch to his big express wagon in tomorrow's parade. Yesterday they were plowing his 6,000 acres. Tomorrow they would be proud show horses. Then he bedded down his strawberry roan saddle ponies. All this was old stuff to Eddie. Twenty years ago it was he and Jesse Chambers and a few other "fair-minded" ranchers from around about who got the Santa Maria fairs started; and he had helped to keep them alive ever since. A perennial member of the fair's board of directors, the livestock department

JUNE O'NEILL, CHAMPION JUMPER, FOLLOWS THE CIRCUIT FROM TOWN TO TOWN.

NINA "HONEY-BEAR" WARREN, 13-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF CALIFORNIA'S GOVERNOR

EDDIE FIELDS, FAIR FOUNDER, IS A PIONEER RANCHER WHO CAN HANDLE THE HORSES.

once again had fallen to his supervision, a responsibility that he handled with unruffled calm.

Al Pico was there too, hanging around the stables, renewing old acquaintances, lending a hand. A tall, handsome, talkative, friendly Mexican-blooded American of about forty, Al loves best to tell about how "I rid in jest about all the rodeos in the whole United States. I guess; and done a turn in pictures down in Hollywood, too." He wasn't taking part in the fair this year, but he was going to ride in the parade tomorrow . . . and a striking figure of a cowpoke he would make, too, in a real working westerner's outfit, poised comfortably on a silver-studded, hand-carved leather saddle. But the fair meant more than just a good time to Al Pico. What with all the horse people in town, it would mean that business would be lively in the corrals at his horse trading post down the road.

And over in the agricultural exhibits tent a tired volunteer attendant put a sparkling, reddish purple jar of beet relish on the third shelf between some pickled green tomatoes and some apple chutney. But over at 408 Cook Street Mrs. Howard was sound asleep in bed, waiting for tomorrow's parade and the fate of her beet relish at the hands of the judges.

Next day shops and businesses were closed down before noon, and traffic on the coast highway was diverted around the town. Then came the parade! Mrs. Howard had a comfortable spot on the lawn in front of the public library. The mayor, of course, headed up the long line of eighty groups of entries. Eddie Fields handled his eight-horse hitch with ease and

(*Continued on page 72*)

By WILLIAM J. BOWEN

BLUE RIBBON WINNERS: four classics to illustrate good breeding in design, high spirit in accessory touch. Four Santa Marians, Astrid Carlson, June Brady, Carlyn Carlson and Nancy Paulding, wear California classics, cinch them with waist-hugging, back-dipping contour belts. *Opposite, left:* Murray Goldstein's rayon shirtmaker with triangle tuck detail. May Co., Los Angeles; Donaldson's, Minneapolis. *Opposite, right,* Agnes Barrett's fly-front gabardine. *Above,* Zukin's gabardine shirt dress with deep, bloused sleeves. Desmond's, Los Angeles; Filene's, Boston. *Right,* a two-piece checked rayon by Kornhandler. Desmond's, Los Angeles; Halle Bros., Cleveland. All belts by Nelson Power.

BELT YOUR SUIT, doff your hat, go to the fair . . . *opposite*, Belgian Silver Farm's grand champion stallion; Adele's narrow-belted Stroock tweed suit with deep flap pockets, grand champion lines. About $70 at Roos Bros., San Francisco; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. *Below*, wide-belted, double-buttoned, Country Club's deep-sleeved suit in wool doeskin, assorted colors, about $50. May Co. Wilshire, Los Angeles; Gimbel's, Philadelphia. Choker from Biltmore Accessories.

Right, slacksuit cut like a battle jacket, pointed like a vest. By Sun Rose in Duplex's "Sunnybrook" fabric; about $13. Kahn's, Oakland; Jordan Marsh, Boston.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERVEN JOURDAN

ede is rich, subtle. Leisurely in feeling, sophisticated in

tone. With fine tailoring that mocks its suppleness

. colors bright and intense; soft and cool. You'll

revel in generosity of line; pockets that

p free . . . big enough for both hands; matching

sling belts and wide-flung yokes.

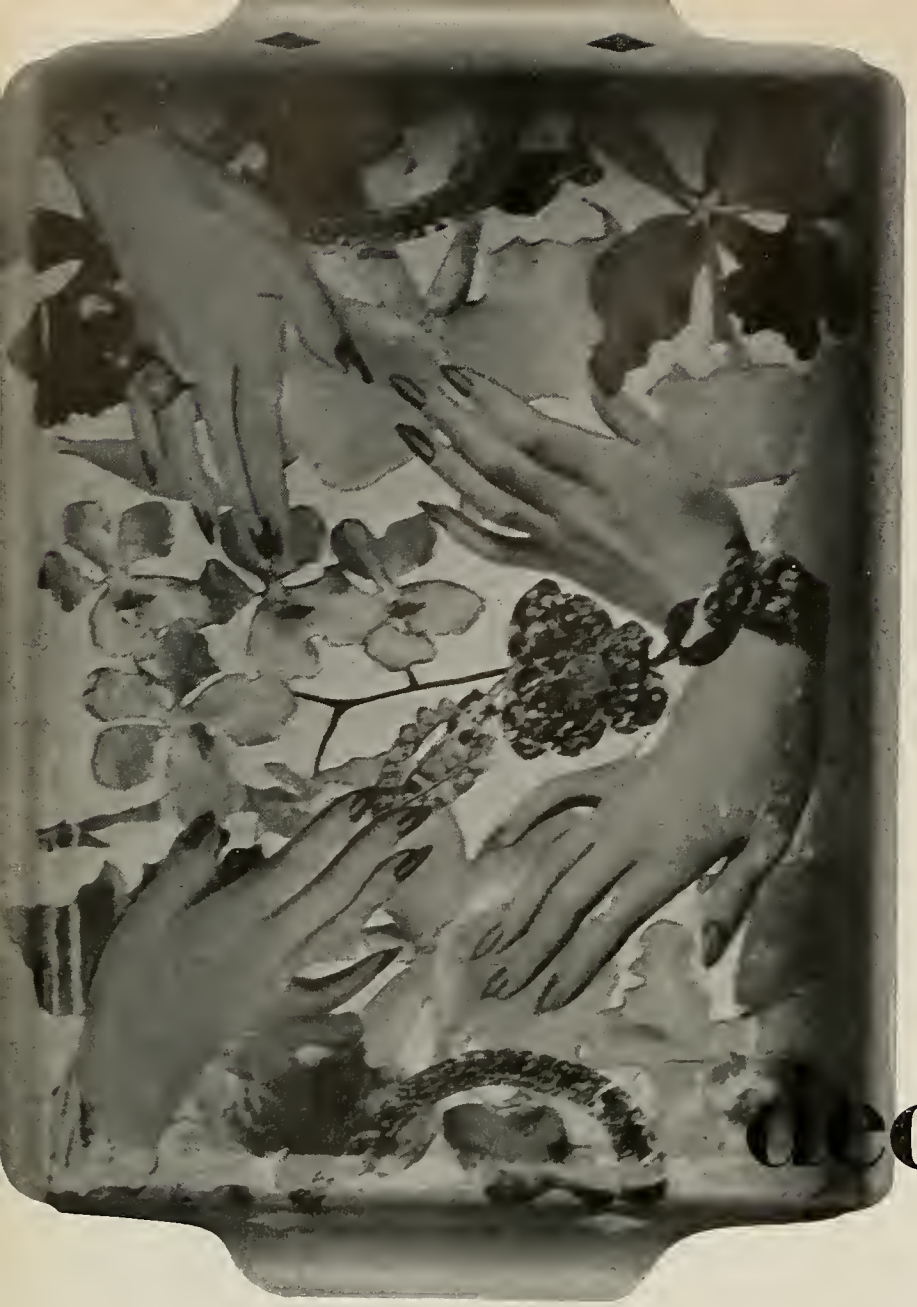
Suede aristocrats

Opposite, left: tunic suit with loose-swung pockets.

nter and right, a belted cardigan suit with self buttons. *This page, top:* belted

coat with tabbed yoke, changeable collar. *Below, left to right,*

Sbicca Originals: in alligator calf; all suede; suede and alligator.



BY LILI HATVANY

découpage

Literally translated, découpage means cutout. It is an occupation devised by distracted parents to keep their offspring quiet on a rainy day. "Here, Junior, are a pile of old magazines, a pair of scissors, paste and a scrapbook. Don't cut yourself, don't smear the paste all over the carpet and don't ask questions! Just go ahead and make up something nice . . ."

Kids get such a kick out of cutouts that grownups grew envious. Like when you see Dad on his hands and knees playing with the electric train. Découpage today is a popular and fashionable hobby, inexpensive, useful and often rather profitable.

What do you need to start "découpering" on your own? A pile of old magazines and seed catalogues, rubber-cement glue, transparent varnish, assorted brushes and a little imagination. With these not-too-costly ingredients, you can make up all kinds of things . . . pictures, screens, book-bindings, flower pots, wastepaper baskets and trays. If you are ambitious and patient and neat you can even make a rather nice job operating on unpainted furniture. Just cut out, glue, varnish, and there you are . . .

How did I, a writer by profession, start on découpage? I began in the memorable year of 1939, while I still lived in my native Budapest.

For fifteen years I'd been a sort of maid-of-all-work on Budapest's one and only and exceedingly popular theatrical magazine. In my weekly column I criticised plays and pictures, wrote up new books, fashion shows and sports events. More often than not I was asked to contribute a short story . . . but quick . . . or even a new serial, or cooking recipes or answers to the "Lonely Heart" column. And apart from these activities I usually produced a play a year and sometimes even a novel. This didn't leave me much time for cultivating hobbies.

Mornings I'd spend watching rehearsals. Afternoons I'd go with one of my reluctant children to see picture previews. I'll look at the first half of the picture, then go off to play bridge, leaving the child to tell me about the rest, which he or she did only after a consideration. I was the most blackmailed mother in the Kingdom of Hungary. I'd spend hours at fashion shows, vernissages

Lili Hatvany, now a Californian, contributed for many years to Europe's leading theatrical magazine. Her writing, which Hungarians recall for its euphony and humor, was only a part of her full life. As Baroness Hatvany, everything she did and wore in the social life revolving from her castle in Budapest made conversation and set fashions.

and races and read the books I'd have to review at nights. There'd be long savage wrangles on the telephone with my editor (almost as pig-headed as myself) while the printer's boy stood stamping in the doorway demanding copy.

For fifteen years I'd say every day: "I can't go on . . . this is driving me crazy . . ." Because I never had a holiday. Even when I stole off to Vienna or Paris or New York I'd have to mail my weekly column just the same. Came the fall of 1939, and with it the first Nazi government of Hungary. Our poor little magazine was declared "highly destructive" and stopped within twenty-four hours. My hectic activities were over.

Well, now I had my holiday. Holiday without end. But I didn't enjoy it. I could sleep in the mornings and play bridge in the afternoons. But when for fifteen years you've risen at seven a.m., you just can't sleep longer than seven. As for the afternoon bridge bouts, I found I only got a kick out of them as long as I had played on my editor's time. Of course I might have sat down to write a book or play, but living under Nazi rule is not conducive to creative work. I had no talent for drawing, painting, sewing or sports. I was bored to death and growing dangerously restive, when in an American magazine I discovered a short illustrated article about découpage.

I thought: "Anything for a change . . ." and started out on a new career. My first effort was a tray, which I made up as a gift for a friend's wedding anniversary. I had some snapshots of the couple, which I cut out and arranged in various compromising positions. It was quite a charming tray but very little appreciated. My friend glanced at it, screamed, and threw it into the fire. My second effort—a gift to myself—was much more constructive. At that time I lived in a little house on the old city wall overlooking the Danube. I had two small sitting rooms. One very serious with book-lined walls and Rennaissance furniture. The other very frivolous, with over-decorated, crazy, late-Victorian pieces upholstered in quilted peach satin and turquoise fringes. It sounds revolting, but actually was rather attractive and I loved it dearly. I needed a couple of panels for that room, so I got two pieces of oblong glass, painted them turquoise and made them up with découpages of small monkeys and large butterflies gambolling among garlands of flowers and fruit.

I was asked: "Where did you get those lovely panels?"

"I made them up myself."

"Don't be silly. If you're mean enough not to tell where you got them, at least don't lie about it!"

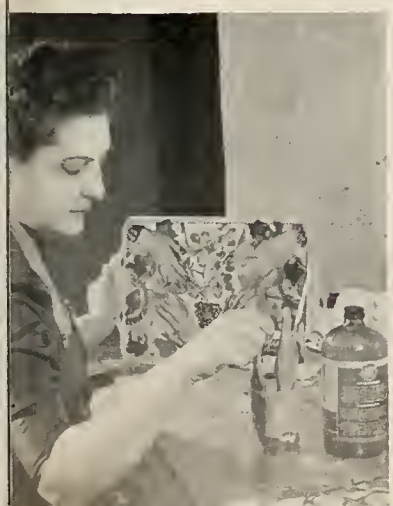
After this I was so bucked up that I took my next piece of work to a store and sold it on the spot. It was a barroom table covered with cut-outs of bottles and labels from liquor advertisements. From then on I was kept busy working for stores and friends and giving the proceeds of my work to the Polish refugees, who were, by that time, flooding the country.

In my young days people were supposed to cultivate "self-expression." Découpage was a very satisfactory form of it, and successfully replaced my writing job. Unfortunately, I did not confine my self-expression to découpage. I could never keep my mouth shut, and opening your mouth under a Nazi Government is not as safe a hobby as cutting out pictures. The result was that I had to leave Hungary very suddenly, indeed, and arrived two weeks later in the U. S. with a couple of bags and fifty dollars in my pocket.

Eventually I came to Hollywood and started to get writing jobs. On and off. More off than on. I took a small furnished apartment . . . quite nice as furnished

(*Continued on page 77*)

orking with brush and pictures.



An interesting animal array.

Montage of fishes and plants.

A SHORT STORY BY NATHAN ZIMELMAN

Hernando, th

● In our village, which was most unlike the villages about us, we had a strange custom which possibly no other village in the world had. If I leave my village, I will be sure to inquire if this is so.

How the custom came about was known to the ancient and now demised Señora Martinez, but as I did not ask her and she did not tell me, I cannot tell you; but it was there. Of this I am certain. It was there to the unbelievable delight of Hernando, the wigmaker.

The custom had to do with wigs: red wigs, brown wigs, light wigs, dark wigs. Wigs. Wigs and women.

When a girl of our village married and became a woman, she covered her hair with a wig. This was the custom. How it began, no one knew. Being a custom, it was observed. This is a common failing of the people in my village. If I leave my village, I will be sure to inquire if this is so in other villages.

Now, in our village there lived a very beautiful girl. This is obviously a foolish statement. Many beautiful girls lived in the village. Still, very beautiful is not beautiful, and though Rosita Mendoza was a shrew, as are all women, who will hear a tongue when the lips are as two rosy moons and how sweet is anger when it brings the bright stars to midnight eyes.

Even Pablo Ramirez, a despiser of women, was to be found among her suiters.

But Rosita had none of us, and after a proper amount of courting, Francisco Gomez became a happy bridegroom. Are not all men dreamers?

This brought the custom and Rosita together.

Rosita was graceful as the wind bowing willow, Rosita was beautiful as a boy's first love, but all that was Rosita was sleeping dust as compared to Rosita's hair.

Hair as the night, hair as the foaming sea, this is beautiful; but Rosita's hair was a black waterfall bearing the dark rose, and with her marriage to Francisco Gomez she had to imprison it beneath a wig.

So thought Hernando, the wigmaker, and he came to take the proper measurements. But, Rosita pounced upon him and wielded her broom upon his head until he was sent flying down the village street. Then she burst into tears and went back into the house of Francisco Gomez.

It is my belief that all women are unreasonable creatures, and if I leave my village, I will be sure to inquire if this is so in other villages.

For two days the custom lived on everyone's tongue, and Juan Pizarro, a lazy good-for-nothing, said to all of us, "Call on Rosita and make her put on a wig."

The lazy good-for-nothing. Does a man call on a woman who wields a broom?

Yet, a custom is a custom, and who knows what would have been if at the end of the second day Rosita had not appeared wearing a wig, a most extraordinary wig?

Though her hair was black, her wig was red. Though her hair was long, her wig was short. Though her hair was as a dark waterfall, her wig was as a red rose.

It covered her hair as the moon covers the sky, which is to say it covered it not at all, but perched upon it as the moon perches upon the night.

Yet, though no larger than the moon upon the sky and rose-shaped, as it was neither a moon nor a rose, our village decided that it was a wig. The custom had been satisfied.

The custom had been satisfied and a change came into being, for when the women of the village saw the bewitchment Rosita's wig was, they, too, felt a need of new wigs.

This is called a style.

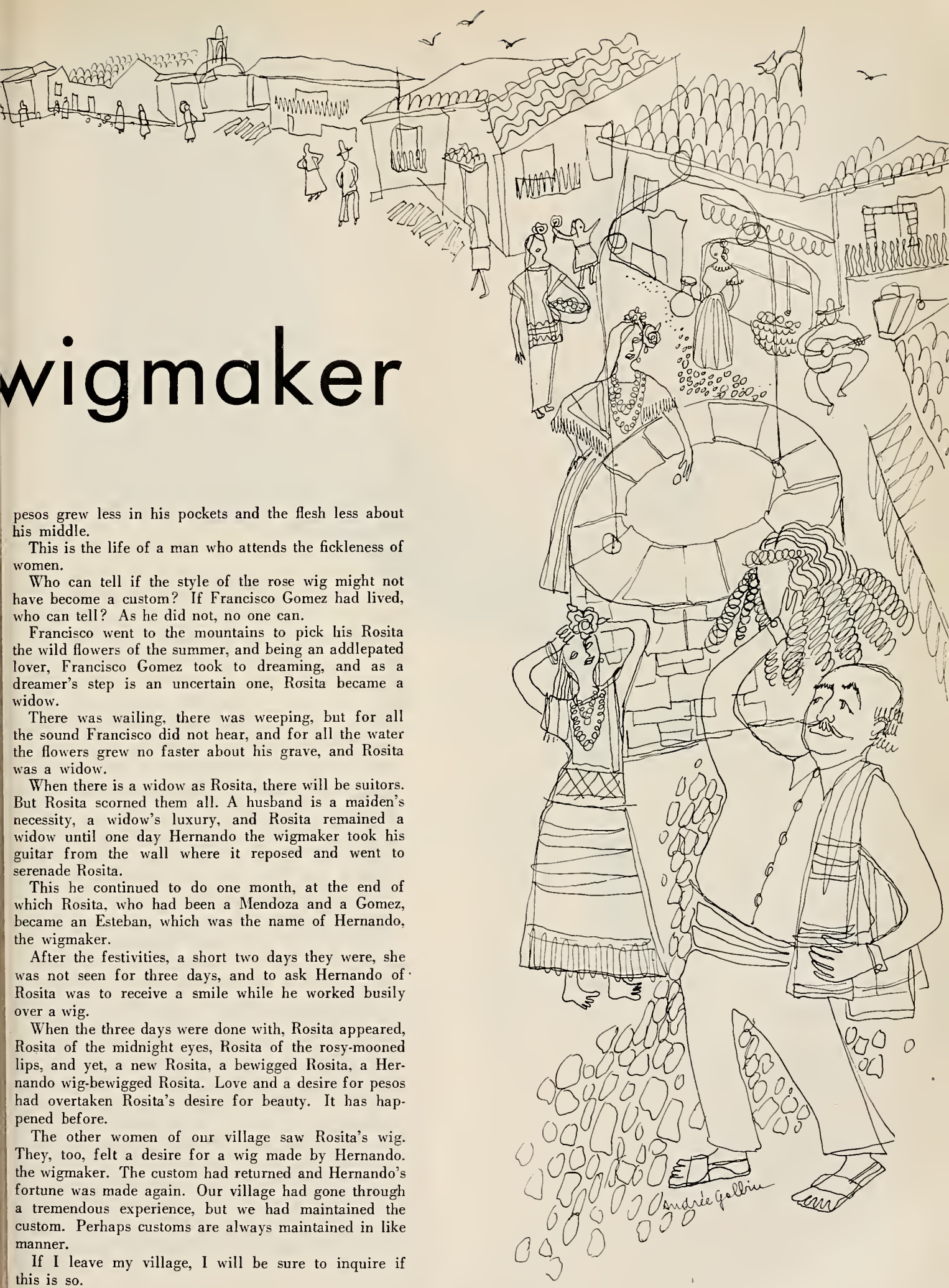
Brown wigs and white wigs, red wigs and yellow wigs, wigs like and unlike, but all shaped as roses and all no larger than a rose, were affected by the women of our village.

Even the Señora Hernandez, to whom a wig was far from a custom, wore the wig. The rose on a thornless bush it was. A silver moon on an empty sky it was. Still, it was a style, and a style is a woman's custom.

Thus the custom was satisfied, Rosita was satisfied. Who was not satisfied but Hernando the wigmaker? And is a man ever happy when he is starving?

Before the marriage of Rosita, Hernando had grown fat selling his wigs. A wig is a masterpiece and Hernando was the master. To make a rose wig took busy fingers, and as all women have busy tongues, all women have busy fingers. There was no need for Hernando's skill, and with each woman who followed the style the

wigmaker



pesos grew less in his pockets and the flesh less about his middle.

This is the life of a man who attends the fickleness of women.

Who can tell if the style of the rose wig might not have become a custom? If Francisco Gomez had lived, who can tell? As he did not, no one can.

Francisco went to the mountains to pick his Rosita the wild flowers of the summer, and being an addlepated lover, Francisco Gomez took to dreaming, and as a dreamer's step is an uncertain one, Rosita became a widow.

There was wailing, there was weeping, but for all the sound Francisco did not hear, and for all the water the flowers grew no faster about his grave, and Rosita was a widow.

When there is a widow as Rosita, there will be suitors. But Rosita scorned them all. A husband is a maiden's necessity, a widow's luxury, and Rosita remained a widow until one day Hernando the wigmaker took his guitar from the wall where it reposed and went to serenade Rosita.

This he continued to do one month, at the end of which Rosita, who had been a Mendoza and a Gomez, became an Esteban, which was the name of Hernando, the wigmaker.

After the festivities, a short two days they were, she was not seen for three days, and to ask Hernando of Rosita was to receive a smile while he worked busily over a wig.

When the three days were done with, Rosita appeared, Rosita of the midnight eyes, Rosita of the rosy-mooned lips, and yet, a new Rosita, a bewigged Rosita, a Hernando wig-bewigged Rosita. Love and a desire for pesos had overtaken Rosita's desire for beauty. It has happened before.

The other women of our village saw Rosita's wig. They, too, felt a desire for a wig made by Hernando. the wigmaker. The custom had returned and Hernando's fortune was made again. Our village had gone through a tremendous experience, but we had maintained the custom. Perhaps customs are always maintained in like manner.

If I leave my village, I will be sure to inquire if this is so.

IF THE SHOE FITS . . .

wear it . . . with
beauty at your feet
. . . and real comfort
in your stride

by Sharon Terrill

Heels go up; vamps go down. Soles say "hello" to new inches of thickness; counters disappear, and wedgies boldly flaunt single-strap decolleté. That's fashion!

Phalanges spread; metatarsals sink; tarsals lean to one side; tibialis antici shorten; every step is accented by a sharp burning sensation sometimes diagnosed as callouses. That's feet . . . and trouble caused by the gremlin of fashion . . . Poor Fit!

We won't ask how many times you've been dressed in a divine ensemble, looking positively devastating, and, unable to walk more than five yards without wanting crutches! So, you probably won't be surprised to learn that chiropodists have observed with a shudder that nine women in every ten buy shoes to fit their eyes. The necessity—support and protection—that mothered shoes some 4000 years ago—is too often a secondary issue in today's buying. A tribute to modern civilization, yes, and a tribulation to feet, which in spite of countless methods of locomotion, still walk an average of 22½ miles a day!

But fact and fancy can mix. Though the laced. broad toe, medium heel, calf oxford still wins first prize in Foot Health contests. you can wear sling pumps, sandals, wedgies, ankle straps, platforms or any other current fashion whim with much less footache and damage if you arm yourself with a little knowledge about your own feet and fitting needs. And, surprise, you can get that knowledge right out of your closet! If you look, you'll see your foot discomforts clearly identified in the shoes you wear every day. All you need to know is how to interpret the signs.

Here are the facts . . . check your shoes . . . and when you buy next time beam with satisfaction at the assurance of better fit, longer wear, solid comfort.

DID YOU KNOW:

You need a **narrower** width, for your whole foot is lacking support, if there is a gap at the inside of the shoe, just above the arch.

You need a **broader** toe, for one toe is doing all the work, if the sole wears out at the very tip.

You need a **shorter** size, for your weight is falling too far center on the arch, if the shank breaks or the heel is shaky.

You need a **longer** vamp, for your foot is being pushed up, if your shoes lean "out" unusually far or if there are wrinkles around the edge of the vamp.

You need a **larger** shoe altogether, for your foot just doesn't have enough room, if the shoe has bulges, bumps, is run over around the soles, or worn out anywhere on the uppers.

You need a **wider** width, for your toes are being cramped, if there is an unworn "rim" all around the outside of the sole.

You need more **support**, for your metatarsal is not holding its own, if your shoes lean "in", if the counter shows folds and wrinkles.

You can, for economy's sake, take your shoe **mistakes** to a shoe surgeon who can correct bad fit or adjust any shoe to your particular foot problems.

Your shoe fits **properly** if the sole is worn evenly all around, with the greatest concentration of wear directly at the ball of the foot, and the right, outside tip of the heel.

You need a **lower** heel, for your foot is being thrown forward, if the wear on the sole is greatest in the center or toward the toe.

You need a **smaller** heel last, for your heel slips in and out, if there is a gap at the back of the shoes.

You need a **higher** heel, for your weight is almost entirely borne by your tarsal bones, if the heel is worn in a half moon all across the back.

a time f

There is a time for fun and a time for fundamentals! You figure falls in the latter category, and a mighty impor tant one it is, too, if you want to show off to th best of your wardrobe's ability. Fashion has a lot to sa about foundation garments, and this season it can b heard touting the low-cut neckline for brassieres that wil fit neatly under your most decolleté gown . . favoring, also, the well-fitted, all-in-one garment t mold your middle for that new torso silhouette One way or the other your hips are going to come in fo a lot of attention this season . . . which is the bes reason we know for finding a good girdle that holds yo in where you need it . . . lapses into leno or one-wa stretch where you don't. And—please—no more of thos border-line bulges at the point where your corset ends! A foundation garment is your most functional equipmen . . . and its solemn duty is to fit you as such

• *Above, left:* Foundation garment by Helene of Hollywood has satin elastic panels, leno sides, back zipper. • *Opposite, top t bottom:* Form-O-Uth, which comes in lace and satin for matur bustlines; Mam'zelle's pure silk bra, and Sho-Form's patente Nu-Adjust brassiere, offered in nude and white, sizes 34 to 4(• *Opposite, right:* Mabs makes this white satin lastex "love match set," hand-painted with cherubs, in small, medium, large

ndamentals

LET IT RAIN...
LET IT RAIN... LET IT RAIN...
LET IT RAIN... LET IT RAIN...
LET IT RAIN

The fashion forecast reads—Raincoats. Take them hiking through cliff-side fogs, ● walking in the rain, strolling leisurely in the sun. Ingenues with new shoulders . . . demure capelets, wide, wide skirts. ●Careerists with contrasting yokes, full sleeves that button tightly at the wrists. *Opposite page:* Dual in the sun, mother-●daughter look-alikes with matching shapkas. *This page, top:* "Rain, Rain, Go Away" sweater with umbrellas pouring down front ● and back. *Center:* young as freckles and soda pop, this capeleted coat with party dress skirt. *Below:* rainbeaux catcher with black yoke.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNA PEPPER

off to the country!

"My wife's going to the country . . .," so hooray for her! And for all the lucky people who can get away from city routine for a while. If *you* plan your country weekend in California, divide your wardrobe (like Gaul) into three parts: sturdy denims and slacks to dress your part as you play lady farmer: ride, hoe, or climb a haymow. It's fun to work when you don't have to, so be prepared to help irrigate, harvest or whatever the current need may be.

Bring plenty of soft shirts or sweaters, an interchangeable skirt and maybe shorts . . . good country logic! to sit in the shade after the day's chores are done, to visit with a neighbor from the next rancho . . . a light bright wool, or a sophisticated cotton. (A giddy blouse for your extra skirt is an easy transition.) A knit dress is a wonderful alternative, so non-crushable and packable.

Remember that October is a *warm* month, so while you're making seasonable fashion concessions, make sure you have at least one lightweight item for those "unusual" hot Indian summer days.

And don't underestimate your country cousin. Entertaining is a cherished part of country living . . . not the stiff formal kind you enjoy in town, but impromptu buffet suppers, spontaneous get-togethers, a trip to the country club or community center. For such occasions, your feminine fripperies strike a gala note . . . a short dinner dress or glorified afternoon costume. Don't go over-sophisticate . . . it's better to gear your wardrobe to the setting.

A few "musts" for your country jaunt: play shoes for good walking, for show . . . a swim suit for the sure-to-be nearby swimmin' hole . . . work gloves, sun-tan lotion.

And California always calls for toppers. In this case a casual light coat is a choice to see you right comfortably through your visit. For the trip to-and-from, for the occasional jaunts to market . . . there's that perennial suit. Or you can decide to wear your all-purpose knit with its go-everywhere air.

bring plenty of lingerie and enough blouses to keep you crisply fresh, for the active outdoor life is so entrancing you won't want to be worried with laundering problems.

There's so much to do, you'll be on a continual merry-go-round . . . that's what California country does to you.

weather data for october

	Los Angeles	San Francisco
Average daily maximum	76.3	67.8
Average daily minimum	55.3	53.8
Highest	102	96
Lowest	40	43
Percent Sunshine	76	70

KODACHROME BY ERVEN JOURDAN

YOUNG IN HEART PRETTY IN PLAID

Lil' Alice bright cotton pastime in full swing with little-girl lines, demure shoulders. White piqué capelet ties on, ties off; a charm of a skirt swings wider and wider. 9-15. Fluegelman's Bryn Mawr cotton. About $11 at The Broadway, Hollywood; O'Connor, Moffatt, San Francisco; Younkers, Des Moines.

footlight fiesta

an experiment in understanding

BY MARY ELLEN RYAN

Nestled in the heart of an ancient olive grove in the Sierra Madre foothills is a portrait of Old California. Flags, morning glories and the inevitable geraniums decorate the base of acacias that surround the rambling main building of the internationally known Padua Hills Theatre. This character study of old Spain, transplanted to the new world, is touched now by twentieth century practicality while clinging to the gracious charm of the bountiful days of the Dons.

Seventeen years ago 2000 acres of the old Palomares rancho slept quietly in the Southern California sunlight, its once regular rows of olive orchard mingled indiscriminately with intruding wild oak and sycamore. Now this site of vanished caballeros plays host to more than 100,000 visitors yearly who crowd its dining room and applaud the performances in its diminutive theatre.

The dining room at Padua serves its Mexican food in accepted American restaurant fashion. The bright sparkle of sunshine through hand-woven native draperies plays on whitewashed walls and intricate iron grating. Waitresses in flowing flowered dresses and waiters in white peon attire and colored sashes pause just long enough to glide from attendant to entertainer, providing the sudden charm of a tray relinquished for a guitar or a bill of fare rejected in favor of a pair of castanets. Why, if a combination of authentic food and atmosphere was successful, would not a series of plays or portrait studies of California's Mexican heritage prove an equally satisfactory addition to Padua Hills?

The testing of this experiment in cultural relations began when Mexican boys and girls working on the premises were sent to Mexico to gather authentic folk material to be used in stage performances. The Mexican Government sent Senorita Graciela Amador of the Department of Education to work at Padua. Francisco Sanchez Flores, noted Mexican dancer and painter, spent five months teaching Padua dancers the folklore footwork that is the mingled grace of a Castilian lady and the fierce beat of an Aztec drum.

Combining all the functionalism of a modern playhouse, Padua's theatre is architecturally flavored with an interior that proclaims its old mission birthright. Its beamed ceiling and the cool silence reflect a chapel-like austerity entirely in keeping with the ghosts of the padres who passed before, showcasing that quiet, reverent moment before curtain and a glimpse of life below the border that is at once familiar and excitingly strange.

Originally the tiny theatre, seating only 300, was

built to house the Claremont Community Players. When the depression disbanded the Players, the impetus of grease paint and the activity of the scene dock had left their imprint on the singing employees in Padua's dining room. A story plot grew out of leisure hours . . . not a formal play, not even a written script . . . but the idle hour, story-telling common to children amusing themselves with creations of their imagination on a rainy afternoon. It gave birth to the idea that is today "The Mexican Players" of Padua Hills Theatre.

As act one of a current performance unfolds. the audience is surprised to discover the hostess who seated guests at luncheon is the heroine of the play. No sooner does one dismiss this as a notion that perhaps it is an ocular illusion, than the wandering troubadour is recognized as the head waiter.

The Mexican Players make the transition from serving hall to footlights with the ease of a commuter skillfully blending town and country life. The effect of natural simplicity created by the actor-written dialogue (each performer molds his own character, lines and reactions on a skeleton story outline) produces not a formal, conventional brand of theatre, but rather serves to transform the audience into quiet observers hidden behind a discrete facade, eavesdropping if one will, on the everyday drama of little people's lives.

In the more than a decade since the first production of The Mexican Players appeared, the switchboard has lit sets of a small side street in Mexico City or a remote Indian village in Zacatecas. Every six weeks, the asbestos, gaily painted with a map of Mexico, has risen on a new production complete with Spanish dialogue, authentic costumes of the region and bright with melody and rhythm.

Playbills at Padua manifest the right to the title Mexican Players. Rafael Villagrana, former Mexican opera star and Padua's vocal instructor, shares cast credits with Hilda de Jara, Maria Sosa, Carlos Licon (known to the players as el lobito, the little wolf), Salvador Sanchez, Casilda Amador . . . all proudly proclaim the authenticity of their Mexican ancestry.

Applicants for admission to The Mexican Players must be of early California parentage or Mexican origin. Their work in the dining room, kitchen and grounds of the theatre is paid for in stated salary. Their performances on stage combine labors of love and learning—with negotiable profits, as well as instruction in the dance, vocal and stage arts.

When la pinata hangs high, Padua brings forth Las Posadas, the story of the Holy Family's nine days' wandering, . . . a traditional festive rite of the Mexican holiday season. La pinata, if you may not know, is a pottery urn which holds candies and favors for the children at Christmas time. When it is broken, with boisterous ceremony, the children joyfully gather up every crumb.

As triumphant in pageantry as the ancient rites of pagan springtime is La Fiesta de San Ysidro, the festival to the patron saint of the Mexican farmer, recreated by the Mexican Players. Complete with prayers to the gods of rain and bounty, rich with ceremonial dances whose ancestry is rooted in Aztec ritual, Padua's Fiesta de San Ysidro is a blending of a new world rite with old world religious pomp.

Even Padua's name recalls its old world ties. In searching for a distinctive title that would be typical of the old world, and in keeping with the purpose of promoting the Padua project into a community of artists, musicians, craftsmen, writers and painters, the founders of the Padua Hills Theatre were inspired by the venerable town of Padua, Italy, This little Italian village is one of the oldest university towns in Europe and boasts as its patron saint, St. Antonio de Padua.

The site of the new Padua is just three miles from the university town of Claremont, home of Scripps and Pomona colleges, with the towering grandeur of Mt. San Antonio keeping a watchful snow-capped gaze over the little community. The resulting parallel provided a new world namesake in Padua Hills, California.

At the end of an afternoon or evening at Padua spent in the enjoyment of a leisurely meal and a stroll through the studio shop, the benign countenance of St. Antonio de Padua still smiles at the cast from his sanctuary in the green room, content to lend his name and benediction to this community dedicated as a practical experiment in understanding that mingles the romance and beauty of early California . . . where the charm of old Mexico lives anew and the good neighbor policy is a reality.

BY MARTA BLACKSTONE

Wright Gal . . .

THE GRACIOUS TERESA HOLDS MISS HELEN HAYES OF "VICTORIA REGINA" HER INSPIRATION FOR SUCCESS.

Did you ever wonder how Santa Claus lives when he's not lending an ear to pop-eyed youngsters or sliding down inviting chimneys? Ever wonder about the private life of a princess, a president . . . or a picture star? St. Nick and any semblance of royalty being beyond our reach, we decided to search out Teresa Wright for a glimpse into another plane of living.

With visions of sugar plums dancing in the haze that begot a hot summer day, we motored through song-famed San Fernando Valley, confidently expecting to find Miss Wright ensconced in a fabulous setting with retinues of servants, savants and suave Hollywoodians.

Instead, we found a friendly young woman who was working . . . yes, working . . . with photographers who were taking color pictures on her sweeping wide lawns. We heard her spring to the defense of a minor studio employee with a let's-go-to-bat ferocity. We found her surrounded by evidences of home life and responsibilities . . . from the stuffed toy her young son had left in the gardens, to a pressing problem of draperies for her bedroom.

The gracious friendliness of this young star is her outstanding characteristic. Instead of being overwhelmed by her glowing beauty . . . which is more intense in real life . . . you have an immediate feeling of mutual interests, of reality, of companionship, that is far from the usual impression gained after first meeting a top-ranking star.

In no time at all, we sat down for woman-to-woman talk that ran the gamut from the little theatre work in which she is so vitally interested, to plans for redecorating her attractive home. We were in the bedroom talking clothes, when Miss Wright briefly stated her credo for fashions: becoming, simple things suited both to the occasion and to the wearer. Her own closet was bulging with gay dirndl skirts and bright sport clothes . . . she confessed a weakness for formal wear "but not too fluffy" (the one shown opposite was her latest crush.)

On the desk of this room was a charming picture of Helen Hayes, which easily brought forth the tale of inspiration and work which has led to Teresa's present eminence in the cinema world.

Like many another, Teresa saw Miss Hayes in "Victoria Regina" and left the theatre determined to become a star. The only difference is, she did it. With her parents' encouragement, she worked at the Wharf Theatre in Provincetown, where Bette Davis and other stars also studied. There, for two delirious summers, she painted scenery, built props, and occasionally stepped onto the stage (usually in the part of a small child.)

Toward the end of her second year, she had a chance to understudy Martha Scott in "Our Town," then went along as ingenue when the Pulitzer Prize took to the road. After another summer of straw-hat stock, she won the part of the girl in "Life With Father," was tabbed by Samuel Goldwyn to play the ingenue in "The Little Foxes." She's been in Hollywood ever since, and won an Academy award for her work in "Mrs. Miniver."

Married to writer Niven Busch, she has protected her home life from the false tinsel sometimes attached to Hollywood. She likes to describe herself as "glamorous as a Sunday picnic," is usually found surrounded by, at last count, three horses, eight kittens and a part-time maid.

The actress-writer combination is proving a two-way inspiration, with Niven Busch writing "The Pursued" for his wife . . . a play which they will produce in their independent company called Hemisphere. But if son Terence comes down with a bad cold before boy-gets-girl in the final scene, you can bet that star and producer will call time off . . . for their most important role of Mr. and Mrs.

Teresa Wright, currently to be seen in "Best Years of Our Lives," a Samuel Goldwyn production, is pictured in her Encino California home . . . wearing an entrancing frock of gray wool jersey which exemplifies her idea of the right dress for a very special occasion.

KODACHROME BY HAL M

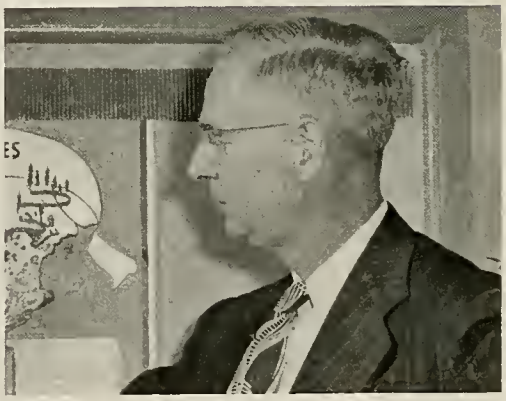
in california it's...

THE PEOPLE WHO PRESS FORWARD IN ACTIVITIES OF INDUSTRY, EDUCATION, HUMAN EMOTIONS . . .

FREDA KOBLICK

MRS. L. D. LOCKWOOD

STEWART COLE



ANNE LEHR

FREDA KOBLICK, of San Francisco, is a pioneer in plastics. She works feverishly in Red Cross therapy units, as technical consultant for industrial concerns, teaching community classes. Certified a plastics engineer by Los Angeles Plastics Industries Technical Institute, she combines plastics with odd materials; relaxes only with her 10-year-old collection of rare English and American folksongs. **MRS. L. D. LOCKWOOD,** owner of a 1000-acre ranch and her own training ring, has been "riding the circuit" in every Western fair and horse show for many years. A native Californian, she started to raise horses when she won her first blue ribbon at the age of 7. It was Mrs. Lockwood's prize pony, Stonehedge Rushworth, that she drove at the recent Santa Maria County Fair, arrayed in her "show" costume of lynx cape, black dress and flowered chapeau. Mrs. Lockwood's husband, a retired attorney, shares her enthusiasm for horses at their Atherton, California, ranch where they live between shows. **STEWART COLE** is an authority on intercultural affairs. At Stanford, Columbia, U. C., Minnesota and U. S. C. he has given his nationally-famous Workshop in Intercultural Education. Last summer his class room included 40 students hand-picked from 18 states who represented almost every racial and nationality group in America. His class is electric with ideas for building unity, with experiments in psycho-drama and other devices for studying personality tensions. He draws on all human sciences for curriculum of Intercultural Education. **ANNE LEHR,** intimate of many film celebrities and long an active worker in various charitable groups, founded an organization on an idea that has been voted America's favorite by the GI. Mrs. Lehr is the guiding light of the famous Hollywood Guild Canteen for servicemen, which has entertained, fed and bedded two and a half million men since the doors were opened on May 15, 1942. Currently helping to abet the housing shortage, she provides regular lodging for 100 discharged veterans and twice weekly entertains large groups from nearby hospitals. Her war job's not over!

Coming our way . . .

BY MALCOLM STEINLAUF

If the porter has just announced "Needles, Needles City, first stop in sunny California!" it's too late to wonder if you've packed the right things.

But if, *tomorrow* you are to catch the "Limited" all-aboarding from Keokuk, Iowa, or the 7:45 a.m. flight from Kenosha, Wis., you are in luck, for *The Californian* has compiled a wardrobe guide for the traveling man . . . packing suggestions which you can use today while you are deciding on the "right" shirt, or while you debate on the most useful suit to bring along. Here is a minimum wardrobe which you can bring westward, confident that it will carry you through an entire social and business calendar during the winter months. A minimum coordinated wardrobe is suggested, because you'll probably add some of California's inimitably styled clothing once you've arrived.

Start your traveling wardrobe with a business suit —preferably the standby double-breasted gray flannel—which is equally correct for executives' conferences for your business hours and for more formal evenings when worn with white shirt, white pocket handkerchief and matching tie and socks. You will be able to give that gray flannel the added "California touch" by including in your suitcase colorful accessories, such as yellow socks, yellow-patterned tie and a yellow and gray striped broadcloth shirt. See how our determined man about trains has done it, on the next page, wearing his gray flannel with powder blue shirt and maroon tie! And a P.S. on that suit—make sure it is double-breasted with the newer long-roll lapel—and see to it that the trousers are constructed with reversed pleats—then they can double as slacks.

Plan to include in your traveling wardrobe smart accessory choices—a brown snap-brim hat and brown shoes—"go-with-anything" selections.

Next on your list to fold into that open valise is the casual shirt, the after-work and weekend badge of Californians. A clever choice would be a gray-gold-patterned lightweight wool shirt which matches those gray slacks. If you are taking an extra pair of trousers, a pair of blue gabardines perhaps, beg, borrow, or buy a gold or bright yellow sport shirt. And be sure to toss in a blue sleeveless V-neck wool sweater to match the slacks. The sweater will make an invaluable companion.

Bring along a cardigan, the comfortable California-bred jacket. In chocolate brown it contrasts nicely with your flannels, but if you are set on those blue gabardines, then have a gray cardigan to complete the outfit. If you aren't sure of cardigan-living, then plan to buy either the new Guatemalan "quetzal" bird shirt in rough cotton weave, a brown check casual shirt, or the latest raw silk shirt designed with full vertical pleat. The inclusion of a lightweight wool jacket in large bright pattern will spread out the wear and tear on the other clothing items of your wardrobe, too.

If you plan to ride the ponies instead of feeding the pari-mutuels, pick a western-styled, fine-glove suede shirt fully lined in rayon—it's a natural for western living.

Except for other necessary items, you now have almost completed packing. One final reminder: don't forget that lightweight water-repellent topcoat. California winter months have a habit of bringing out the best from those nimbus clouds . . . in other words it may pour! The topcoat can keep you warm enough during the mildly cold winter evenings, and as a suit-saver during the "unexpected" rainfall. It is an indispensable part of every correct West Coast wardrobe.

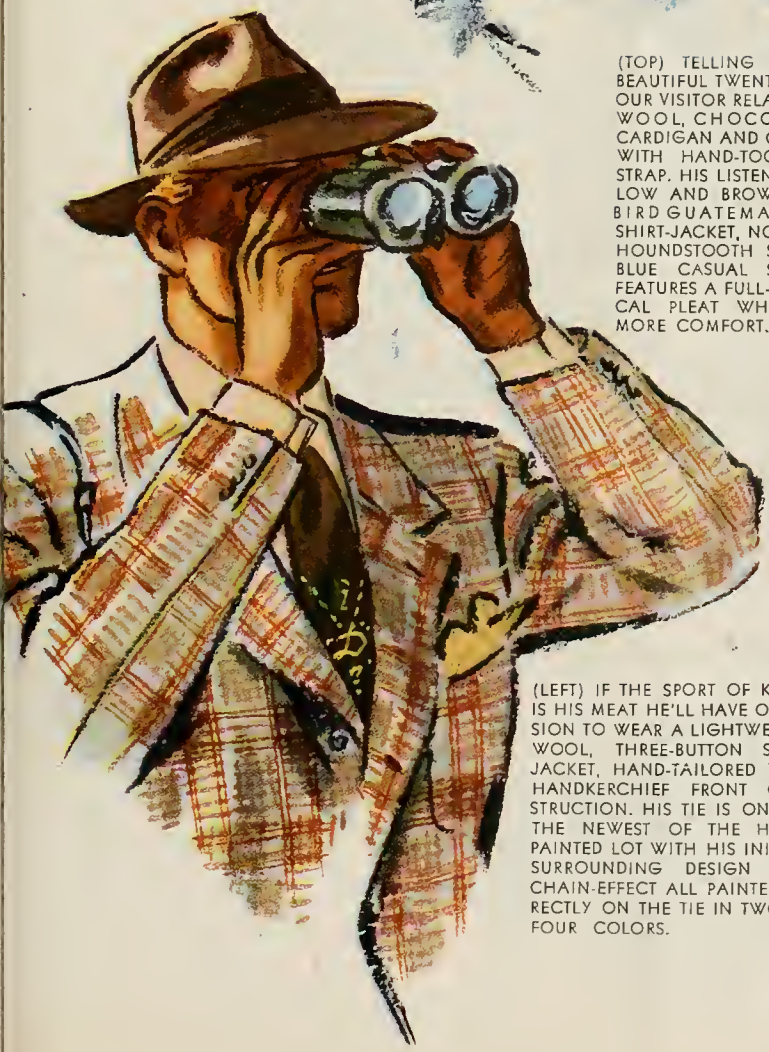
And now that you have packed correctly . . . come west, young man!

If you're coming California-way for business or for pleasure, or for the famous "combination-trip," be sure to travel with a coordinated California wardrobe, one that includes not only basic wardrobe staples, but also a few colorful shirts, ties and casual jackets—sunny items to tone-up your suit case-full, carefully selected to be in tune at any time.

(ABOVE) OUR TRAVELLER HAS CHOSEN A WISE WARDROBE. HIS GRAY FLANNEL HAS REVERSE-PLEAT TROUSERS, MAKING THEM ADAPTABLE AS SLACKS. THE POWDER BLUE SHIRT IS DRESSY, YET SPORTY, AND THE LIGHTWEIGHT TOPCOAT IS NECESSARY PROTECTION AGAINST CALIFORNIA'S COOL EVENINGS.

(RIGHT) KNOWING THAT CALIFORNIA IS LITERALLY COVERED WITH GOLF CLUBS, OUR VISITOR PACKED A GRAY LIGHTWEIGHT WOOL SHIRT WITH SMALL HOUNDSTOOTH PATTERN AND LIME OVERPLAID, WHICH, BESIDES BEING A PERFECT MATCHING ACCESSORY FOR A MINIMUM COORDINATED WARDROBE, IS A "LINKS-STANDOUT." HIS FRIEND CHOSE A SLEEVELESS V-NECK SLIP-ON SWEATER KNIT OF A FINE BLEND OF YARNS, YELLOW CASUAL SHIRT AND BLUE GABARDINE SLACKS.

(TOP) TELLING ABOUT "THAT BEAUTIFUL TWENTY-FOOT PUTT," OUR VISITOR RELAXES IN A SOFT WOOL, CHOCOLATE BROWN CARDIGAN AND CASUAL SHOES WITH HAND-TOOLED LEATHER STRAP. HIS LISTENERS HAVE YELLOW AND BROWN "QUETZAL" BIRD GUATEMALAN DESIGN SHIRT-JACKET, NOVELTY BROWN HOUNDSTOOTH SHIRT, AND A BLUE CASUAL SHIRT WHICH FEATURES A FULL-LENGTH VERTICAL PLEAT WHICH AFFORDS MORE COMFORT.



(LEFT) IF THE SPORT OF KINGS IS HIS MEAT HE'LL HAVE OCCASION TO WEAR A LIGHTWEIGHT WOOL, THREE-BUTTON SPORT JACKET, HAND-TAILORED WITH HANDKERCHIEF FRONT CONSTRUCTION. HIS TIE IS ONE OF THE NEWEST OF THE HAND-PAINTED LOT WITH HIS INITIAL, SURROUNDING DESIGN AND CHAIN-EFFECT ALL PAINTED DIRECTLY ON THE TIE IN TWO TO FOUR COLORS.

(ABOVE) PARTICULARLY ADAPTABLE FOR A DAY AT THE RANCH OR FOR THAT AFTERNOON FOURTEEN HANDS HIGH IS THIS "ROUND-UP" MODEL WESTERN JACKET OF FINE GLOVE SUEDE IN BEIGE, FULLY RAYON-LINED, WITH PADDED SHOULDERS. THERE IS A CONTRASTING RHUM BROWN YOKE POCKET TRIM AND CUFF FINISH.

. . . the

A SHORT STORY BY MARJE BLOOD

curiously alone

Katie lifted her head from the window pane when she heard Dave's footsteps in the hall. She turned uneasily and glanced in the mirror. Her limber fingers pushed her hair back from her temples; slid under the long bob and raised it for a second. She turned quickly, smiling, as Dave walked into the room, tucking his shirt into the top of his jeans.

He ran a towel over his hair, watching her appreciatively. "All ready?" he grinned.

Katie lit a cigarette, leaning against the dressing table. "Almost—"

She watched him knotting a bandana around his neck, frowning a little. Abruptly she asked, "How many are here?" One long finger tapped the cigarette above an ash tray in the window.

Dave's face glowed. "Everyone!" he cried happily. "Every damn one! Everyone that drew a check for bean-picking is down there at the campfire. They're sure going all out for this wienie roast—" He hitched his belt more firmly into position. "I better get out there and watch those kids. Ready—?" He started for the door.

"Dave!" Her words stopped him. "I feel kind of funny going out there tonight. After all, I didn't help outdoors." Her voice faded. "I don't know anybody—"

He came back to her. "You'll be all right, kid." His big hand slapped her lightly on the rear. "Come on down as soon as you're ready—"

A screen slammed and she was alone in the almost dark bedroom. She waited, listening to the sounds of the picnic gathering down by the creek. The noise made her uneasy. It shut her out.

She snapped the light switch abruptly and looked at herself in the mirror. She had put on a long-sleeved white silk shirt, with black ranch pants. Her hair was brushed smooth; her lipstick even. She stared at her image intently.

She had no excuse *not* to go. She turned off the light and went soundlessly out of the room.

She walked slowly through the darkness. A wind had come up during the evening. It played with the silk shirt, blowing it against her skin lightly, like hands softly touching her arms. It made her restless, that seductive wind. She stopped suddenly. She did not want to walk into that crowd of strangers.

She could see the fire. The people moved against its glow in grotesque silhouette. "I don't want to know them," she thought rebelliously. Her hands gripped her elbows tightly.

Dull footsteps sounded along the path. It was Dave, looking for her. "Kate—" he called loudly.

She drew a deep breath. "I'm coming, Dave." She started on down to the fire.

Dave threw a hard arm around her, drawing her into the middle of the crowd. They all began talking to her at once, not waiting a second. She tried to get her bearings; to recognize one face, at least, but the orange firelight did not make it easy to distinguish features that were not even clear in her own mind.

Dave walked away, talking incessantly, his heavy voice lifting above the background babble. Crowds did that to him: he talked fast and faster, louder and louder, never quite reaching a climax.

Beside her, Katie heard a vaguely familiar voice. She turned gratefully to see a middle-aged face beaming at her. It was Mrs. Davis, one of the Bean Bosses.

"Everybody who picked beans is here, Mrs. Reynolds," she said somewhat proudly. "It's nice you could come—"

Katie looked at her humbly. "Thank you—"

Dave shouted her name then, and she looked up to see him pushing his way to her, waving a sandwich above his head. He reached her after a moment. His square shoulders blocked her view of the fire, of the crowd. She raised her eyes to his face, and met a hard, bright look. Quite suddenly a heavy excitement rushed through her breast. She put out her hand and touched his arm, warm through his thin shirt.

His teeth showed white for an instant. "Having a good time?" His voice was low. He moved closer to her; his arm went around her waist, tightened . . .

"Dave—!" Someone called him loudly. His head turned; the moment broke. His arm dropped away. "See you later, honey." he said. She took the sandwich he gave her as he walked away.

(*Continued on page 74*)

california living... free and easy

BY VIRGINIA SCALLON

Easy-does-it seems to be the new credo for living out in California, and it is a philosophy that may pattern your days as well. For some time we've noticed the growing tendency away from the pretentious homes which usually are associated with Hollywood celebrities and the many well-known figures who reside in the west.

Maybe it was wartime restrictions that first made these people look to smaller homes. More likely, it was an increased appreciation of the more *carefree* possibilities of life on a modest scale. Whatever the reason, Californians have come to put new value on the enjoyment they can get out of life, and in pursuing this idea they figuratively have expanded the walls of their homes to include the sunporch, the patio . . . and then all outdoors!

Take the Rudolph Liebigs, for instance. Not long ago they owned one of the showplaces of the town. Then they bought acreage out Encino way where the serene beauty of the valley quickly worked its magic. They planned to "make the San Fernando Valley their home."

Current building restrictions led them to plan only a modest house designated to be a guest house in that distant day when they could build more pretentiously. But the tiny little abode proved so inviting that the Liebigs sold their great house and moved en toto into the country. Now they're so entranced with the carefree life that they seem not to care when-or-if they can conjure up the proposed big estate.

The house is simplicity itself. Of modern design, it was planned by architect Sumner Spaulding to fit its surroundings. There is no clutter or confusion about its starkly sure lines . . . its roof has no depressing flatness, but slopes gently toward the far-off hills. Its patio and generous view windows were made to dramatize the valley view.

The Liebigs have landscaped the property, added a swimming pool and wholeheartedly adapted their home lives to a simpler, unhurried tempo.

They call their home Meadowlark Ranch, and ranch is no misnomer . . . for this model establishment caters to some of the city's finest rotisseries. Yes, Meadowlark Ranch supplies chickens to commercial as well as friendly buyers, a fact which delights its owners.

Obviously, the emphasis here is on outdoor living, and the way the Liebigs and their friends enjoy their home is . . . well, it's Californian!

◆ Kitchen and living areas are "separated" by this step-saving device, shown above: a buffet table with many utility advantages. Note ample cupboard space!

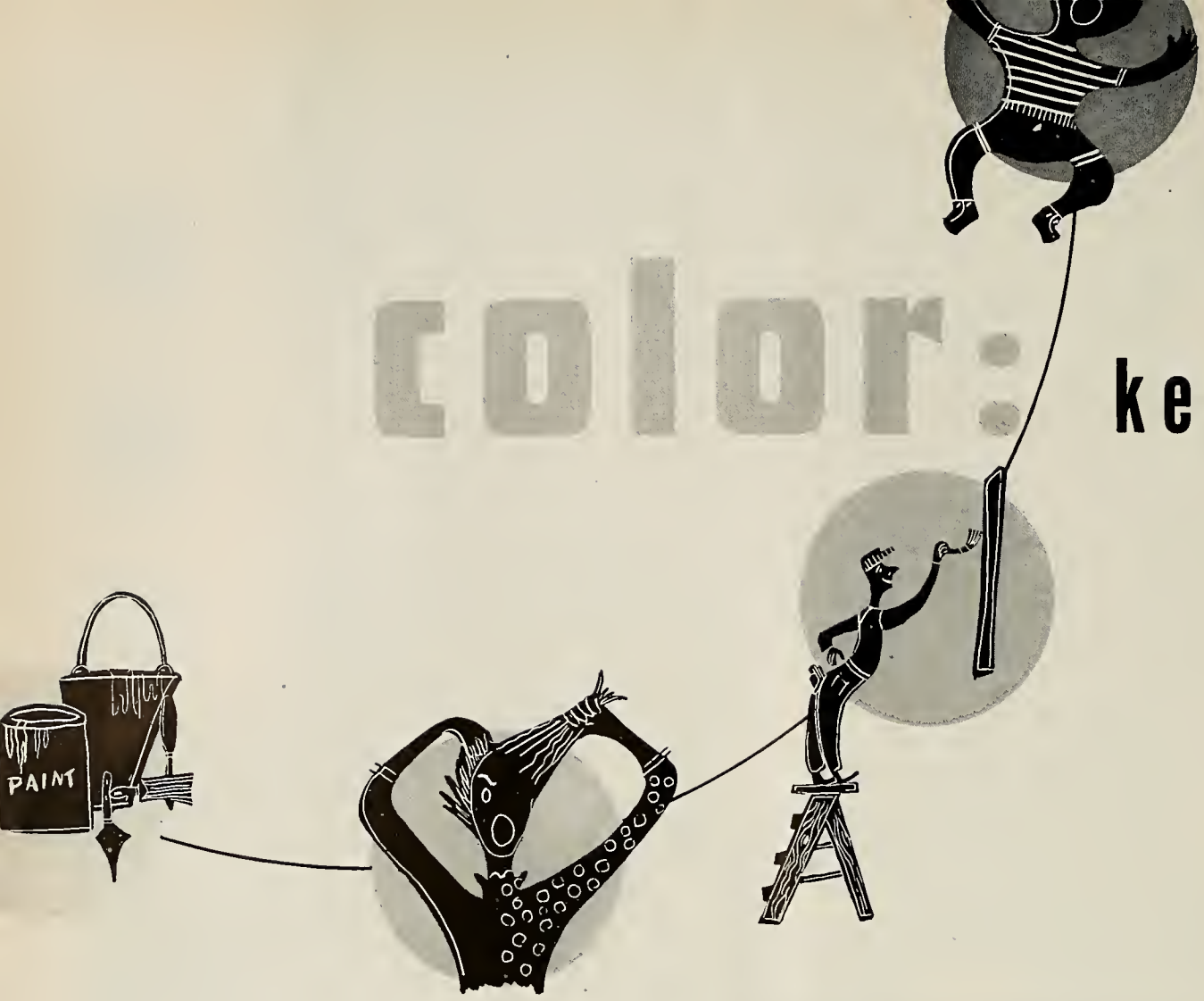
◆ Panelled walls and ceilings characterize this openly inviting room. at left. In the distance the actual business of the ranch goes on in model fashion.

◆ Space-saving cupboards, a practical asset for the smaller house, are used here (below) to display informal family pictures and offer decorative opportunities.

◆ Comfortable simplicity is the keynote of the inspiringly functional room, shown above, which features a sliding glass panel opening into the patio. At right, the logical place for outdoor relaxation and entertainment . . . this cornered patio just naturally invites guests to come out of the house!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIUS SHULMAN

color: key to



A worried mother brought her screaming six-year-old to a San Francisco dentist's office. As a rule, the youngster began getting restless the moment they entered an office smelling of dental antiseptic. This time, however, as he looked around the large room painted a restful pale green, his screams ceased, and he started thumbing through the pages of a magazine. He was tractable during the rest of the visit. Mystified, the mother asked how the dentist managed to so subtly influence her usually inflexible little boy. "Oh, I didn't do it," the dentist smiled. "I had this office color-treated recently by a color engineer. It is supposed to give my patients a relaxed feeling."

A young couple in New York was on the verge of divorce when someone told them about Elizabeth Banning, a young San Francisco color expert who could use color to key the mood in any way desired—influence human relationships through it. Believing that her decorating schemes might have been the basis of her husband's continual state of irritation, the young wife asked Banning down for a consultation. The verdict was delivered straight from the shoulder: their house was a psychological death-trap. The dull buffs and browns, the wrong distribution of lighting created a mood of irritation and utter depression. Changed to lighter, sunnier colors, their house would pick up its chin from the dust. Willing to try something, anything, the young couple gave Banning a free hand. And thereby hangs the tale: they were not divorced.

In bringing the young people together through proper use of color, Banning does not claim any unusual accomplishment. Color, she preaches, is a dominant force in our world. Since antiquity the healing effects of color were known to mankind, and color symbolism is a language akin to all nations. Red is transplanted as a badge of courage; white, of purity; green, of hope; yellow, of power; blue, of mysticism. Extroverts generally prefer "warm," introverts "cool" colors. As a healing agent, color was used centuries before Christ, to heal insanity and nervous afflictions. In the '90's a Dr. Babbit actually prescribed various color garments as a cure for anything from tuber-

by TAMARA ANDREEVA

successful living...

culosis to insomnia. Elizabeth Banning says that there is no doubt about the curative effect of color combined with lighting. We all know about the infra red lamp; and the ultra-violet ray as the bacteria destroyer. Banning proved her point when she redecorated a small rural school in Sausalito, California, where students suffered from severe cases of eyestrain which interfered with their scholastic record. She found that though excellent in themselves, lighting fixtures were not coordinated with color: against white walls they created a glare, resulting in eyestrain. She painted walls and ceilings a restful blue. Cases of eyestrain ceased.

Besides being important as a healer, color is the power behind science, commerce, industry and a silent force behind human relationships. Intelligently planned, sparingly used, color goes to work immediately to key single persons, or moods of masses of people in any way desired. Smart hostesses now use color lighting in their drawing rooms to create a mood of gaiety or quiet charm; color is used by industrialists to pick up the working efficiency of their personnel, and to reduce accidents.

In preaching her gospel of color, Banning had to overcome the obstacles of conservatism and disbelief. She finally convinced J. R. Hayden, assistant to the president of the Santa Fe Railroad, that color properly applied in railway terminals would make for happier clientele, more travel, better receipts. She proved her point on a few minor terminals. Now she is a staff color consultant for this huge organization. Many other important commercial concerns are in her color fold—hotels, restaurants, shoe and department stores, gasoline stations—the list is endless and reads like the Blue Book of American Business. But the largest bulk of Banning's clients are private individuals looking forward to more gracious living. For each family, for each situation, Banning says, there is a color key which opens the mind's doors to the moods of relaxation, work, pleasure, or enthusiasm as surely as a stage designer's art produces an illusion of reality with props. Already manufacturers of drapes, wallpapers, tiles, glass, furniture are coordinating their products. The time is not far when it will be nothing strange to see a fire-red icebox or a lemon-yellow gas range.

There are 280 color shadings in Banning's pallette to choose from, a result of scientific research of a German scientist, Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald, authority on color engineering with whom Banning studied her art. She does not interfere with the individual's likes as to furniture or period in which he may want to delve for his decorating schemes. She has nothing to sell save color and color schemes. Whether the decorator is using the tried-and-true or the ultra modern, the feeling may be improved or intensified by coordinating the color and decorating scheme. Some day, Banning predicts, the color engineer and the architect will work hand in glove, working things out BEFORE the house goes up, for scientifically color-decorated, a house will influence the emotional tone of people living in it. To anyone interested in achieving the best effect, Banning recommends studying themselves first, then calling on a color engineer, or experimenting with color plans on a scale model.

california cooks country fare

by HELEN EVANS BROWN

Even the citiest of slickers usually can dig into his gastronomical past and bring forth the tasty memory of a meal in the country. Everyone, I hope, has had at least one repast that could be called honest-to-goodness farm fare. And that meal was worth remembering!

Remember that breakfast of homemade sausage, sour cream griddle cakes and baked apples with cream too thick to pour? Or that "supper" of fried chicken with cream gravy, corn pudding, pickled beets, mustard greens, baby onions in cream, hot biscuits with fresh butter, and "umpteen" different relishes and jams and pickles?

Remember that fancier breakfast of fresh wild strawberries and cream, crisp fried brook trout, country bacon, fried hominy squares and blueberry muffins? And with cups and cups of that wonderful boiled coffee that only those to the farm born seem to be able to make to perfection? Yes, it's the thought of those country breakfasts that most of us will never be able to forget. Could be because any resemblance they bear to what we call breakfast is strictly hilarious.

The California farmer's first meal of the day must be one that will stick to his ribs. *You* try getting up before the dawn cracks, milking a half dozen cows, feeding and providing comfort for sundry birds and beasts, and then coming in to break your fast with a glass of orange juice and a couple of cups of black coffee! Try it, and you'll believe the farmer needs that meat and all those potatoes. And his wife, too! For who prepared that huge breakfast for the family, plus a dozen "hands"?

But it's more than good appetite that makes American regional cookery such good eating. Feeding the family is a full-time year-round job for the farmer's wife, and she does it well because she loves to do it. Her larder is well stocked—she saw to that. She put up the peaches and dried the apples when they were in their prime. She rendered the lard and smoked the hams when butchering time came 'round. She made the mustard pickles and the quince jelly and the tomato relish, and she put down the eggs and salted away extra butter when the hens and heifers were doing their darndest to make the supply greater than the demand.

So she has eggs and cream and butter and to spare, but it takes more than that to make a cook. It takes training, and the country woman had it from the age of three when she watched her mother measure the flour for her sponge cake by scoopfuls.

The farmer's wife of today assuredly has a set of standard measuring cups, and spoons too, and probably uses them. But she still cooks largely by ear. And by taste. She knows instinctively just when to use an extra pinch of sweet marjoram or how much soda should be added to the sour cream. True, she has a shelf full of modern cook books, but they're seldom used, for country folk have little truck with molded salads or creme Vichysoisse. They'll settle for Cole slaw and potato soup, thank you, the kind their mothers and their grandmothers used to make. Food that can't be beat to their way of eating. Try this and see what they mean!

country cole slaw Chop a cabbage into good-sized pieces, the kind that you can get your teeth into. Forget your vegetable slicer and use a wooden chopping bowl and chopping knife. Or if the only wooden bowl you possess is the one in which you mix salads, use a cutting board and a knife. Then dress the cabbage with a sour cream dressing that you've already made, this way: into a double boiler put a cup of sour cream, an egg beaten

just a little, four tablespoons of vinegar, two teaspoons of salt, a pinch of dill, a teaspoon of mustard, and a little fresh ground black pepper. Cook this slowly over hot water until the mixture begins to thicken. (Of course you're stirring it while it cooks, every second.) Cool and combine it with that cabbage you've chopped, and serve it with baked ham.

Country ham, if you can get it . . . none of this tenderized or precooked hind-leg-of-the-pig that is all too frequently the only kind available in our modern markets. Rather the sort of ham that plays the star role in this story a friend of mine told me about her grandfather. That gentleman was a cattleman in Arizona. Though not a true dirt farmer, he raised produce and pigs and chickens enough to provide lavishly for his large family. Always there were home-smoked hams on hand, enough so that the center cuts were casually fixed for breakfast, a practice which was never questioned by this most generous of Western ranchers. Never questioned, that is, until one morning he woke up in an irrascible mood. Having no good excuse for his testiness, he started looking for something to grouse about. It was a lovely day. The aroma of fragrant coffee and hot biscuits came floating from the kitchen. No beef there—or was there?

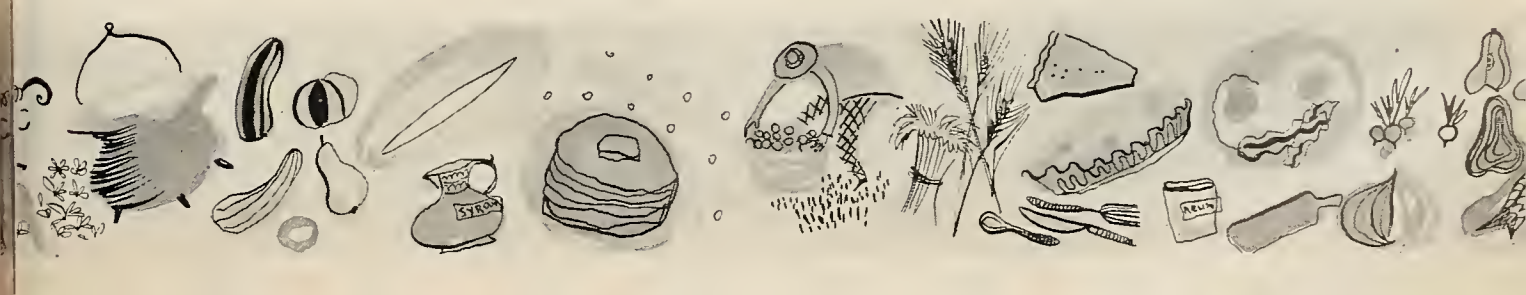
Striding into the kitchen with wrath in his eye, he caught his wife in the act of cutting a thick slice from the very center of a whole ham. And with the shank end of another ham right in front of her eyes! Of course, she was going to use the shank for split pea soup, and, of course, he'd been having fried center cuts of ham for breakfast these many years, but this, *this* was what he'd been looking for! Grasping the newly cut ham in one large hand, he made a bee-line for the back door, opened it, and tossed the whole beautiful thing into the yard.

His wife, who was at that moment opening the oven door to remove the huge panful of golden brown biscuits, apparently didn't see the act. At least, she said nothing. But for some unaccountable reason, she followed her irate husband to the kitchen door and tossed the whole panful of feather-light biscuits into the yard. There was a man who had underestimated the power of a woman!

Have you ever tasted lemon curd? That wonderful lemon filling for pies or tart or cake which is the reason country lemon tarts are something to drool over? You'll be horrified at the amount of butter and eggs the recipe calls for, but remember it's so very, very rich that you'll eat it in tiny portions. Or at least you *should* if you give a hang about your figure. I'll give you the "rule," as my grandmother called it, but mind you put it away until we've butter and such to burn.

lemon curd You'll need your double boiler for this recipe, too. Into its top put a quarter of a pound of butter and a cup-and-a-half of sugar. Add the grated rind of four lemons and the juice of three, then six eggs which have been beaten to a thickness. Cook all this, while stirring without a stop, until the mixture is smooth and shiny and thick. Did I say that this was cooked over boiling water? This recipe makes a sizeable quantity—enough in fact to put in jars and store in the refrigerator for weeks on end. It's best, I think, served in miniature tart shells of rich pastry with just a dollop of sour cream garnishing its top. There are those who prefer it with meringue, though I can't understand why. Try it my way, please, or does your nostalgia take the form of longing for apple pan dowdy or shoofly pie?

Even if your childhood was a flop because you had neither a farm to live on nor country cousins to visit, you can catch up on some of the culinary treats you missed. First, get hungry—very hungry—then sit down to supper, country style. Put everything on the table at once, including numerous relish dishes filled with pickles and honey and jam and chutney. Have the centerpiece a canister set with a dish of spoons and a sugar bowl to guard it. Have a chicken pie and ham steak baked in milk and succotash. Have sweet potato pudding, too, and that Cole slaw that's up yonder, and what you think will be too many biscuits. For dessert, have hot gingerbread with whipped cream or whipped cream cheese, and ice-cold apple sauce. Ask your most sophisticated friends, and see to it that they, too, are hungry. You and they will eat it up!



a california matron's ingenuity developed an "upside down" idea into a budding business

her lamp life

Tiny lamps were first the hobby, then a thriving private enterprise for Alice Minster, vivacious Bel Air California matron with a penchant for collecting, for making things.

It all started about six years ago when the wandering Minsters started collecting lovely old perfume bottles and salt shakers, just for pure joy of possession. But the lady was carried away by her own enthusiasm, and soon her collection assumed wholesale proportions.

By happenchance, she discovered that the old bobeche (saucer-like pieces originally used to catch candle drips, protect gas jets) could be inverted and used as shades to create miniature lamps.

With this unique idea, Mrs. Minster started collecting in all seriousness, this time painstakingly matching shades and bases. The first creations usually were of lustre ware, milk glass, metals, and other distinctively shaded materials. The ingenious craftsman then had glass chimneys and kerosene wicks fitted . . . soon all her friends were proud possessors of little lamps which served as cigarette lighters, or provided a hospitable gleam of light by night and pure decorative charm by day!

And the demand for them has increased to the point where Mrs. Minster now is prepared to turn her hobby into a commercial undertaking. But that's another story.

california's never a dull moment department

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Boonville
Oct. 4-6....Cavalcade of the Golden West
Huntington Beach
Oct. 5-6 .....“Riders of the Desert”
Victorville
Oct. 6.....Rock and Ride Horse Show
El Cajon
Oct. 10-13 .....Fair and Horse Show
Madera
Oct. 12-13 .....Artichoke Festival
Castroville
Oct. 17-20 .....State Horse Show
Pomona
Oct. 18-25 .....Fiesta Days
San Rafael
Oct. 19 ..... Fiesta
Reedley
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Portola once encamped his brave command
Under a redwood. There, still unforgot,
Franciscan Serra led his little band.
Where, on the summit of that mountain way,
Young Jedediah Smith once knelt in prayer,
Jim Beckworth led a wagon train one day.
See yonder stream? The gold rush started there.

Here Sherman stopped to eat. There rebels slept
The night before the Bear Flag floated high.
Along that coast, by restless breakers swept,
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—Clarence Edwin Flynn

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ON RECORD

(*Continued from page 8*)

large sector of the population, we are happy to report a constant flow of new and very good albums by these troubadours of the country's source music.

Popular Music: Show-tunes emanating from Broadway dominate the new platters. Emphasis is centered just now on the tune, rather than the artist, for some obscure reason. Not that the popularity of starry individuals is waning, but their output isn't overwhelming at the present time.

Retail reports, by the way, indicate quite a hot competition among feminine vocalists for top spot. Sweet Dinah, for many moons No. 1, and Jo Stafford, another reigning queen, are neck and neck with Margaret Whiting, whose "It Might As Well Be Spring" started a boom that has her right up there in front. But little Peggy Lee isn't far behind. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

COMO COMPETITION

Time was when any one of these gals would have had everything her way. And same thing with the fellers. One at a time . . . that was the way they did it. Remember when Rudy Vallee was *the* dreamboat? Or Bing in his salad days, when nobody gave him competition? Not so many months ago, he shared the highest peak with Frankie, and there was plenty of room for just the two of them.

But now Perry Como has wept beautiful music to move in on the heights. And he must feel a hot breath on his neck . . . the melting efforts of Andy Russell, or Johnny Desmond, the G.I.'s delight, or boyish, smooth Dick Haymes. It's all very interesting, and competition is the life of a trade. It guarantees better and better juke boxes,

Good New Albums: Getting back to current output and those fine new show tunes, may we remind you that "Annie, Get Your Gun" contains such juicy melodies by the old master Irving Berlin as "Doin' What Comes Natcherly," and the mellow "They Say It's Wonderful." Decca.

"Piano Cocktails," in which Buddy Cole plays in inimitable fashion all the things you prefer to hear while wining or dining . . . such as "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" and "Night and Day." Capitol.

The Louis Prima Album—it's just wonderful. The uninhibited Mr. Prima blows his heart out in such madrigals as "The Lip," "Angelina," "Apple Blossom Time." Majestic.

WATCH FOR:

Popular music: The Andrews Sisters and the Mills Brothers in new albums of the songs which made them famous and vice versa. Decca is bringing them out.

Hint: A lot of people are hunting down Glenn Miller records, the McCoy with Miller himself at the helm. If you yearn for these, waste no minutes . . . they're getting scarcer by the second.

TABLE EXERCISE

To keep trim when cake is passed,
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—Helen Castle

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COUNTY FAIR

by William J. Bowen

(*Continued from page 33*)

grace. Al Pico was having a grand time and looked like a story-book cowboy. A stage coach looked more at home than the sporty 1947 Studebaker.

And there was the Kiwanis float and those of all the service clubs. One after another they rode by, for an hour and a half: The Horizon Campfire Girls; the Women of the Moose; the Rainbow Girls; the Daughters of Pocahontas; Wieland's beer float; the Lompoc Roping and Riding Club; the Future Farmers of America; the Pismo Lions Club; the Danish Club; the Algeria Mexican Club; the Philippine Association. Notably absent was the Japanese Society, which, in former years, had had a booth at the fair where they served Japanese tea and rice cakes. But the Army was represented, in large, incongruous proportions. It was everybody's fair.

It was a middling parade, by Hollywood standards. But it was a fun parade. Everyone in it and everyone on the sidewalks knew each other. And the Whiskerino Hoosegow had been recaptured from the practical jokesters in time to play a hilarious part. Bearded townsmen rode the truck that bore the wooden-slatted brig through the streets. When they found smooth-shaven friends among the sidewalk spectators they would nab them and lock them up in the Hoosegow to finish out the parade in shameful indignity.

Five thousand people flowed through the grounds that first day and night. They ate snow candy, rode the ferris wheel, poked the pigs, admired the new farm machinery, cheered the horse show, and yelled "Attaboy, Eddie" when Eddie Fields drove his Belgians in a team-of-six competition (finishing fourth in a field of four, but winning most of the cheers). Scores of women, among them Mrs. Charles Howard, noticed a blue premium ribbon tied to a sparkling reddish-purple jar of beet relish.*

Since before the times of recorded history, people have competed against one another at fairs. Brands and breeds have profited by fairs through the centuries. The exchange of knowledge, the comparison of products, and the spirit of competition with its urge to win have contributed much, through the medium of the fair, to this better world of ours.

Fairs everywhere, and at all times in history, then, have been basically the same. And they all have had their Mrs. Howards, their Eddie Fields and their Al Picos. But to this basic ingredient common to them all is added a spice or a subtle flavoring peculiar to each community, or each people, or each period. It is this flavor which makes fairs folksy, neighborly and close to home and to the earth.

Thus, in California the spirit of the fiesta is the heritage of the people and therefore of their fairs. For fairs are an expression of the people. And in California the sunshine has inbred in them a year-round festival spirit. At the turn of the century most California fairs were still called fiestas and it has been only gradually, since then, that the Spanish-Americans have withdrawn as the chief participants and gracefully bowed themselves into the grandstands and into obscurity.

Take, for instance, La Fiesta de San Bernardino, in the year 1890. The town was festooned in Spanish red, yellow and green. There, too, a parade opened La Fiesta. Indians, who had free passage on the railroads in the early days, came to town on the Santa Fe to ride in it. And there were prancing steeds richly adorned with carved leather and silver trappings, just as at Santa Maria. As in San Francisco and Los Angeles in those days, Chinatown had its part to play and a huge dragon wound through the streets. An account of the time reads of "Blonde ladies dressed in white, or in a dainty sweet-pea creation. A flower bedecked tally-ho with Spanish beauties riding aloft, carrying yellow parasols. Then wagons, each with a whole family aboard, and each representing a bolt of calico which vied for color with the silks and velvets and the flowers." Bullfights highlighted the week-long fair; and there were races and roping, cock-fights, barbecues and chili sauce.

Al Pico is a vestige of the Spanish carnival spirit which carries down to California's fairs of today. For his great-great grandfather was Pio Pico, last of the Mexican governors of California. And Mrs. Howard is a part of it. Her maiden name was Señorita Clorinda Carranza and her father and his father had lived in San Luis Obispo all their lives. Eddie Fields is an example of how La Fiesta has given way to the more American County Fair, and how the blend of the two have brought to California a continuous fiesta of fairs. Eddie Fields' grandfather was one of the first American settlers in the Santa Ynez Valley in 1860, and Eddie helped to create the Santa Barbara County Fair.

Just as the fiestas of the New Spain, centering around the missions, were inspired by the continuous fete of sunshine and broke into an abandon of laughter and romance and dancing, so the carnival spirit of the new California could not await the cooling of the gold rush fever. Hence, the first annual state fair was held ninety-three years ago in 1853.

**Mrs. Howard's prize-winning recipe: 1 pint boiled beets, chopped and drained; 1 pint cabbage; ½ cup chopped celery; ½ cup horseradish; 1 cup vinegar; ½ teaspoon salt; ¾ cup sugar; ¼ teaspoon white pepper; pinch cayenne pepper. Heat all to boiling point. Pour into sterilized jars. Allow to stand two weeks or more before opening. The taste for beet relish is an acquired one.*

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COUNTY FAIR

A State Agricultural Society was formed for the purpose and the legislature granted it $5,000 to be awarded in prizes. The people felt as Colonel J. B. Crockett did when he stumped for a State Fair, saying, "We have a dash of romantic sentiment in our people, in defiance of the politicians and the high rates of interest."

The State Fair played an important part in getting the Central Pacific Railroad pushed through the Feather River Canyon, linking the East with the New West. In fact, in exchange for the free passage of all exhibits to and from the State Fair over its lines, the railroad was granted alternate sections of land adjacent to its right of way. It is a curious fact that free transit of produce and livestock to the State Fair at Sacramento is in force to this day. The original deal included free passage for lunatics and criminals, as well as exhibitors and exhibits, but that phase has since been modified. The famous "Big Four" (Senator Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker—founders of the Southern Pacific) thought that the State Fair and the commerce it was stimulating were pretty good reason for a railroad.

By the time of the third State Fair in 1856 (the pueblo of Los Angeles had grown to a town of 6,000 by then) the enthusiasm and competition were keen. William Wolfskill, father of the state's citrus industry with a few acres in what is now downtown Los Angeles, showed an orange 12 inches in circumference; steamboat bells; specimens of dentistry and daguerreotypes were included. Reported a committee, "in plows we have the pleasure of stating that the contest has been spirited": a piece of embroidery entitled "Happy Family" won a first award; William Thompson got a prize for "An Essay On the Potato": and in the cheese, honey and butter classification the competition was so good that "the sage cheese was worthy of a special premium": and the Sacramento Daily Union reported the horse racing as vividly as does Joe Hernandez at Santa Anita today.

And so it is today, that, born of this spirit, California husbands a galaxy of carnivals and a fiesta of fairs. From this spirit of festivals under the California sun have blossomed Pasadena's New Year Tournament of Roses, begun 57 years ago; San Bernardino's Festival of the Orange, Symphonies Under the Stars, Easter Sunrise Services, originated at Mount Rubidoux; outdoor Christmas Tree lighting, first used at Riverside; the Grape and Wine Festival; rodeos, fiestas and horse shows unnumbered, and the most elaborate county fair . . . at Pomona in Los Angeles County . . . in the nation. The spirit of La Fiesta, in one way or another, permeates them all today and gives them the flavor that is purely Californian.

With sixty county and district fairs in California for this first postwar year (and eight more that couldn't get ready in time), only six midwest states can count more. And none are as wealthy. Thanks to the four percent state tax on pari-mutuel betting at thoroughbred horse racing tracks, nearly all of which goes to the support of fairs in California, the state has four times the financial resources for its fairs as its nearest rival.

This big business in fairs resulted in the formation of a Western Fairs Association,* followed by the institution, last year, of the first College of Fairs. It is attended by virtually all western fair managers, even by old-

(*Continued on page 75*)

**Father of the idea was Charles W. Paine, who died two years ago. Starting by squirting fair guests with an atomizer for a perfume maker, he was director of fairs from 1901 to 1913. From then to 1937 (when he retired), he was the state manager of fairs under nine governors—all of whom he voted against. His son, Tevis Paine, manages the California Thoroughbred Breeders Association.*

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THE CURIOUSLY ALONE

By Marje Blood

(*Continued from page 61*)

She went over and got a coke from the tub of ice water. No one else was close. She opened the bottle and went away from the light to sit with her head against a tree trunk.

She heard no footsteps along the path. The first she knew of the two men standing behind her was the sound of soft alien voices speaking low above her. She looked around, and saw them watching her. One was a tall shadow, one was slight. They wore slacks like the other men around the camp fire.

When they saw her watching them, the tall one smiled. The short one spoke again in Spanish, the words chiming like muted bell tones. He looked at the tall man as if for confirmation of his speech, and back to her.

The tall man nodded and spoke to her. "Good evening," he said. His voice was softer, less musical, than the other.

Katie pushed herself straighter against the tree trunk and clasped her hands around her knees. "Hello," she answered.

The slight man began to speak again, an excitement under his words this time, eager and bright. He glanced at the other man again, twice.

Katie was curious. The music of the foreign tongue attracted her. She looked up at the tall man. "I don't speak Spanish. What is he saying?"

"At first he said that you are the image of his wife. That makes him very happy. And then when you speak, you sound as she does." He stopped a moment. "Juan is very lonely for his wife. He has not seen her in a year."

The words seemed very sad, with that soft voice saying them. "I'm sorry," Katie said, and did not know what else to say. She looked towards the picnickers. "Did you come to the picnic?" she asked inanely.

The tall man laughed down at her. "Si. I have brought my guitar. They asked me to. Dave said to me, 'Manuel, you must bring your guitar,' and I have."

Katie stood up. "You must get something to eat, and then you can play for us." She started over to the fire, the two Mexicans following her without speaking.

Dave saw them coming. "Hi, honey. Hello, Manuel, Juan. Where have you been? We been waiting for you guys."

He took the guitar from Manuel. "We're all ready for some music, boys."

Katie took hold of his hand. "They're hungry, Dave. They want to eat first."

Dave showed his embarrassment. "Sure—Sure, boys— Get something to eat," he said awkwardly. "One of you kids bring 'em some cokes."

Manuel and Juan stood in the light, sticking the hotdogs on the forks; holding them over the coals. Everyone watched them.

Katie bent suddenly and picked up a fork. She put a wienie on it and went to stand beside them. Dave came over quickly. "Here, honey. Let me do that."

She pulled out of his way. "I want to—"

She stayed there, and the Mexicans grew easier. Before long the others ceased to stare at them. Katie felt a movement at her side, and heard a soft "Gracias." She glanced up to see Juan's eyes smiling at her.

They were soon finished. They sat in the center of the crowd, Manuel with his guitar across his knees, Juan cross-legged beside him.

The guitar cried softly; sang low. Almost unnoticed Juan's voice faded into the music, haunting and far-away. The music crept along the wind, and filled the night. Katie closed her eyes on the firelight and let herself feel the songs crying in the darkness.

The strange melody carressed her. She moved impatiently; opened her eyes. Juan was looking at her. She folded her arms across her knees and bowed her head on them. The music called more insistently . . .

She had to get away! The crowd was lost in the song. She lifted herself silently and moved into the shadows, along the path. She sat down on a little rise among the trees. The music was sad behind her.

She didn't want to sit still. She lit a cigarette and smoked it restlessly, staring into the east. Slowly a brilliant slice of light appeared through the trees above the Coburg hills. There it was—the harvest moon—too beautiful to be borne with comfort.

A light footstep whispered behind her. She turned. Juan was there, and as she saw him, he began to speak to her tenderly in his low, singing language.

She wanted to tell him how sad she felt for him. She could not. "I'm sorry, Juan," in English, was inadequate.

The man's head bowed at the words. When he began again his voice was tense, building up emotion word by word. Katie could feel his anguish.

"Why don't you go back to your wife, Juan?" she whispered, impulsively, against his words.

He stopped talking. She could feel his eyes on her. She did not see him move, but there were his arms holding her gently, his soft words loving her, his warm lips finding her mouth . . .

"No— No, Juan," she breathed, twisting away. "Please, no—Juan—" She took hold of his hands, trying to lift them from her shoulders. The soft flow of love words did not stop.

"I must make him stop," she thought, knowing it was impossible. Hardly thinking, she called for Dave—

She must have called louder than she meant to. Dave charged up the path, his heavy shoes pounding the earth. She could not see him, but suddenly he was there, his big hands closing on Juan's shoulder.

Juan's voice broke. He stared at Dave's angry face. He did not see Dave's fist until it crashed against his teeth.

Katie's stomach rocked. "Dave—! Don't—!" she cried, and the men ran to hold him back. Manuel moved silently and put his arm under Juan's shoulders, lifting him to his feet. He started to lead him away, but paused to look toward Dave. "I am sorry, sir," he said very formally. "We do not like this either. You must have forgiveness for this." And very quietly, "It is only that he is very lonely for his wife—"

"Then let him go get his wife, damn him, and leave mine alone!" Dave threw at him.

Katie shriveled in loneliness. She looked after the retreating figures. The moon blazed abruptly over the hilltop, outlining them, alien and alone, before they disappeared around the corner of the hunkhouse.

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COUNTY FAIR

(*Continued from page 73*)

timers like the onetime Pomona druggist, C. D. Afflerbaugh, who, 25 years ago, converted the town's annual carnival-fiesta into the country's most pretentious county fair.

A $50,000,000 business, California fairs draw 3,000,000 people annually to see the products of 40,000 exhibitors.

But at Santa Maria, an unpretentious fair and without permanent buildings (characteristic of so many) Manager Jesse Chambers boasted that there were more horses shown there than would be seen anywhere else on the circuit this year.

Eddie Fields had turned his Belgians back to work in the fields, thoroughly content with the thought that a lot of folks had had a lot of fun. And besides, some of the livestock looked pretty good, considering that all breeds had degenerated badly during the war and wouldn't get back to real top premium form for several years.

As for Al Pico, he always had a good time. He'd seen some old friends, made some new ones, and had felt a little stimulation to his horse trading business.

But proudest and happiest of all was Mrs. Howard. A blue ribbon testified to the fact that she had made her mark in the two billion dollar livestock and agricultural industry of California. Besides, of the two million dollars being awarded as premiums at California fairs this year, she, Mrs. Charles Howard, had received two dollars for the best darned beet relish in all of Santa Barbara County!

california egg-man

Art on eggshells is the colorful hobby of Graham Dale of Hollywood who finds the film and fashion capital a fruitful inspiration.

Mr. Dale calls them Egg-a-toons. The reason is obvious. He paints world notables—from Chopin to Bette Davis—on smooth eggshells. His gallery of more than 100 ranges from military leaders and Al Smith to Queen Victoria, Edgar Allen Poe and Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe.

All are startlingly realistic with human hair and authentic apparel, and one with a precise and prim royal "mid-Victorian" expression. The regal Egg-a-toon, appropriately is owned by Helen Hayes, star of Victoria Regina.

Eggshell painting is simple. Even the pagans practiced it, Mr. Dale explains with a knowing look. All you need are egg, paint and skill. His "easel" is a skewer which holds the emptied shells as he deftly applies the paints, turning his head to the person or picture he is copying. That's all; anybody can do it . . . if he knows the secret for mixing paints, choosing shells and keeping them whole.

Then there are novelties. Mr. Dale divides a shell (another secret process!) screws tiny hinges to the halves, pads them with velvet . . . and it's a jewel case for a ring or a perfume bottle. One large shell contains a five-room furnished apartment. His latest is a model of a hotel interior with lobby and guest rooms, all to scale.

The first Egg-a-toon was born when Mr. Dale as a boy used an egg instead of paper to sketch his hero, Edison. Since then his art—without ever an art lesson—has brought him into the company of distinguished figures and the joy of a livelihood through a pleasurable hobby.

Somewhere there is a philosophy attached to another eggshell character who "had a great fall." But Mr. Dale's elliptical characters simply can't fall; they are all fixed on a firm foundation.

ROTATE YOUR LINENS

Linens will last longer, seem fresher, if you follow a regular rotation plan. It's so easy, too, merely a matter of piling the freshly laundered sheets, towels, pillow cases and table mats at the top of each stack in your linen closet. Then, when replacements are in order, simply work from the bottom up. This allows time for linens to absorb the spicy scent of sachets, too.

SIGNATURE SCENT

Why not identify yourself with a charming, "signature" scent that's fresh and very personally you? Simply select a sachet "wardrobe." Tuck it in with all your linens and personal lingerie, hang small sachet sacks in your closets, too. Thus, wherever you go, you waft an aura of loveliness that spells gracious living . . . that means you.

GROW YOUR OWN DRAPERIES

If your picture window needs a drapery frame, try this. Get two of the largest Philodendron ivy plants you can find. Place one on either side of the window, letting the leafy tendrils climb up the casing. Philodendron will grow and thrive, in spite of you, and soon you'll have a complete frame and cornice of shining green leaves.

PATIO PROTECTOR

Want to shade your patio a bit? Here's an easy solution. Erect a trellis, angled awning fashion over the patio. Plant climbing ramblers and train them along the side-walls, up and over the lattice. It takes time, but the final effect of a glowing bower of blossoms is worth it.

GARDEN GIFTS

Scatter yarn-embroidered flowers here and there on those bulky, white cotton work gloves most women prefer for gardening. So bedecked, they'll serve as gay "Christmas card" remembrances.

LAUNDER-EASE

If you don't have a sleeve board, next time you press a blouse, try this. Press the seam side of the sleeve thoroughly, work to about an eighth of an inch from the outer fold. Then change position of sleeve so that outer fold is flat in center, and with one swift stroke, press to shoulder. To smooth shoulders and yoke, stuff a bath towel into the sleeve and press firmly and rapidly with short, circular strokes.

LOVE 1946

A pin on his shoulder,
Eagle wings flying.
Love in his eyes,
Tender, undying,
Back from the sea comes
Her ardent young sailor
To heaven-come-true—
Their home in a trailer!

. . . Edith Battles

Wisconsin Girl Wins Career Design Contest

We have a winner!

The Californian has dispatched, with the speed of an arrow, a check for $100 and a letter of congratulations to Miss Betty Kloss of Route 8, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, whose fashion design entry in the Californian Career Award Contest won first prize on the basis of its presentation and originality.

As additional reward, Miss Kloss will be flown to California where a one-week all-expense trip awaits her and an introduction to many Hollywood and Southern California celebrities. She also will be given the opportunity of six months' paid employment with leading designers in the California market, or, if she prefers, a one-year scholarship in the University of California at Los Angeles School of Design.

The winning sportswear ensemble featured a three-quarter length coat with accentuated flare back and belted-in front. This was designed to be worn over pedal pushers, marked by mid-torso detail, and an unusual bra top.

More than 1000 designs were submitted in the contest which drew entries from 41 states and Canada. Besides dresses, playsuits and sportswear, several contestants submitted suggestions for matrons' apparel, special accessories and textiles. Judges were Irene, oustanding Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer designer and supervisor of all studio costuming; Earl Hilbert, head of the UCLA School of Design, and J. R. Osherenko, publisher of The Californian.

An amateur designer from California, Miss Roberta L. Thomas of 1431 Livonia Street, Los Angeles, won second place in the contest and a $25 award. Winner of third prize and another $25 was George Branson, Jr., 617 Church street, Dyersburg, Tenn. Manya Kosmena, 518 Barnes avenue, Alva, Okla., and Ann E. Barnes, Summerlain, Orlando, Fla., placed fourth and fifth, respectively, to receive additional awards of $25 each.

The nine other designers awarded honorable mention are: Bob Butcher, 3408 150th place, Flushing, N. Y.: Daren Pierce, 901 Taylor street, San Francisco; Marie J. Cleveland, 48A Mars street, San Francisco; Diann Shoemaker, 207 Blakeley street, Roseburg, Ore.; and Mary J. Hill, 4304 Normandy, Dallas, Tex.

Honorable mention also went to Jane Andreapoulos, 16 Hudson street, Worcester, Mass.; Joan Whaley, Route 5, Phoenix, Ariz.; Elizabeth A. McQuilkin, 413 S. Bonnie Brae street, Los Angeles; and Joan Griffin, 142 N. Carmelina avenue, West Los Angeles.

Decoupage

(*Continued from page 41*)

apartments go . . . but completely impersonal. I wanted to have something of my own that would make the place a little homelike. I couldn't afford to buy anything I liked. My tastes are unfortunately expensive, and all I could do was to cover the walls with découpage pictures in dime-store frames, pepped up with metallic paints and fancy mats.

I don't know a thing about psychoanalysis, so I can't explain why most of my pictures deal with certain subjects. I have a series of undersea découpages . . . corals and seaweed and tropical fish and fantastic creatures, with sometimes a mermaid thrown in for good measure. Then there is the circus series. Clowns and tightrope dancers, acrobats and ringmasters, horses, dogs, monkeys and elephants. The third kind doesn't need much psychoanalysis to understand: women's hands, cut from nail polish and hand cream advertisements, clutching at jewelry, perfumes and orchids. Clutching, but never quite reaching . . . I haven't made a career out of découpage, but it certainly comes in handy between jobs and as extra money for parcels to Europe.

Last Christmas I made up set after set of brandy snifters, flower pots and old jelly glasses in a rather amusing manner. I first mixed powdered tempera paint and powdered metallic paint into varnish, and covered the glasses and pots. They looked like cloisonné. I then glued on either my favorite corals and fish, or more conservative flower compositions, and put another coating of varnish on top.

By the way, a word of warning about varnish. It's the danger spot of all découpage work. If the paper of your cutouts is too thin, the varnish soaks through and ruins the effect. Some varnishes make the colors run, or turn blue into green and pink into magenta. There are other varnishes that take days and days to dry. Varnish is treacherous and incalculable, yet no découpage is perfect without it. It not only gives a most attractive finish, but is in many cases a necessity. Take trays for example . . . when guests slosh their drinks over your best découpage tray (as is their invariable custom), you would be hardly able to assure them that "it doesn't matter in the least," were your tray not covered with two coatings of alcohol-repellent varnish. The same applies to tables and place mats.

I have just pepped up my bedroom with two corner cupboards and a couple of lamp shades. The cupboards were unpainted and I used an oil-less paint successfully . . . shell pink for the shelves and a cloudy blue for the sides. I have decorated them with flowers cut out from seed catalogues.

If I were a doctor I'd prescribe découpage for all people who are depressed and bored, and for people in need of a little pocket money. There is a saying that you can't get something for nothing. Découpage proves the contrary.

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this month's mail

(In this column The Californian each month will answer written inquiries regarding California's history, climate, fashions, organizations, industries, recreational facilities, famous persons and eccentricities. Please address questions in care of The Californian Column.)

Dear Editor: Will you tell me something about flying fish? Is it true that they may be caught off the coast of Catalina Island?—Mrs. Winifred Reiter, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Flying fish, which may be seen on evening searchlight trips in the waters around Catalina, average between 18 and 24 inches in length and the same in wingspread. Their wings do not actually propel them. The tail furnishes the fish with sufficient power to drive it at high speed through the water, actually lifting it above the surface. It is at these times that the wings appear to shiver with vibration. They have torpedo-shaped bodies, irridescent wings. Although not generally considered edible, flying fish are sometimes eaten.

Dear Editor: Our family is thinking of moving to California but it will be necessary for us to move at frequent intervals. What does the state educational system provide for students transferring from one high school to another?—Mrs. Roger Smith, Chicago, Illinois.

Secondary schools in California, for the most part, maintain a highly coordinated curriculum which enables students to move from one city to another within the state without undue loss in credits, etc. However, for specific information regarding certain courses, you may write to Mr. Frank Lindsay, Division of Secondary Education, State Department of Education, Sacramento, California.

Dear Editor: Is it necessary for a middle-aged man to bring a hat to California if he is coming on a summer vacation which will include visits to both San Francisco and Los Angeles? — Arthur Johnson, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Many men—both young and middle-aged—go bare-headed in Southern California in every time of year. However, the majority of men in San Francisco wear hats, especially to their business and for evening affairs. Felt hats are worn the year around in San Francisco and are preferable to any kind of straw.

Dear Editor: I want to get a better picture of the different phases of life in California through the literary works of some California authors. Could you recommend any such writers to me? Thank you.—Mrs. W. P. Brebner, Marblehead, Mass.

For an understanding of the early gold-rush days in California, Bret Harte and Mark Twain are authoritative. Some of Jack London's works are also descriptive of parts of the state. Frank Norris, Upton Sinclair, Joaquin Miller, William Saroyan, Rex Beach, Robinson Jeffers, John Steinbeck and James Cain are a few authors who write of their native California. Even Oscar Wilde and Alexander Dumas have described California in writing and Thomas Mann and the late Franz Werfel are two of the most famous men of letters who have come here from abroad.

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No. 4

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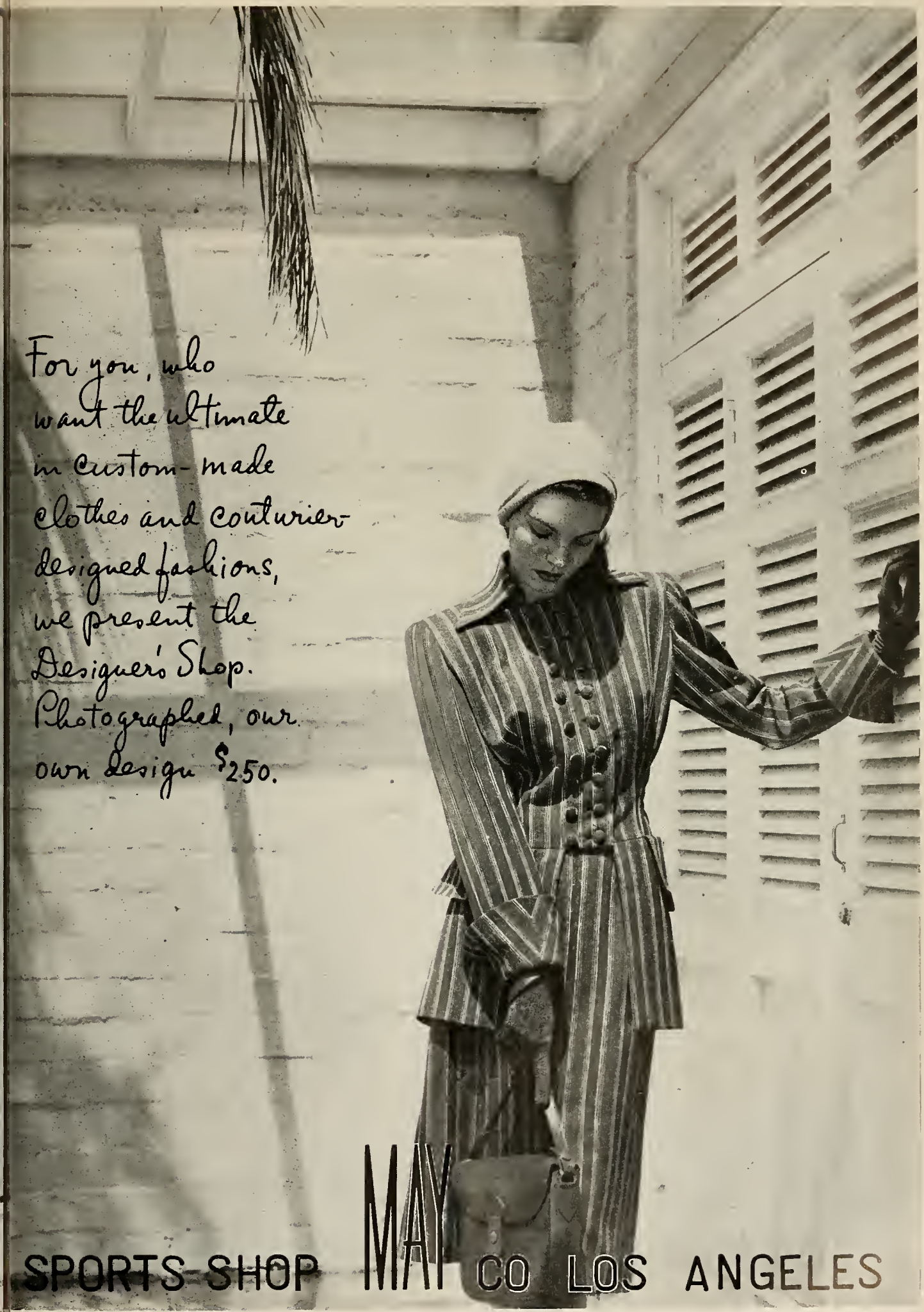
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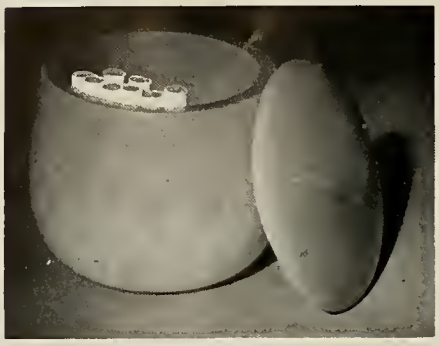

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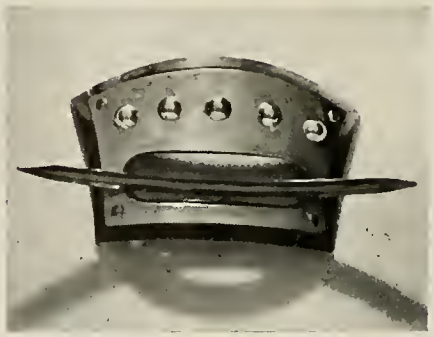

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Dancing at the Palladium, or dining at the Brown Derby.... this is the dress that makes the grandest entrance. There's glamour in the rich white cordé embroidery with its precious metal accents. In famous Tegra . . . a Lastex fabric of Bur-Mil quality rayon. Sizes 10 to 16. About $20 at better stores throughout the country.

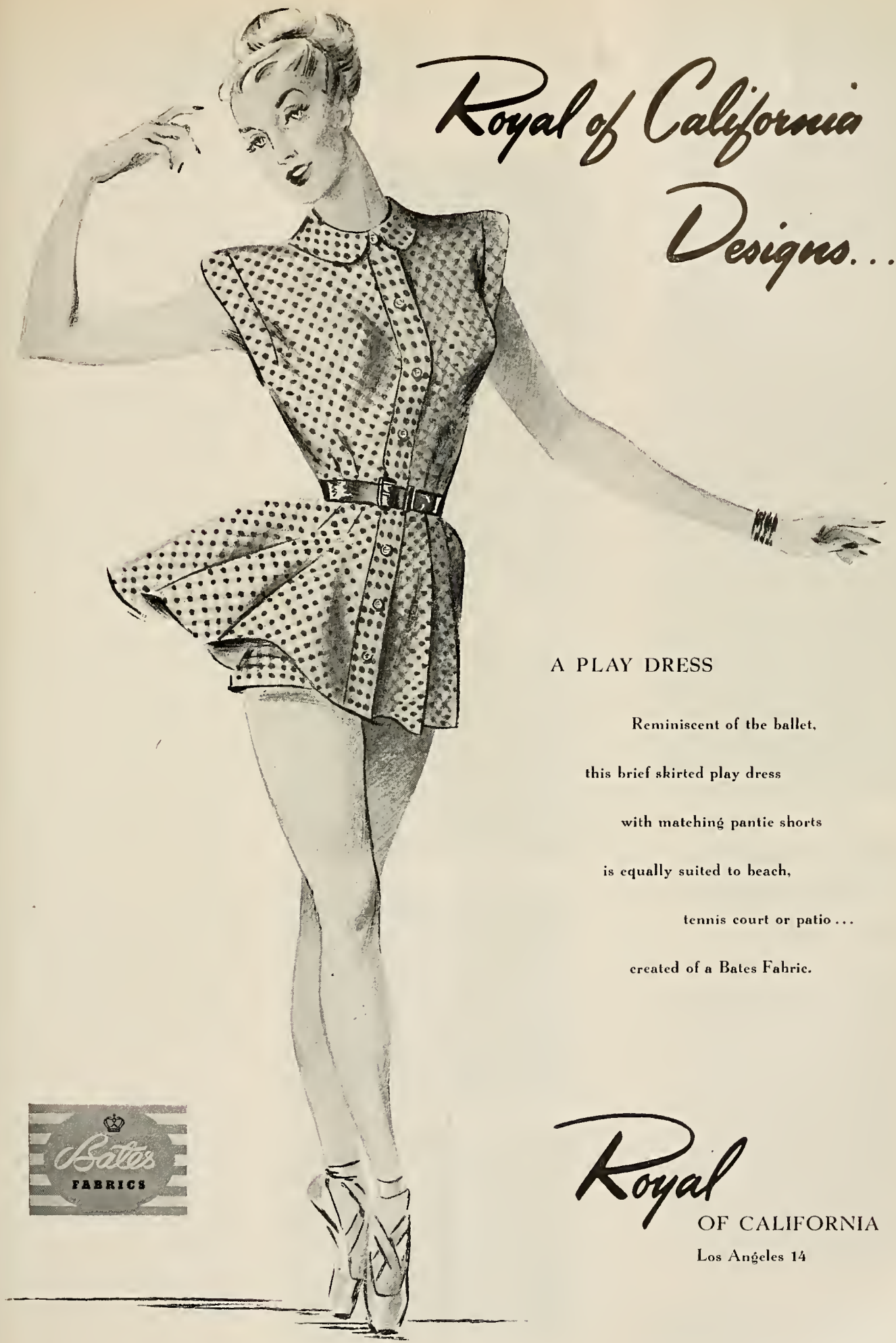
CREATED BY Barbara Claire OF CALIFORNIA

834 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 14, Calif.

WRITE FOR NAME OF STORE NEAREST YOU.

by Marjorie Montgomery

AFFILIATED FASHIONISTS OF CALIFORNIA



Royal of California Designs...

A PLAY DRESS

Reminiscent of the ballet,
this brief skirted play dress
with matching pantie shorts
is equally suited to beach,
tennis court or patio...
created of a Bates Fabric.

Bates FABRICS

Royal
OF CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles 14

Caltex California
Fashions in BOTANY*
Brand Fabrics...

California's own maker of WATER FASHIONS brings you these handsome coordinates in Botany's superb all worsted Marchan gabardine. Crisply tailored slacks in beautiful pastels... worn with a Hess Goldsmith print blouse that harmonizes with all the sunny pastels. That's not all, either! There are shorts, short slacks and a wonderful casual suit! All interchangeable... No mail orders, please ...write and we'll tell you where.
SLACKS $22.95 BLOUSE $12.95

Caltex OF CALIFORNIA
2126 BEVERLY BLVD. • LOS ANGELES 4, CALIF.

shopping

INDIAN CORN PEARLS . . . earring and choker ensemble; the choker of tw strands twisted is something to rave about- wear about. Striking Indian corn hues copper, coral, gold, with Richelieu pearls pr dominating. An inspiration, by the wa straight from the American Indians. B Norton designs, offered by Coulters, 5600 W shire Blvd., Los Angeles. By mail, postpa from Coulters. Choker, $15.00; earrings, $6.0 plus Federal tax.

SMOKER-SMOOTHIE . . . a spring-t case of glossy plastic for your cigarette holds them snug, keeps them fresh, and kee tobacco dust out of your purse or pocke Colors are ruby, amber, crystal-clear. Mor gramed, three initials tailored in gold. Pri just a dollar in the mail to Weirick, 504 Verdugo Road, Glendale, California. Se initials with order and dollar, natch.

CALIFORNIA DECORATIVES . . . gleaming copper or aluminum cocktail coa ers designed to stack as illustrated. Tra parent tooled bases achieve effect of harm izing with any color scheme. Aluminu $5.95 for set of six; Copper, $7.50 for set six. Each set in a nice gift box. An id present for any season or occasion. Found better stores, or write Fairbanks-Murray, I Room 902, 448 S. Hill, Los Angeles.

GOLD-RIFF . . . trim and tricky is gold kid belt . . . newly wide, tapering fr 3½" front, 2" back. Wear it confidently a smart accessory to your basic dress-up clotl It makes a splendid Christmas gift, too. S 24-32. Approximately $12.00 at better st throughout the country. For your nearest st write Phil Sockett Mfg. Co., 1240 S. M Los Angeles. Write promptly. Remem Santa's a busy man.

DE-WITCHING CURLERS . . . longer need your locks bristle with m spikes. These curlers are sleepable, too, they're chamois, pussy-cat soft with a spring within that circles into a firm l doughnut. Result: curls while you sleep. dozen for 89c at notion counters in Altm New York; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; L inson's, Los Angeles; or write Rose Curler, 3418 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles

roundup

SAGITTARIUS . . . this zodiac sign is for Nov. 22-Dec. 22 birthdays. If she'd wish upon a star for a different gift this Christmas send her a medallion brooch. A zodiacal pin, in Joseff's inimitable style, for every birth date . . . done in bold repousse, antique gold or English silver finish, $7.50. Matching earrings, $7.50. At Joseff Jewellery Department of your favorite store, or write to Joseff, 354 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.

ORIGINAL CREATION . . . handmade by Haimoff . . . pin and earrings to match. Here is an exclusive Christmas gift that you will be proud to present! This colorful maple leaf set is hammered from sterling silver and plated with 18-karat gold. Only $25.00 (including Federal tax) for this original jewelry set at Haimoff Jewelers, 464 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Purchases by mail will receive prompt attention.

WHAT FUR! . . . mittens, snowy white bunny fur mittens with leather palms or not. Little-Sister sizes, from 2-10 for children: Junior-Miss sizes, small, medium, large. A bunny love of a gift for Christmas . . . warm as toast, smart too. Prices: Little-Sister, $2.50 plus 50c (Fed. tax); Junior-Miss, $2.95 plus 9c (Fed. tax). Postpaid anywhere in the U. S. . . . Young America Ltd., 422 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BABEE-TENDA . . . a nursery table on wheels . . . ideal for play-time, lunch-time, and sunning. Built for baby's safety and mother's coveted convenience. Made of hardwood, steel-braced; safety harness and padded seat. No extras to buy. (25" square and 22" high.) Folds up compactly. Standard Model, $17.97; DeLuxe Model (fancier trimmings), $22.15—tax and postage included. Babee-Tenda-Sales, 1019 Redondo, Los Angeles. Illustrated pamphlet upon request.

GLOW WITH TRADITIONAL ELEGANCE . . . an authentic replica of original antique. The little oil lamp (6¾" high) burns kerosene . . . for a charming glow, or a cigarette light. Base of heavy hand-cast brass, polished, and lacquered to prevent tarnishing. Dainty milk-white glass shade over shiny glass chimney. Shipped postpaid anywhere. No C.O.D.'s, please. $5.40 each, $10.80 per pair. Alice Minster, Dept. A-2, Box 691, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Caltex California Fashions in BOTANY* Brand Fabrics...

...what is a designer's dream made of? Botany's all wool challis, soft to the touch. A snug little bra' with fullness suggested, whether you need it or not! Then, a wide open space of suntanned skin to separate it from more seductive draping fullness which swirls to the back...and forms swim trunks of the divine kind. All this and heaven, too, in dark shades and sunny California pastels. If you must, absolutely must own one write and we'll tell you where you may buy it **$14.95**

Caltex OF CALIFORNIA
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Joy Steven *

DESIGNED IT
for
YOUNG LOVE

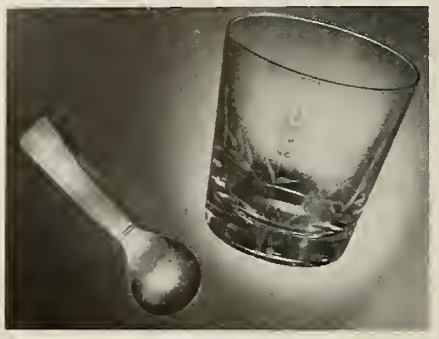
*Talented young designer for Hollis of California dreamed up this bit of peasantry for your enchantment . . . fun to wear from here to there!

In peacock, brown or black with fresh white frosting of lace.

Sizes 10 to 18
Blouse 4.98 Skirt 5.98
Mail orders accepted
SPORT SHOP
212 W. Fourth St.
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

shopping

MANCHU SET . . . pert and saucy hat-muff duet, provocative and carefree, still it is natural Manchurian Lasky ermine and regal no end. Hat is cloverleaf pillbox. Muff is one vast shining luxury, fringed with many wagging tails. Designed by Opal, exclusively at Maurice Ball Furs, 500 W. Seventh, Los Angeles, this delectable combination is custom-made so, of course, you can have it in any flat fur.



JAM SET . . . modern design in old-fashioned loveliness . . . graceful bowl-and-spoon from the famed hands of Allan Adler. The spoon of solid sterling silver; the bowl in clear-etched, massive based glass. B. Altman, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; and Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; are among the better stores featuring the set, $7.50, including Federal tax. Inquiries to Allan Adler, Silversmith, 8626 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

BEAD BOWS . . . a pin and earring set made of tiny cut steel seed beads strung on wire. This novel set created by Lillian Barkow will add an exciting touch to any dressy outfit. For Christmas gifts, they're a unique triumph. Colors are jet, bronze or aqua. The set, $4.80, tax and postage included. Order from Daniels of Beverly Hills, 451 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

"TWIN PAK" . . . transparent ribbon tied duplex box holds 100 gay cocktail napkins, white with colored borders, and, in the turret-top, 18 absorbent coasters to match. By Monogram Company of California, at leading stores throughout the U. S. including Meier & Frank Co., Inc., Portland; Joske Brothers Co., San Antonio; Thalhimer Brothers, Inc., Richmond; The White House, San Francisco.

PURSETT PERFUMER . . . this brilliant 18-karat gold-plated atomizer for your purse is guaranteed against leaking and evaporation. It holds tenaciously one dram of perfume or cologne to provide a refreshing whiff wherever you go. Beauty, convenience and patented safety are yours for $7.50 at toiletries and accessories counters at Saks Fifth Avenue and most better stores. Add Federal tax. Karisent of Hollywood, 6013 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles.

Bramble-Knits that can TAKE IT!

Here they are! One, two, three!

All dressed up, smart as can be.

Play as they will, run, tumble or tag—

Their BRAMBLE KNITS won't crease or sag!

BIG SIS—Cardigan jacket and skirt—Red, light blue, brown, canary yellow. Sizes 7 to 14.
Jacket $8.95 Skirt $6.95 Complete $15.90

SISSIE—Cardigan jacket with saucy skirt—Red, light blue, brown, canary yellow. Sizes 2 to 6.
Jacket $7.95 Skirt $5.00 Complete $12.95

LITTLE BROTHER—Cardigan jacket and suspender Pants—Navy, brown, red with navy pants. Sizes 2 to 6.
Jacket $7.95 Pants $5.00 Complete $12.95

BORN OF A COMING ERA

Gene Salée CALIFORNIA BLEND MAKE U

Captivating the very spirit of sunshine
in a bright new make-up to give you
a glowing *natural* beauty, an appealing young charm
identified as the "California look"

available at your favorite beauty counter
or write to

GENE SALÉE COSMETICS
4683 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD 27, CALIFORNIA

GENENNE LIQUID MAKE-UP 2 OZ., $1.50 GENENNE CREAM MAKE-UP 1 OZ., $1.25 FACE POWDER 3 OZ., $1.0

CALIFORNIA JEWEL-MULES WITH GLAMOROUS MARABOU new world sensation! Jewel-cut Lucite boudoir slippers sparkling, clear as a diamond criss crossed with teasing, downy soft marabou. Best fitting, airiest Mules you ever dreamed of. Low platform soles shaped to the feet like handmade shoes. Flattering high jewel heels shorten, beautify the feet. Clear Lucite with Sky blue, Boudoir pink, Bridal white, Black and Chinese red Marabou. 4 thru 8. Medium and Narrow Your favorite store **12.95**

WRITE US WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE. Ihle Manufacturing Company, 1414 South Central Avenue, Glendale 4, California.

Max Kopp

CALIFORNIA

Timeless Black Daytime Frock with big-big sleeves of marquisette with lace insertions. Sizes 10 to 18 . . . Retail about 29.95 Black only in lovely Kaluki...by

oscar hayman
fabrics of fashionation

Max Kopp Daytime Dresses of Distinction, 818 South Broadway, Los Angeles 14, California

Peppermint Sticks.... and STITCHES....

MAN-TAILORED BY
GRAFF
MADE IN California

When Graff man-tailors a woman's shirt, it has a fit and air about it that would make any gentleman envious. The stitching and seams are a perfectionist's dream. You'll especially love these two . . . which Graff has cut for us in none other than famous, washable Cohama Rayon.

PEPPERMINT STICKS SHIRT — Delicious-looking candy canes in lush colors on white, copen, aqua, grey, or lime ground. Sizes 32 to 40. Just $3.95

STITCHED FAILLE SHIRT — Handsome solid colors. White, copen, lime, melon, kelly, green. Sizes 32 to 40. Just $4.95

Mail orders filled immediately

Myklebust's

LONGVIEW, WASHINGTON

California Color in your Leisure Life!
BARDON OF HOLLYWOOD SHIRTS
match the desert tones of California's sun-and-sand in rich, warm colors . . . reflecting the casual holiday mood of Palm Springs!
Priced about $7.50 at America's fine stores
BARDON of Hollywood
714 So. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

Button, button, who's got the bachelor? Why, you, of course, in this button-bright California classic.

Sizes 9 to 15 • About $11

Bonafide HERBERT Fabrics

Gabetela with Unidure, permanent TBL crease resistant process

ALICE OF CALIFORNIA • 75 FREMONT STREET • SAN FRANCISCO 5

you're enchanting,
Lady Helen
you're the kind of lovely lingerie that makes
a woman feel beautiful. petticoat, 5.00 panties, 3.5
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stockton at o'farrell, san francisco 8

Viola S. Dimmitt ORIGINALS

Featured on "Queen for a Day" program broadcast nationally over 300 Mutual stations.

The Original Coat Dress that launched the high fashion trend in rainwear

Available at
Bullock's, Los Angeles
Boston Store, Milwaukee
Maison Blanche, New Orleans

Or write us for name of your nearest store.

VIOLA S. DIMMITT 719 SO. LOS ANGELES STREET LOS ANGELES 14

Let it wrap you
in its sensuous
Web ---
Scarlet
STREET
You may obtain "Scarlet Street"
refills... and so keep the lamp
post as a stationary ornament.
SHERRY DUNN, INC., HOLLYWOOD

the
CALIFORNIAN

november 1946 **vol II no. 4**

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of gifts and giving of fashion and fiction and being fit for fun

"for the california way of life"

Thousand and one polka dots, jet-sequined, black accented . . . Addie Masters' dramatic sit-by-the-fire pajamas of Heller's wool and rayon jersey. Red, kelly, pink, beige; about $50; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles: Frost Bros., San Antonio; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Specially designed playboots by Ryder of California. Chen Yu Sun Red Lipstick.

WHAT COLO

The "white Christmas" of peaceful snow, etched with dark firs and lying glittering about warm, close-knit family homes, that familiar scene of so many greetings . . the "white Christmas" light shed by The Star over far-stretched Judean sands?

. . the scarlet of blazing yule logs, the crimson coats of carolers, the great red moon of Bob Cratchit's smiling face behind the fat Christmas goose in Dickens' much-loved Christmas Carol . . all the heartening panoply of the jolly season handed down through generations of sentimental, loving writers . . or the broad bright red of Santa Claus' pillow-padded tummy as he rings his bell on thousands of street corners or laughs his great laugh for thousands of children over thousands of toys . . the scarlet majesty of the robes of the Magi?

. . or the green and gold, as it is in California, where the sun always shines so that children may try out their new roller skates, their bicycles, doll buggies . . where Easterners fret because there's no snow as they walk across green lawns, through palm-lined streets to the lavish hospitality of a California holiday dinner . .

WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

where hundreds of golden, crimson, blue lights glitter in the tall green of Altadena's towering rows of deodars . . Christmas Tree Lane . . the brilliance of gold and fragrant frankincense and dark myrrh?

Christmas is none of these colors . . and all of them.

Christmas is the color of the human heart, with all its capacity for love and sharing gladness and warmth. It is the color of hope to a weary world. It is the color of life brave in the face of disastrous fear, of fundamental truth which comforts in the face of mystery.

All the lovely colors there are . . all the beauty that can lighten and glorify the heart belong to Christmas. It is the time for unstinted giving . . to give . . to bestow without thought of return . . to give pleasure, health, life . . to give opportunity, to give richness, luxury. Sometimes taking away is giving . . to remove fear, loneliness, sickness. To give the unexpected, to obviate the drab, the conventional.

Your giving this year is doubly precious, its power multifold, its need infinite. Beyond the terrifying nightmare that this holiday may prove to be only a small, frustrated island of peace in a great sea of violence . . beyond the distant sound of restless waves that clench toward every shore are heard the distress calls of the hungry, the homeless, the bereaved.

Your giving can be strength for a great country . . as small in time as a vote at an election, as big in importance as the root of democracy. Your giving can mean life and lasting friendship.

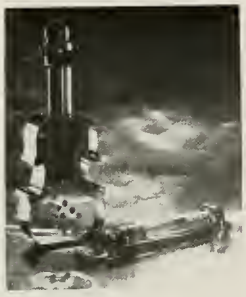
Your gift to the world can be the cost of a postage stamp . . three cents . . for a nutritious meal condensed to powder . . for strength and health and a fresh upsurge of hope.

Your gift to the world can be the cost of clearing out a closet, a musty trunk . . for warmth and protection, and even gaiety . . for what is gayer than new clothes?

To give . . to bestow without return . . did giving ever live down to the dictionary definition? This year you may give with wisdom, with quiet thought and an open heart . . and you may give with the hope of reward . . the reward of lasting peace.

The open heart . . this, too, is the color of Christmas.

she likes glitter . . .



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The "Oooh-I-love-it!" spot of her Christmas un-packaging—the surprise gift that hints of being luxury . . .

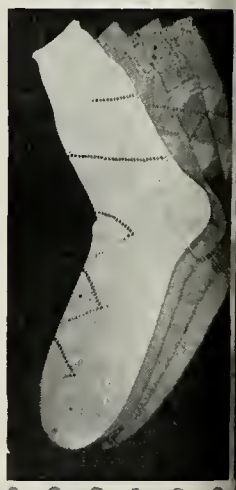
1. Perfume, exciting in package, exotic in scent . . . Sherry-Dunn's, "Violin"; complete, about $17.
2. A regal veil-snood . . . Marie Antoinette inspired. . . of misty, gold thread lace. By Marsha; about $25.
3. For fun, Hansi's knit ski hat, snow white, sparkling with technicolor sequin circles. About $6.
4. A trio of kid belts, gold and silver, festivity for holiday dresses, all Film Star; $10; $4; $4 each.
5. Four and a half wide inches of suede, looped with gold cord for pretty waist. Hollywood Vogue; $9.
6. Glamor for her slacks or dinner dresses, a wide sequin and gold center velvet belt by Powers. About $13.
7. Party dress for "cheaters" and compact . . . embroidered felt cases. California Accessories; $6 each.

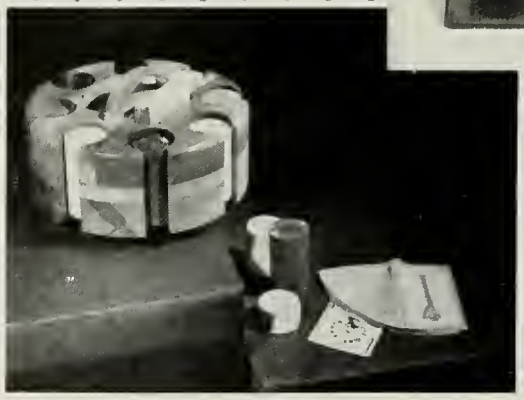
8. Triple-chain chatelaine caught by twin wing pins. By Maurice of Hollywood in sterling. About $19.
9. Two handsome pieces from Joseff. Chatelaine with detachable pins; about $15. Filigree bracelet; $10.
10. Shining metal leaves, large and silvery; linked to form a choker and bracelet. Bee Norton. $16 set.
11. Two chatelaine-pins . . . the first with link dangles; $16; second a heart, matching earrings; $21 set.
12. Jewel-encrusted pearls, choker and bracelet by Bee Norton. Choker, about $20; bracelet, about $12.
13. Roman coin chatelaine joined by braided mesh chain and charms. Biltmore Accessories. About $9.
14. Glitter sprinkled bag for gala evenings. Gold kid with zipper closing. Bee Stewart; about $55.
15. Lovely little theatre purse by Ben Brody of plush satin, with wide ruffled rim. About $20.

FOR THE STORES CARRYING THIS MERCHANDISE TURN TO PAGE 76

His gifts should be ruggedly masculine, compliment his ego, cater to his pet interests or hobby . . . be useful!

1. Micro-16 all-metal snapshot camera by Whittaker . . . small as a pack of cigarettes; about $24.50.
2. Tobacco-brown, one-buckle bluchers with platform sole and ramp heel by Casuals, Inc.; about $11.95.
3. White tropical rayon Thomas shirt with Kent collar; about $10. Tie . . . Hollyvogue foulard; $2.50.
4. Give him socks . . . male in color and pattern . . . as these argyle Gart-top hose by Cooper; about $1.25.
5. Courtley's toiletries for men: cologne, $2.50; shaving bowl, $1.50, and pre-shave lotion, $2.50.
6. A hand-carved leather belt and sterling silver buckle with gold overlay by J. A. Meyers; about $45.
7. For "the boys" . . . blond mahogany revolving poker chip rack by Associated Pacific; about $18.





8. Encourage his correspondence with a saddle-leather, fitted writing case by Frank Emmet; about $24.
9. Houndstooth worsted shirt by Thomas; about $20. Ties by Hollyvogue; wool, $1.50; foulard, $2.50.
10. New collector's item is this Violet Ross "Canine Bliss" ceramic set by Edw. R. Darvill; about $12.
11. Western-styled book ends in bronze by M. C. Wentz Company. Also in Old English brass; $20 pr.
12. "Toiletries in Gold" by King's Men in gold-fired containers: lotion, powder, shaving bowl; about $15.
13. Please a modern Izaak Walton with this aluminum fly casting reel by Associated Pacific; about $15.
14. Hand-carved wallet by B. & C. in sturdy cowhide with leather strip lacings and pockets. About $11.
15. Burton Limited designs simple, flat wallet for he-men. Polished calf with sterling motif. About $7.50.

he likes gusto . . .

10

11

12

13

14

15

gift

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4

Buy them by size, buy them by line .

buy them for "just-what-I-want

gasps from your favorite frien

(1) Jeweled Christmas trees appliqued

Suse's short, hand-knit cardig

made to order. (2) Cap-sleeved slipover

lush colors, soft wool, by Jantz

Deb sizes, 11-17; misses sizes 32-40.

Warm and western . . . Fuzzyla

suede and calfskin jacket, sizes 10

hat fit

6

Unwrap them Christmas morning, wear them Christmas night . . . (4) Silver sparkle on pastels . . . Barbara Claire's day-or-night gabardine jacket, sizes 10-18. On this page, Boxy little patio coats in bright wool felts that swing stiff as dolls' clothes, fit easy as a shirt. Both by Picture Modes. (5) Mandarin-collared, bracelet-sleeved; sizes 9-15. (6) The chevron is for service, because it goes over everything, every season. 9-15. Prices, stores on page 76.

dream

DREAM

dream

by the saucer's rim, set in space, close
to the stars . . . no world too near . . . none
too far: midnight exposure through filmy mists of cloud-
like enchantment . . . disarming by innocent
round-collared necklines, flowing angel sleeves,
extravagant, lovely fullness . . . all a kind of
whispering beauty . . . unfolding, lifting, enthralling.

PHOTO BY ERVEN JOURDAN

The gayest Christmas tree in years . . . blithe spirits relax in downy robes, in softest woolens, in sensuous satins. *Opposite page, left,* Linda's flannel come-late-to-breakfast coat, pocket embossed. *Center,* early-to-bed incentive . . . a stitched wool crepe robe; Meena's. *Right,* wool and rabbit's hair robe, softly tailored, snugly double-buttoned; Sir James. *This page, left,* contented cherub satin jacket; Doral. *Right,* Najala lounging pajamas with embroidered felt jacket, velvet trousers. All under $35.

FINE JEWELRY ACCENTS YOUR APPEARANCE AND PERSONALITY... CAN BLEND WITH YOUR CHARACTER AND PURSE...

Big-Wind-Howling-in-the-Trees threw the turquoise-studded saddle across the back of his steed and galloped swiftly into the Western sun. As the Navajo brave leaned over to pat the horse's side, his fingers felt reassuringly for the giant turquoise stones which he counted on to protect him in battle . . .

Because of an ancient superstition, the turquoise today is considered most appropriate of all gemstones for sportswear. And those who wear it have long since forgotten . . . if, indeed, they ever knew . . . that it once was considered protection against broken bones. Collectors of early fetishes have discovered, too, that aquamarine at one time was thought to cure laziness and carnelian to be an amulet against injury from a falling house.

Today it is different . . . no longer is jewelry selection a matter of guessing. More facts . . . and fewer fables . . . about precious stones are available because of an organization known as the Gemological Institute of America. Out of the Institute in recent years have come men and women, trained in the properties and classification of all gem minerals, who will tell you the hardness of alexandrite or the crystal structure of a ruby . . . almost before it's out of the case.

Due to education, it gradually is becoming obvious that precious gems—at least some of them—are within financial reach of all. Today, the demand is for spinel and amethyst, tourmaline, lapis and citrine . . . stones of lasting value whose price is not prohibitive for even moderate budgets.

A basic primer for lovers of fine gems might be written around these few simple reminders:

1. To be effective a piece of jewelry should either harmonize with or be in contrast to your costume. It should blend or accent, depending upon your personality and the nature of your ensemble.

2. Rings, in particular, must be suited to your physical type. A woman with short hands and blunt fingers should never wear a broad-cut ringstone. Rings, as well as pins, bracelets and brooches, may be designed especially for you and an estimate of the cost made by a registered jeweler or certified gemologist.

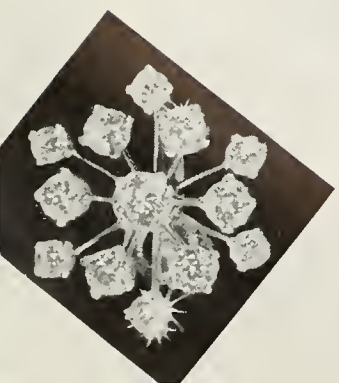
3. *Keep Your Jewelry Clean!* You wouldn't think of wearing a soiled dress. A little ammonia and a toothpick is all it takes. To envious admirers, it's the upkeep that counts.

4. Investigate to determine the different colors in which various gems may be obtained. Many a November-born gem-lover is unaware that her birthstone, topaz, comes in blue, green, pink and colorless hues, as well as yellow. Women whose favorite color is green, for example, have their choice of jewelry made from sapphire, peridot, alexandrite, chrysoberyl, zircon or jade . . . to mention but a few.

5. *Think* before you wear your jewels. All pieces, however beautiful, are not suitable for all occasions or costumes. The color, texture and brilliance of such stones as the diamond, pearl, ruby, sapphire and aquamarine are appropriate for formal wear, effective when worn with furs. For daytime many people prefer opaque stones . . . lapis, carnelian, amber, jade or turquoise. Star stones and opals also are popular with sportswear and even brilliant gems, if cut in cabochon (domed style), are appropriate.

6. Don't be frightened when styles in jewelry switch from gold to platinum and back again. Many women with platinum wedding rings, set with stones, have placed yellow gold guards on either side, thus giving themselves the privilege of wearing other jewelry fashioned from either colored metal.

Gems are for everyone



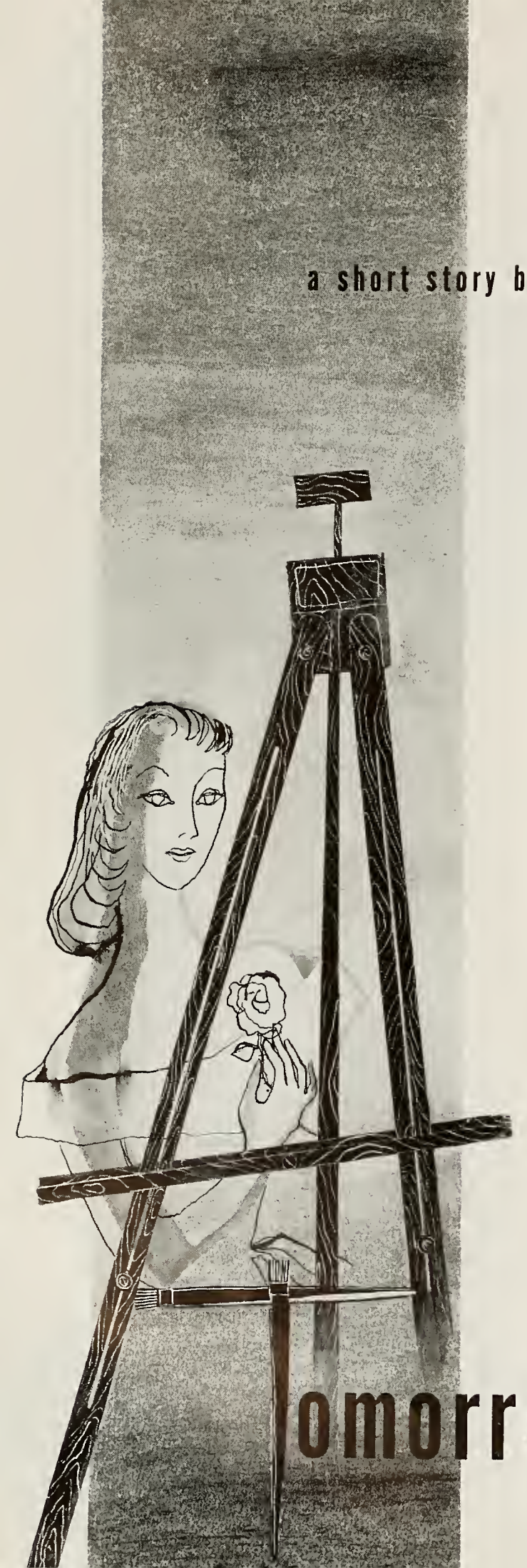
JEWELRY BY BROCK; DONOVAN AND SEAMANS

For every personality there is a distinct gemstone with a quality and character all its own. The woman who successfully analyzes her own type and chooses jewelry to match is an artist where her personal wardrobe is concerned.

Take the following gems, for example: *moonstone:* this is the stone for a person of great and quiet charm, whose personality is subtle rather than obvious: *topaz:* wearers of this gem might well be cheerful folk, sun lovers, whose tanned skin is complemented by the topaz' golden hue; *sapphire:* here is a stone for dependable people, faithful and sincere; *ruby:* sister stone to the sapphire, is synonymous with precious things. In India the discovery of a fine ruby is as important as the birth of a royal son.

Diamond: this is the gem for the universal person, cherished for its hardness and sparkle; *amethyst:* called a "bargain in beauty," this stone was far more valuable until further sources were uncovered (amethyst once was thought to be a cure for drunkenness); *emerald:* wearers of emerald should be dignified and queenly in type . . . the original superstition held that the stone would fade if its owner were unfaithful; *aquamarine:* this sister stone to the emerald will hold its color at night, is particularly appropriate for young girls; *zircon:* here is the gem of the successful woman, able, keen and active; *pearl:* suitable for sportswear or more formal costumes, it takes its color from its surroundings, is the symbol of compassion.

From the time of Cleopatra women have chosen to dramatize their personality with jewels. Like any collection, whether it be silver, paintings or antiques, the jewel collection should be acquired gradually, through the years, until it becomes a part of the personality of the person who owns it. Then the real nature of gems is evident and they truly may be called precious stones.



a short story by clayre lipman

tomorrow's tuesday

● Melissa watched the portrait painter closely, hardly aware of the ache slowly spreading downward from her shoulders. Surely he would stop now. After the next stroke he'll lay the brush down.

Was she prepared for his next move? Fear caught at her and without moving her body, she felt along the chair seat until her fingers found the bead-like glass head of the long hat pin she'd secreted there.

From her mother she'd acquired a fear of being alone; a fear of strange men—of any man. With that quick, nervous flutter of pale hands she remembered so well, her mother had said, "You have to be careful with men, Melissa. They might look like gentlemen, but you can never be sure." Had her mother really been afraid of men, or had she tied Melissa to her through fear?

Was Rolland Stern really a gentleman? At their first meeting she hadn't thought about anything except how handsome he was. They'd talked, very casually, very impersonally, and out of the conversation had come the commission to paint her portrait; the date set.

For a week Melissa had moved in a strange world of delicious apprehension. Now that the day had arrived she felt an uncomfortable beat at the pit of her stomach and a thumping at the top of her head. She had, she knew, missed many things in her life. She'd given without regret what seemed like a million years of devotion to her parents.

There had been her father's stroke when she was fifteen; followed by years of amusing, nursing and reading to him. Then when he was gone, there had been her mother's semi-invalidism. Last month had brought release and surprisingly, Melissa was no lonelier now than she had been, except that there were times when she could hardly breathe with the wonder of her freedom. She wanted to reach out for everything at once; experience in an hour a lifetime of living. And she didn't know how.

Her violet eyes, dark with dreams unfulfilled, narrowed as the artist began putting his brushes down, but she saw at once it was only to open another tube of paint.

She sat immobile, aware of her hair where it pulled at her throbbing temples. She'd tried to hide the streak of white that was beginning to widen over her left brow. He'd insisted she brush it back and upward and she hadn't argued with him. She was used to taking orders, besides

the new hair-do made her eyes appear larger and more mysterious and gave Melissa a strange feeling of daring that caused new fears to permeate her being.

Putting the brushes down with a gesture of finality, the artist wiped his fingers and at once a vibrating expectancy filled the high-ceilinged room.

He *was* stopping now.

Standing, Rolland Stern was tall, broad of shoulder, and his dark hair under the north light was like restless midnight. There was something about him that reminded Melissa of Roger Allison. She'd passed Roger on Cloud View Trail only yesterday. They'd nodded and continued on their separate ways.

The artist's eyes searched the canvas and then rested upon her face with a warm, yet penetrating, intensity. Doctors, she knew, had their codes of honor, of ethics. Certain things were understood. She wondered about artists, and she shivered as he said, "You can drop the pose, Miss Langford. But no peeking!"

"I won't peek." She was afraid, suddenly. What did his brush strokes reveal? At first glance she'd admired his portraits of Betty and Elizabeth. But at closer view she felt cheated. While he'd painted her friends exactly as she knew them to be she'd always imagined a portrait as something very special; something more than just a surface likeness, some new meaning or secret characteristic revealed by the artist's brush. A quality lacking in photography, for instance. Some inner translucent beauty, or ugliness.

"You must be tired," he said. "We've been at it for quite a while. Perhaps a cup of tea—"

She got up slowly, careful of the rose-colored taffeta gown which, because of the drop-shoulder line, she'd purchased for the portrait. It had an air of romance about it; a sophistication that she hadn't been able to resist. And the dress, with its net bodice embroidered in seed pearls and daring neckline had somehow permeated Melissa's mind until she, too, felt daring and sophisticated.

"Perhaps you'll have a cup of tea, Mr. Stern?"

"Yes," he said, continuing his close study of the canvas. "Thank you."

In the kitchen, Melissa sliced a complete loaf of nut bread she'd baked for the annual food sale, filled two cut-glass dishes with orange marmalade and strawberry jam, made the tea and hurriedly set the old-fashioned tea service on a low table before the fire.

There was something almost fantastic in the picture they made, she thought. Having a man to tea was enchanting and delightfully intimate.

She watched him as she spread a generous helping of the marmalade on a thin slice of the nut bread. Which jam would Roger have chosen, she wondered. They'd lived in Bayerre for years and she didn't know what kind of jam Roger liked. Why hadn't she asked him to tea?

"This room is lovely," Rolland said. "It has a quaint kind of harmony that I like."

He was making conversation until tea would be over, preparatory to—to what, she mused, her heart racing. His dark head was within distance of her hand and she wanted to run her fingers through its luxuriant blackness . . . so like Roger's in texture.

She controlled the impulse with difficulty and thought about Roger. She wondered if he still remembered Sally. Lovely, blonde Sally Allison who'd twisted her ankle—she'd always worn the most frivolous shoes—and plunged over a cliff at Cannes in 1939. Roger had moved into the Hotel Bayerre upon his return and he hadn't remarried. He was her banker and she reminded herself to consult him about selling her house. It was much too large for one person and she was tired of its demands, its loneliness. A small apartment would be cozier she tried to reason, knowing that what the house really needed was laughter and happy living—a man's voice booming through the hallways.

Rolland's voice brought her back to the present and she offered him a second cup of tea. He refused. "Let's have another go at it, Miss Langford. The light is still good."

He didn't attempt to touch her as she swept by him to resume her pose, just as the grandfather's clock in the hall chimed four. The first sitting usually was the longest, she knew. Betty had six and Elizabeth five. She took the pose wishing he'd talk, but of course he couldn't carry on a conversation and do justice to his work. Maybe tomorrow he would.

A sense of deep loneliness flooded her being, and her

(*Continued on page 72*)

Frightening . . insatiable . . man's all-consuming thirst for knowledge of what lies beyond . . what's out there in the blue-black heavens . . on the planets . . on the brightest of stars . . are there people . . do they see us . . will they attack us . . do they prophesy the beginning or the ending of our time . . the earth and its people soon may know . .

Every day a small number of men and women, like modern pilgrims, climbs the steps to the top of a silver-domed building which stands on the very summit of Palomar Mountain in Southern California. They pause for a moment to catch their breath, then turn curiously toward the building's one room, one occupant, one reason for being . . . the biggest telescope in the world.

To some of them it looks like nothing but a gray giant, a fantastic apparatus of Buck Rogers' dimensions. But to others it is a six-million-dollar experiment in infinity. For the 200-inch reflecting telescope to be installed in Palomar Observatory was started, on paper, almost 20 years ago with the admitted purpose of studying not the moon, or the sun or stars, but the very boundaries of space itself. Through its gargantuan telescopic eye astronomers will take pictures of objects whose address, in the universe, is 1,000,000,000 light-years away. (Multiply one billion by 186,363—the number of miles light travels in one second; then multiply that by the seconds in one year!)

Sometime in late 1947 an outsize delivery truck will lumber up the side of Palomar Mountain carrying the reflector, a piece of glass 16¾ feet in diameter, poured in its molten state about 12 years ago in Corning, New York.

...will man's ingenuity, six million dollars and twelve years of heart-rending labor give us, at last, an eye for the infinity of space and of time?...the world's largest telescope on Palomar Mountain in California covets the answer for our generation...

It faces infinity!

That was on December 2, 1934. It took two crews of ladlers six hours before the giant mold was filled with hot glass. For two months after that it soaked at a steady temperature. For eight more months it cooled.

It was 1936 . . . two years of heartbreaking endeavor . . . before the reflector finally left Corning, and then it began one of the most amazing journeys in American transportation history. Insured by Lloyd's of London for $100,000, it traveled in a special car along a special route, while limited trains and crack flyers ground to a stop to give it the right of way. Top railroad executives from all over the nation took a turn at riding with the glass and trainmen scratched their initials freely on its crate. During the day it moved along at 25 miles an hour, but each night the valuable cargo was hauled onto a side track and a battery of floodlights played on it while four uniformed railroad police patrolled the siding with loaded rifles.

In some towns school was recessed for the day in order that the children might glimpse this history-making venture. Across the Rockies the "Telescope Special" proceeded at a bare five miles an hour, while all hands ran along beside it, fairly feeling of the track with their hands. At one place in Arizona where a tunnel proved too low for clearance, all transcontinental traffic was stopped while the special car was shunted off onto eastgoing tracks. Sixteen days it took to cross the country, and when finally the famous train pulled into Pasadena nearly every newspaper, newsreel and wire service correspondent in America was on hand to greet it.

Indeed, almost everyone in Southern California was there except the astronomy staff from the California Institute of Technology (scientists have an allergy to fanfare!). It was three years before Dr. John Anderson of the Institute would admit that in the course of his usual morning drive that day he had "happened" to pull up before a lonely railroad crossing many miles out in the country. There he sat and watched the reflector go by—the 200-inch disc of glass with which he would work for a major part of his life.

But the reflector was only one part of the telescope. The steel tubes and beams that bear the massive instrument were so huge that many of them had to be shipped by way of the Panama Canal. Only one milling machine in the world was large enough to cut the smooth outer surface of the telescope—the same machine that made the mammoth parts for Boulder Dam. Engineers worked side by side with machinists during this period, solving problems never encountered before, breaking old records and setting fantastic new ones.

Today ten men live atop Palomar Mountain . . . ten men whose job it is to prepare the observatory for its eventual use. They live in comfortably insulated, steam-heated homes with water and electricity which is produced quite independently from the rest of the world . . . there upon the mountain. It is not surprising that those who tend and nurture one of man's greatest machines speak of their home as "The Monastery." They are, indeed, cut off from this earth.

Since the observatory building was erected, visiting astronomers and astrophysicists from France and Egypt, from England, Finland and countries all over the world have come to study and marvel at this newest gamble, this most recent invention of mankind.

Once it is completed, the telescope will be operated by a staff from the California Institute of Technology in conjunction with the 100-inch telescope at Mt. Wilson, California. Qualified astronomers, however, always will be welcome at Palomar, regardless of their race or creed, or the nation from which they come. Helping in the task of observation will be three "finder" or companion telescopes whose separate silver domes sprout forth on the Palomar Mountain top like so many mushrooms next some forest giant.

Many men—and women—deserve the credit for Palomar. The designers and engineers, machinists, the workers who dug the foundation, mathematicians, computers, opticians (who, even today, are still polishing the glass). The finest minds in the world have contributed to this mammoth project in the Southern California mountains; but one man, George Hale, pioneered the Palomar telescope.

It was Dr. Hale who first convinced Charles T. Yerkes that he should build the famous Yerkes Observatory in 1892; Hale was one of the first to use a spectroscope and photographic plate to capture the image of the stars (previous astronomers had depended on the naked eye). This was the beginning of astrophysics — the marriage of astronomy and earth-bound science which enabled man to discover helium and the all-important ingredient of today's atom bomb—uranium. Co-founder of the observatory at Mt. Wilson, Dr. Hale died a few years ago, but his fellow workers on Palomar and at the Institute are still inspired by his life-long enthusiasm for exploring the absolute

(*Continued on page 72*)

BY JUNE BARTH

fit for fun

dinner, tea, open house, theater, one party after another, fun, fun, scheduled from Thanksgiving through to a New Year, from noon into the wee hours! Can you take it? Here are four points of attack... four ways to insure against the last-minute rush of holiday jollity...

your body

The secret of looking your best is still the secret of feeling your best. And the secret of feeling your best, as revealed unanimously by experts, is accomplished by relaxing. When you arrive home from work, or while the turkey is baking safely in the oven, try this, and see how much better you feel all evening long!

By means of hard pillows, chairs or table, fix yourself a place to lie down, face-up, full length, so that your head is at least ten inches lower than your feet. This position not only allows much-used leg and back muscles complete ease, it stimulates invigorating circulation through the upper half of your body where circulation often slows down or becomes sluggish. Ten minutes a day like this in a semi-darkened, quiet room, is considered by some worth two hours' sleep.

While resting thus, you couldn't pick a better time to have a facial. Just before you lie down, pat on a dual-purpose cleansing and tissue cream . . . or if you prefer, buy one of the special facial creams for just this purpose. Besides cleansing and lubricating, it will whiten and nourish, too. The pepped-up circulation toward your face will be almost the same as a professional face massage.

your hands

The day before your first big round of parties is the time to give yourself a complete and careful manicure. And before you go to bed is an ideal time.

Begin very professionally by soaking your nails in a bowl of warm water to which has been added a teaspoon or two of oil. Then, lightly and firmly, buff your nails. Buffing has two wonderful results . . . it stimulates circulation, helping your nails grow long and strong, and it dries so that polish clings longer. Clean each nail and file rough edges. Then paint. Choose the lightest color you will be wearing in the next few days for your first coat. Later you can re-coat with a darker shade.

Don't be afraid to put one color over another—the effect is individual! Use a fairly full brush and move toward the tip of the nail, letting the brush spread to the edges. And do your left hand first—unless you are left handed. With a little practice you should be able to apply polish in two strokes. Wipe off run-over places with tissue. Then apply a quick-dry seal coat . . . there's one now that contains a cuticle softening agent . . . and push back your cuticle. The second day it's a good idea to put on a second coat of polish, and over that, a second seal-coat. Each night you can add a fresh coat of sealing for protection and brightness.

Make repairs promptly . . . sometimes you can add just a fresh dab of polish and use the seal-coat to smooth out the rough spots. Remember your hands, too. Use hand lotion generously in cold weather, and always rinse them in cold water.

your hair

Late hours, smoke-filled rooms, too many extra pieces of candy and rich holiday desserts take their toll right off the top of your head. Dry hair becomes drier; oily hair becomes more oily. The remedy would be regular, expert scalp treatments, but with a full social-calendar, a quicker antidote is the dry shampoo. Maybe you've thought a dry shampoo is just for oily hair. It *does* work wonders for hair that is oily, and if you have this problem, a dry shampoo every five or six days can be your salvation. But dry hair reaps riches from this ingenious method, too! Make every other shampoo a dry one and you'll find fewer brittle, broken ends, more lasting shine in your locks.

One of the best dry shampoos is the one that comes with a clever mitt applicator. You dust the shampoo through your hair in no time, then take your own hair brush—spanking clean, of course—and brush close to the scalp in short, quick strokes 'till all the shampoo is out, and with it, superficial dirt, dust and stale oils that clog the body of your hair. There you are, clean, shining hair, curl and wave intact.

Oh, curl and wave not intact after all that brushing? Do this: pour a light waving solution into an atomizer—the ten-cent store has them again—and spray it gingerly through your hair. Then gently push the wave back into place, tuck in a few strategic bobby pins and dry. After you comb it out, you might like the added luster and softness from a non-scented brilliantine spray.

your wardrobe

While invitations pour in and life grows gayer by the hour, a brief reconnaissance through your closet will prevent many problems later on. Plan your what-to-wear-when as far ahead as possible. Look with an eye to what needs pepping-up . . . maybe a new satin ribbon for an old black dress, a big flower for a basic wool, a change of belts here, a chunky piece of jewelry there.

Begin to think exactly what you will wear when, by arranging your clothes in wearing order on the closet rack. Check your accessories, gloves, hair ornaments and hankies now, too. If you have luncheon, tea and dinner scheduled all in one day, press these things all at once, while the iron is hot. Use a pressing "mitt"—it's almost a can't-do-without for sleeves and shoulders and works wonders when dampened for woolens. When you're really rushed, iron just the pleats of a skirt . . . just the collar and neckline of a blouse. Help a much sat-in skirt back to shape by pressing with a hot, damp cloth underneath it, next to the board, and a piece of wrapping paper over it, next to the iron. Hang velveteen and taffeta in the bathroom while you're taking a shower—they'll unwrinkle magically. Brush all your clothes—especially across the back of the shoulders—ahead of time too; and when you press keep a small bottle of cleaning fluid handy to remove noticeable spots.

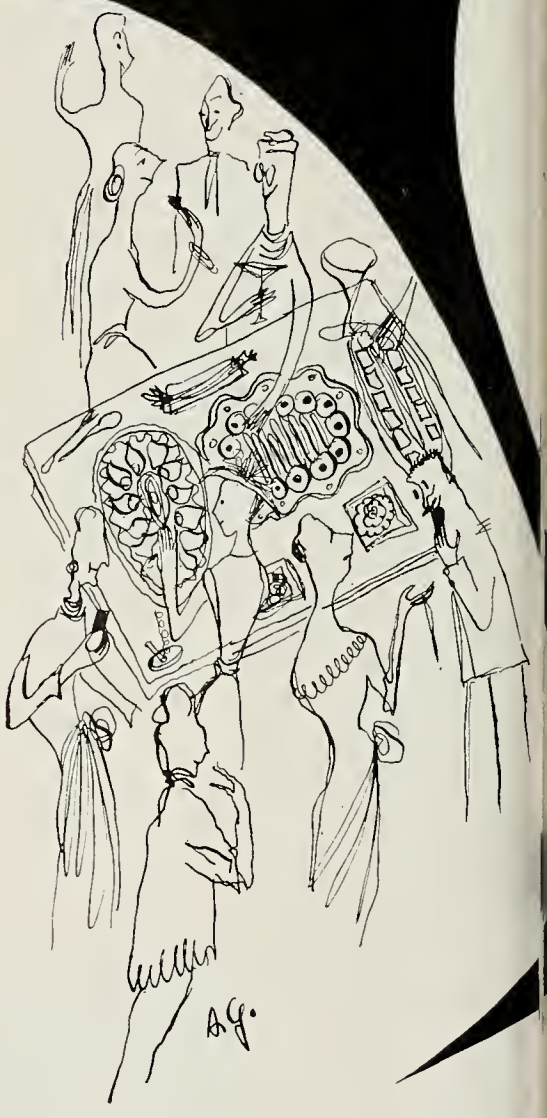
Now's your chance for that stitch-in-time, hem, seam, and button reinforcement, cuff and dickey anchorage. Check to be sure shoulder pads will not slip awry . . . that slips won't peek out when you walk or dance. All these little investments made now pay big dividends . . . in time and temper when you're dressing!

by sharon terrill

BY HELEN EVANS BROWN

california COOKS

CAPTURE THE SPIRIT OF HOLIDAY . . .
WITH ENTERTAINING THAT'S EASY,
INFORMAL, INDIVIDUAL . . .



Entertaining is the order of the November day, and a cocktail party is the easiest, smartest, funnest way to do it.

Easy: because even if you have to put out with plenty of work beforehand, you can be the relaxed and carefree hostess when the guests arrive.

Smart: because you can ask scores of people, thus getting your social ledger from the red to the black in one swell swoop.

And fun: because everyone will enjoy it in his own particular way, even unto the teetotaler who sips grapefruit juice in a superior manner. And there will be plenty to talk about, for so spectacular will be the food you serve that even the November elections will be out of the conversational picture.

Being a cocktail party, you'll have to have something to drink, but that's up to that man you have around . . . you concentrate on the eats, plenty of them and in variety. No canapés, though . . . or do you like soggy pieces of toast with a little fish paste on them and squiggles of cream cheese rolling off their edges? Me, I go for cold hors d'oeuvres that can be made in the morning . . . some even the day before . . . and kept in the refrigerator until you're ready to serve them. Better arrange several platters of them so that when the raid starts you'll be sure of your reinforcements. Then, too, you'll want hot hors d'oeuvres . . . lots of them. These can be made the day before, even

two days before, then reheated in the oven as you need them. Better have help to bend over that hot stove, though. A hostess with a flushed face will never do, especially at a cocktail crush!

First on the agenda is a batch of bread or plain roll dough, and don't say you don't know how. Any standard cook book will have a recipe, so, easy for you. Now divide this beautiful dough you've just made into two parts. One you will use for pizzas:

pizzas

Roll your dough until not any thicker than an eighth of an inch. Cut it into rounds with a cookie cutter. Now arrange your dough circles on a pan which has been liberally painted with olive oil, the olive oil having had a crushed clove of garlic reposing in it beforehand. Paint your pizzas with this same olive oil, and then put a thin slice of tomato on each one, trying to use tomatoes that are just a tiny bit smaller than your circles. Top the tomatoes with several rings of onion. (Slice the onion thin as a knife blade and divide the concentric circles). Next, cross a couple of pieces of fflet of anchovies on top, and in the four resultant quarters put large chunks of meaty ripe olives. Mask the whole thing with grated cheese—a good cheddar or a parmesan—and add just a sprinkle of that same old garlicky olive oil. Let the pizzas rise, then bake them in the oven at 450° until brown. Don't overbrown, though. Remember these delectables have to be reheated come party time.

miniature hamburgers

The rest of that dough you'll use to make tiny hamburger rolls. Roll the dough a quarter of an inch thick this time, and cut with a circular cutter 1¾ inches in diameter. When they've attained their proper proportions, bake them until a nice light tan. These, as if you hadn't guessed, you will split, butter, and use to encase the tiniest hamburgers you can manage. Season your ground round well, and cook them but barely in a little butter. Adorn each hamburger with a very thin slice of a very small onion. These are fun—make plenty.

quickies

Just in case you think I think you haven't a thing to do but cook, I'll give you a few easy ideas. Use canned or frozen codfish balls or corned beef hash. Add a little salt and pepper to it, roll it into tiny balls, then in flour, and fry in deep fat at 300° until brown and crispy. (Make your own codfish balls or corned beef hash if you wish. That same cook book has the recipes.) Then there are chicken livers en brochette. Easy, this: wrap a bit of bacon around a bit of raw chicken liver, impale it on a toothpick, and broil until the bacon's crispy. And pigs-in-blankets. I was brought up to believe they were oysters wrapped in bacon and broiled, but there are those in the gastronomical know who claim that a bacon-wrapped stuffed olive is the thing, and I've heard of little sausages wrapped in biscuit dough (or pie crust) called pigs-in-blankets. The last makes sense, but all three make good eating.

Now that you're all rested from those easy savories you have just made, let's get back to work and make some

piroshki

Make a pastry with a quarter-pound of butter, four cups of flour, a teaspoon of salt, a whole egg, and enough sour cream to hold the mixture together. Roll very thin and cut in circles about 2½ inches across. Put a teaspoonful of filling on each, fold over, pinch edges together and paint the tops with beaten egg. Bake at 425° until you-know-when. The filling may be either meat or fish or both. Make it by using two pounds of chopped beef or chopped cooked fish. Add to this a large onion browned in three tablespoons of butter, fresh ground pepper and a teaspoon of salt. Add two chopped hardboiled eggs, and moisten with stock or sour cream until you have a paste. Piroshki are as Russian as Bortsch, and are served in their native land as an accompaniment to that soup. They're tops with cocktails, though, you and your guests will agree.

Now on to those cold palate teasers . . .

stuffed mushrooms

Select fresh mushrooms as uniform as half-dollars and about the same size. Wash them with a damp cloth, but don't soak away their goodness. Remove the stems and save them for mushroom soup or such. Cook the mushrooms ever so gently in salad oil, using a quarter-cup to a pound of the fungi. In five minutes they will be ready to drain and salt and cool. (Because you've used oil instead of butter, the cooling process won't leave them with lumps of cold fat to spoil their beauty.) Mince some turkey meat or, if you've heard enough turkey talk this month, some chicken, or shrimp, or crabmeat. Mix it with a little mayonnaise and some finely chopped celery or almonds, and fill the mushroom caps with the mixture. A tiny dash of paprika is garnish enough—they won't last long enough to be admired anyway.

more quickies — cold

Spread strips of smoked salmon with cream cheese mixed with chopped ripe olives, roll them up and spear them with a toothpick. Snip them in pieces with the kitchen shears. Do the same with chipped beef, but season the cream cheese with freshly grated horseradish. Spread the filling very thick, so that when you use the scissors technique you'll have neat little tidbits the shape of a pillow —if you follow me. Another idea is to form pate de fois gras or mashed liverwurst into tiny balls, then roll the balls in chopped pistachio nuts. Or stuff pitted ripe olives with bits of luscious smoked salmon. Or cut cheddar into little cubes, scoop out a little hollow, and plunk in a bit of chutney. Or quickest of all, possibly best of all, and certainly the most expensive—serve caviar, icy cold, with hot buttered melba toast . . . and maybe a champagne cocktail. Thirsty?

"laura" is more than a dream...

THE TERRIFIC GENE TIERNEY EXHIBITS AN INTERNATIONAL SEX APPEAL . . .

Wouldn't it be amazing to sit in front of your mirror and see a face of exotic loveliness . . . then drive down the boulevards and see that same sultry beauty photographed on billboards bigger than a house . . . see it under theatre marquees and even plastered on the walls of the tallest buildings?

It's just an idea, a provocative thought, but it puts you in the place of a famous star like Gene Tierney. And it may help you to appreciate how one can be so completely unaffected and unassuming when continually in the spotlight of Hollywood.

These were the thoughts that flicked through my mind as we watched this distinguished actress on the lot, patiently posing for photographs with some huge, plunging, fierce-looking mastiffs. It was just a job to be done, but it certainly wasn't work for Gene Tierney to look beautiful and desirable. This is the girl whose romantic appearance has led to her playing more different nationalities than befalls most stars. As her studio says it, she has sex appeal in any language including the Scandinavian.

Gene Tierney was a Polynesian in "Son of Fury," an Eurasian in "Shanghai Gesture," an Arabian in "Sundown," and a full-blooded Chinese in "China Girl." More than that, she has been a typical frontier gal, an English aristocrat . . . and a sophisticated New Yorker, "Laura." That'll give you some idea.

To add to her cosmopolitan qualifications, Gene Tierney could claim the title of Countess. Her husband is Count Oleg Cassini, but both prefer the titles of Mr. and Mrs.

"Oleg creates all my clothes." Miss Tierney will tell you proudly, commenting on the custom designing which has earned him a widespread reputation. As we talked, she flaunted the blaring red coachman's coat which had been inspired by her particular beauty . . . a mutually flattering combination.

Once through her appointments in the studio, Miss Tierney appeared relieved . . . although her manner "on parade" and personally is still the same. She just can't help being dramatic in every movement, every glance.

She "couldn't help" being a star, either. She had the upbringing of a normal American girl with family advantages: Miss Porter's school in Farmington; St. Margaret's School in Waterbury; and Brillmont at Lausanne, Switzerland.

That, her parents thought, should have given her the proper background for a sedate young lady of society. But Miss Tierney wasn't made for the pink tea routine. She resolved to get on the stage, and her father "chaperoned" her, feeling secure that no producer would hire an inexperienced girl and he could take her back home in a trice. But George Abbott hired her on the spot. And her career has been an endless succession of screen roles, each a decisive challenge to her abilities.

In private life, Mr. and Mrs. Cassini live quietly . . . in a manner far from the bedazzling, bedevilling life of Hollywood. They have a five-room cottage which they are decorating themselves. In fact, they moved in like many a newlywed before there were more than a few sticks of furniture. Gene spends conscientious hours in the garden, her far-famed "allure" concentrated on making flowers grow. She is a fine horsewoman, tennis player and all-around athlete . . . another contradiction to her appearance . . . and finds time to crowd her favorite sports into a busy program.

For her personal wardrobe, she depends on her husband for the richly beautiful costume suits and evening wear in which he specializes: applauds his distinguished use of black and gray and white, his flair for color. But for casual things she leans toward the conservative, soft colorings . . . although of the two she is more prone to experiment in matters of current trends.

She is extremely proud of the clothes she wears in "The Razor's Edge," one of the most significant pictures produced by Darryl Zanuck for 20th Century-Fox. These were designed for her by her husband, who is well-known both for his studio creations and his custom line . . . established after extensive study and experience in the most fashionable of Europe's capitals.

BY MARTA BLACKSTONE

GENE TIERNEY → *currently appearing in "The Razor's Edge," 20th Century-Fox opus, wears this fiery coachman's coat designed for her by her husband, Count Oleg Cassini. It's of softest Leda cloth with removable collar revealing its double in contrasting velveteen.*

PHOTO BY FRANK POWOLNY

festive formals

Three silhouettes for exciting evenings ahead.

This page, Marsha's

touched-with-silver dinner blouse plays up to long or short velvet skirt.

Sizes 10 to 16; about $135, at Joseph Magnin's, San Francisco; Crowley Milner, Detroit.

Opposite page, left, mysterious magic of black lace by Jourdelle of

Hollywood. Mallinson crepe folds, drapes; 9 to 15; about

$30, at Nancy's, Hollywood; Mandel Bros., Chicago.

Far right, swish is the taffeta and sparked with sequins. Demoiselle's

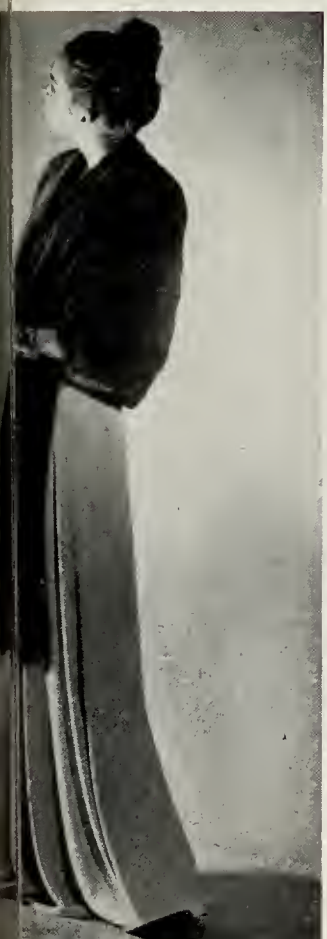
formal with Stunzi crepe top. Sizes 8 to 18, 9-15; about $50,

at Buffums' Long Beach; The Bon Marche, Seattle.

Festives for this page, left to right: Jeweled suede hood by Billi flows into one long glove. Blues in the night, Helen of California's rayon marquisette formal about $30, at Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Metal cloth stripes on bouffant skirt from Peggy Hunt. Next. Eleanor Green bares a shoulder, drapes a skirt; under $20, at May Co., Los Angeles; Younkers, Des Moines. Opposite page, above: salute to stripes by Marion McCoy. Below, Marbert features dip-down belt, trailing hemline; about $35, at Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; L. S. Donaldson, Minneapolis. Right, Marvian's cowled bertha collar; about $40, at The Broadway, Los Angeles; The Bon Marche, Sacramento.

Fred Mathews

furs...regal and prophetic

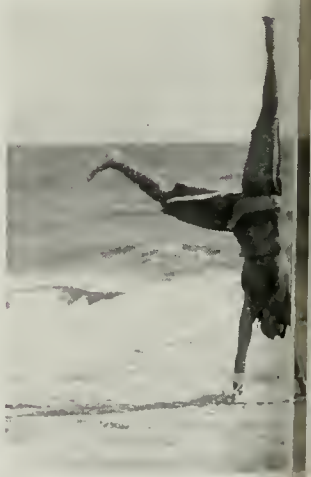


Reflecting your new mood of elegance in dress and disposition . . . This winter you'll choose your favorite furs in silver blues, in champagne, sauterne, butter beige, mist blue . . . in a rich range of new, face-flattering shades. You'll discover the perfection, the matchless grace of the fur stole and its close friend, the longer, full-sweeping cape. You'll like the new tunic-jacket; belted, collared and cuffed, styled with all the suppleness of fine cloth. From new winter collections, *lower left*, a rounded stole of platinum mink. *Upper left*, stone marten cape in muted hue. *Upper right*, broadtail tunic jacket, blue gray in color.

Opposite page: Patricia Morison, singer and star recently seen in Universal's "Danger Woman," wears a stole of cloud white fox

• WINTER SUNNING ON A HARD-PACKED BEACH . . . SPRING TANNING AT A DESERT OASIS . . . PLAYTIME IS AHEAD, PLANTIME IS NOW. NEXT YEAR, YOU'LL GO MIDRIFF-MODEST, SHOULDER BARE, AS, *OPPOSITE*, ZUKIN'S PLAYSUIT OF DAN RIVER COTTON WITH SIDE-PLEATED, TIE-AROUND SKIRT. UNDER $23; AVAILABLE AFTER DECEMBER 1.

shoulders show . . . Midriffs hide



• STRIPES WILL BE WIDER, COLORS WILL BE GAYER, WOVEN OF A PIECE. *ABOVE*, LOUELLA BALLERINO USES GUATEMALAN COTTON, MAKES A THREE-PIECE PLAYSUIT WITH DIAMONDED STRIPES . . . MIDRIFF MEETS SNUGLY. *RIGHT*, SHE PUTS A BIB TOP (LIKE OVERALLS) ON PEDAL PUSHERS OF LUSTY PLAID. BOTH AVAILABLE AFTER DECEMBER 1.

NOVEMBER WEATHER DATA

	Los Angeles	San Francisco
Average Maximum	72.7	62.9
Average Minimum	51.2	50.7
Highest	96	83
Lowest	34	38
Percentage of sunshine	79	63
Precipitation	1.08	2.45

if your big reunion calls for california be fashion-wise with a sophisticated wardrobe of interesting variety . . . .

California has a come-hither gleam in her eye this month as she looks upon wandering sons and daughters, and relatives who once more can hit the rails and trails for a glorious family reunion with all the holiday trimmings.

So if you are scheduling a sentimental journey to the hospitable west, here are a few what-to-wear suggestions right from headquarters.

All rumors to the contrary, there is a winter season in California, fashionably speaking, at least . . . so bring (or better wear) your dark suit for travel, for gad-about and shopping once you arrive. A warm topper is a must . . . a fur coat is an economy when you figure it does double duty for service and for the glamorous approach.

For family get-togethers, you might make an entrance in a colorful daytime costume . . . a bright wool or knit . . . something to reflect the joyous spirit of the season and to impress infrequently seen relatives with your glowing youth or indestructible charm, as the case may be!

The sophisticated dark frock which goes to cocktails, to dinner and on to theatre and dancing is a practical idea if your plans include such social doings. The separate long skirt, with choice of beaded sweater, frothy or gleaming blouse, is another idea for holiday packing. Its mix-match propensities with a brief skirt make it invaluable.

In any case, accessories in the holiday mood!

The nice thing about California, though, is its variety. So be prepared for some of those unusual "high fogs" (rainy weather, to you) . . . bring sun clothes and swim wear and light-bright sportswear or prints if you plan to trek to Palm Springs, just 120 miles away . . . bring slacks and warm woolies if you expect to hit the high spots at Lake Arrowhead or Big Bear where real Indian summer (and a possible white Christmas) provide most exciting seasonal changes.

These are the extremes, the most likely experiences and excursions for your California visit. But remember that November and December, too, have their warm days, so bring softly casual sportswear . . . even slacks or pedal-pushers. . . for carefree hours outdoors.

And socially speaking, this is an extremely busy season, with special events running the gamut from football to opera, from legitimate theatre to the racing season at Santa Anita . . . with your own good taste dictating appropriate clothes.

In other words, anticipate your probable itinerary and come prepared for everything! . . . or map your trip down to the last detail. But cast one eye on the weather chart (above) just to keep you in tempo with the temperature of a holiday in California.

By Malcolm Steinlauf

it's new...for that man

THE CALIFORNIAN'S PREVIEW PEEK AT PALM SPRINGS REVEALS REVOLUTION IN HIS NEW WEARABLES . . . FOR RESORTWEAR . . . FOR YOUR SUMMER . . . YOUR SPRING

There was a revolution a week or so ago.

It started in the tiny desert village of Palm Springs, a township in Southern California, and although its effects will be felt throughout the nation, all in all it had a very quiet sort of beginning.

There was no bloodshed; no casualties were reported; and at last count there were no tiffs. The entire affair took place in the brief space of one afternoon, and although the townspeople knew of it, the majority of the participants were out-of-towners. In fact most of those present were from out-of-state.

To be even more factual, one could report that this uprising had its birth when a few men dressed in some new clothes walked around the edge of a tiled swimming pool at Palm Springs. I know it sounds fantastic. But that's exactly how the thing started and the revolt, oddly enough, was in the field of men's fashion.

What happened was that the very style-conscious California designers and makers of men's and boys' clothing . . . those who blend the California-way-of-life into their apparel . . . held their second annual fashion show at Palm Springs. More than two thousand persons . . . manufacturers, buyers and the press . . . were in attendance, watching the unique style show.

Sensational items were shown that day, among them an entirely new type of five-piece evening dress outfit, consisting of shirt, suit, tie, hat and shoes. The dress shirt violated all precepts by being made of very soft material, with eight front pleats and a soft, long-pointed casual collar. An extra long tail was designed to keep the shirt in place and a series of buckles and flat front-facing gave the garment the appearance of both shirt and evening vest when worn with dinner coat.

The dinner coat itself was part of a new evening suit featuring a cardigan jacket and slacks of new lightweight material. The cardigan was cut in somewhat the approved dinner jacket manner, but was minus the bulky lapels. Side pockets were cut on a bias. Accessories featured casual evening shoes, designed for comfort, a bright new dinnerwear bow tie and a special dress hat.

There literally were hundreds of innovations shown or suggested for casual or leisure shirts to make them more acceptable than ever for all-around use. One manufacturer designed a new type of pocket with a side opening so that small items easily may be slipped in and out. Another new idea in a casual shirt was the use of a knit jersey fabric permitting stretch only in the horizontal direction. Shirts of this fabric will be extra comfortable for the active sportsman, yet never lose their shape under the most bruising laundering.

Suggestions of other new wearables included items such as a shirt with tie attached—the tie being a continuation of the shirt neckband. This would make shirt and tie fabric match and eliminate an extra thickness around the throat while doing away with the top button. The closure is effected when the tie is tied.

A new type bathrobe sleeve won acclaim also. It was so finished that it allowed for various cuff lengths, yet retained its stylishness. New comfort features were important items in each of the newly designed slacks revealed at the showing.

New fabrics and new designs were featured in sport coats.

This comfortable and stylish clothing will be seen on the shelves of the finer, smarter men's shops throughout the country sometime next year.

A new approach to living, to wearing apparel is in the air. Men, be ready for its invigorating freshness!

A few of the items shown at the Palm Springs preview were sketched in color by our fashion artist. They are reproduced on the following two pages.

Color and style is emphasized in the combination leather-wool jacket (left). (Below) Functional feature of this shirt is a divided pocket; left half for cigarettes, right half for lighter, with a unique side opening. New shoulder yoke (below, left) is designed for freedom of action.

FOR THE ACTIVE MAN, FOR THE ENERGETIC BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, FOR THE MAN WHO ENJOYS NEW STYLE AND LUSTY COLOR TO CLOTHE HIS LOAF-LIFE . . . FOR ANY MAN WHO IS COMFORT-WISE . . . THESE NEW CALIFORNIA MEN'S STYLES UNVEILED AT THE FASHION SHOWING HELD IN LATE OCTOBER IN COLORFUL PALM SPRINGS ARE IDEAL. THEY STITCH FREEDOM INTO YOUR LEISURE TIME!

freedom

A challenge to the staid and conservative is this leisureable, comfortable evening dress suit with matching accessories ranging from hat to specially-dyed casual shaes.

Formal

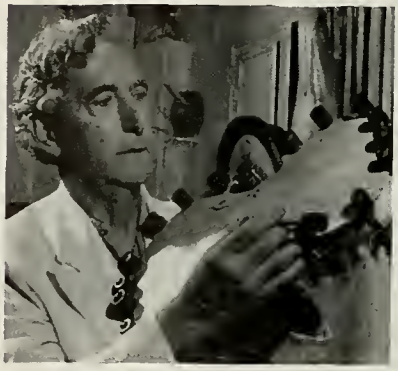
DEPARTING FROM ACCEPTED EVENING DRESS THIS NEW ENSEMBLE HAS A CARDIGAN SUIT WITH SEWN-DOWN LAPELS. THE SOFT SHIRT HAS LONG COLLAR POINTS, FRENCH CUFFS, PLEATED FRONT AND SHAPED OVER-TROUSER TAB TO ACT AS A VEST. HAT IS OF FINE STRAW, HAT BAND AND TIE ARE OF SUIT MATERIAL, IDENTICALLY HAND-PAINTED. CASUAL SHOES ARE DYED TO MATCH SUIT.

GEORGE ANTHEIL

DOROTHY WADE

in california it's

A WORLD-WIDE SCORE FOR MUSIC AND FOR MASTERS



JOSEPH ST. PIERRE

DAVID ROSE

GEORGE ANTHEIL, one of Hollywood's most prolific composers, this year turned out the highly impressionistic music for Spectre de la Rose, did a stint for radio, and polished off a new violin concerto to be premiered by the Dallas Symphony on February 9. Antheil, former pupil of Ernest Bloch, recorded his experiences in an autobiography entitled, "Bad Boy of Music." His famed Fourth Symphony was played at the International Festival for Modern Music this fall in Venice, Italy . . . **DOROTHY WADE,** concertmistress of the Los Angeles Junior Symphony, was 18 when she received a message from Jascha Heifetz, who was in possession of a priceless violin given him by a wealthy Chicago woman to pass on to a young violinist of the greatest promise. For two hours Dorothy played before Heifetz, finally convinced him of her ability. Now, at 22, she is grooming herself for a career on the concert stage . . . **JOSEPH ST. PIERRE** has made almost 600 violins during a lifetime. Sometimes called the Stradivarius of America, St. Pierre came to Los Angeles several years ago from Tennessee to pursue his ancient craft. His instruments differ from others because of their tone in which he blends some of the rich qualities of a human voice. A practical joke brought **DAVID ROSE** to Hollywood. Believing that he had a job with one of the major studios, Rose landed in California to find it was all the work of a prankster . . . stayed to make a resounding success. Currently working on an original composition for "Carnegie Hall," he has produced symphonies, etudes, ballad compositions for Norman Corwin's lyrics, and the famous tune now known as "Holiday for Strings."

TAKE YOUR GARDEN INDOORS

A rose is a rose is a rose . . . as the late Gertrude Stein would have said. But that has nothing to do with the modern theory about plants . . . there are no roses among the "exotics" that are spotlighted in today's newest vogue in indoor gardening.

It all started with modern architecture. Obviously, it is ridiculous to have an old-fashioned garden coyly blooming in the patio of some starkly simple ultra-modern abode, nor do pale colors and sweetly fragrant bouquets have any place in dramatic, streamlined interiors.

All this has brought about an exciting change in interior floral treatment; quaintly pretty flowers have been supplanted by birds of paradise and acanthus and other bold exotics that seem to bloom especially to glorify this new trend in architecture and furnishing.

Even more interesting, however, is the logical development of interior planting. It's economy, for with very little effort you may have a continuous display. It's drama, for the contrast from darkest green to chartreuse or to white stripes is a decorative touch . . . the texture and shape of the leaves provide additional interest.

Many of the most charming modern homes include built-in flower wells for inside planting . . . ranging from great semicircular wells at the foot of a stairway to a room-length panel. And so the new trend is fostered.

Is the planting and care of these inside gardens difficult? Are there special plants that are more hardy? What ones have an allergy to heat, to cold? These are some of the questions that come to-mind the minute you fall to the vogue of inside planting.

To answer them, Jimmie Aninag of Los Angeles was consulted. Jimmie is a plant stylist who has helped develop this new vogue of tropical splendor in mansions and midget manors . . . from Mary Pickford's home to Mrs. O'Grady's.

While all the plants he describes are plentiful in the west and rare elsewhere, his logical decorative ideas and his practical planting suggestions universally made good sense.

"Since you usually have no drainage when you have indoor gardens," he begins with lesson number one, "your planting must allow for that. Start with a base of charcoal in the bottom of your container, then use a soft loamy combination of peat moss and rich top soil."

He selected a gleaming copper kettle for a demonstration, deftly chose plants with interesting variety, both in color and shape . . . in this instance, the tall draecena, the cut-leaf philodendron dubria, the dieffenbachia, with its wonderful chartreuse shading, and the trailing philodendron cordatum, which probably is the most common and best known of that species.

"You'll notice that I chose plants which flourish in a dark environment," he explained. "Some exotics do well in the sunlight, others turn brown or yellowish when exposed to too much brilliance."

The many types of philodendron are hardy, can do with or without direct sunlight. Others that can be chosen for shaded rooms include the sansevieria, popularly known as snake or lucky plant; the draecena, and the ficus elastica or rubber plant.

If you're planting for a brighter room, the tiger-leaf dieffenbachia leoni, with its silvery-speckled leaf, is effective as are other varieties of this same

(Continued on page 74)

Containers, like this antique sewing box, offer an infinite variety for display.

No drainage? Simply line the bottom with charcoal. That's what this copper saucepan holds as a base for thriving greens.

Wipe the leaves weekly with a damp sponge soaked in milk . . . help keep them healthy.

by virginia scallon

CHARM PLUS COMFORT ADDS UP TO A home . . .

What is the difference between a house and a home?

This is no aimless riddle, but a thought-provoking question that can be answered in two words . . . *family* and *furnishings.* For it takes people to choose a house, then inject into it personality that makes the home-sweet-home atmosphere as obvious as if they hung the cross-stitched platitude on the wall.

So, if you have the requisite house or apartment, maybe you face the problem of creating the most charming setting possible for your home life. Face the problem squarely, and begin with the budget. Once you have determined available financing, you can plot your course to make a little stretch a long way . . . hitting the high spots, or concentrating on a room at a time . . . or doing the complete job, if cost is no handicap.

Good taste is more important, and there are certain basic rules to simplify your task. For instance, experienced decorators almost unanimously suggest that you start any decorating project with a floor plan, either meticulously drawn or held firmly in mind. This helps in visualizing color schemes . . . inter-relating the various rooms . . . particularly those which open to each other.

This plan, too, will be helpful in deciding logical furniture placement and as a color reference, for to it you can add fabric swatches and wallpapers to make certain all colors blend. The matter of color harmony is not to be overdone. While it is good to repeat a basic underlying color in several rooms, too much repetition is monotonous. Variety sets a new tempo for each room.

Personal preference is first criterion in determining a color scheme, but there are other considerations, too: *Exposure*, which may require a warm color or a cool one, a brightening shade or one that will deflect light. The *Psychology* of color and its effect on people is another vital, determining factor . . . peaceful, friendly, cheerful colors, as versus riotous, depressing, overpowering tones.

Decorative schemes also guide your choice of colors . . . the clear bright shades for modern motifs, jewel tones that interpret Victorian decor, and so on.

Comfort and charm are truest guides to successful decoration; the former achieved by considering the needs and likes of the family . . . the latter by creating a setting most typical of your and their personalities. In this connection, personal touches make all the difference in transforming a house into a home. Individuality and charm are intensified by careful use of old miniatures, rare porcelains, a really fine picture . . . which, incidentally, may logically "key" the whole room both as to mood and color scheme, and provide the desirable focal point of interest.

Furniture arrangement is almost as important as selection of the actual pieces. Conversational groupings, quiet areas, a social rendezvous, playroom for children . . . all should be planned according to family activities. But obviously!

As a matter af fact, the problem of home decoration is just as obviously simple. Whether you do the entire job yourself or consult a professional decorator, it resolves itself into that matter of comfort-plus-charm.

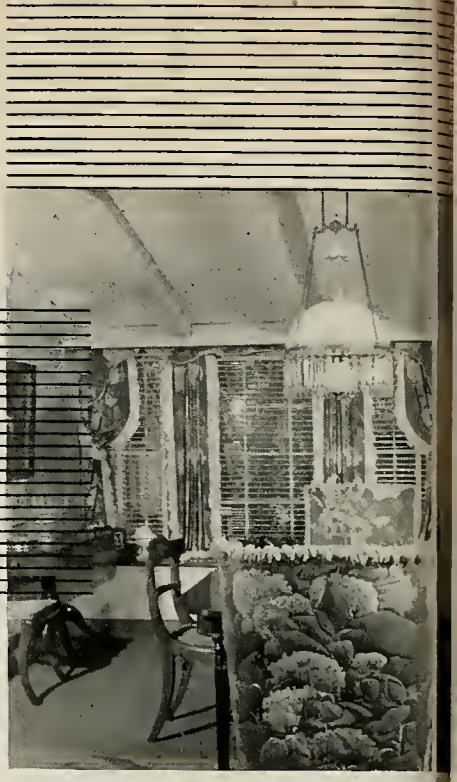
Here in California we are inclined to take our whole plan of decoration right out of the garden, to extend the living areas into a patio, to bring the outside indoors by way of view-full windows, sun rooms, flowers. These are timeless and cheerful ingredients that put California flavor into heritage homes and modern, into a rancho or a penthouse . . . and *your* home, too!

RESIDENCE OF THE EDDIE SEARS, SHOWN OPPOSITE, HAS A PICTURESQUE QUALITY WHICH GOES INSIDE . . . IN DECORATIVE TREATMENT OF EXCEEDING CHARM.

california living . . .

IN A HOME THAT EXPRESSES THE HOSPITALITY OF THE west

CONVERSATIONAL GROUPING OF EASY CHAIRS AND DAVENPORT BEFORE AN INVITING HEARTH IS SINCERE WELCOME TO GUESTS.



BOLD USE OF RICH BLUES AND GREEN CHAI
TERIZES DINING ROOM, WITH BEAMED CEIL
SLOPING TOWARD BRIGHT PATIO.

GAY FLORAL PATTERN KEYS THE COLOI
SCHEME OF LIVING ROOM; OFF-WHITE RUG
AND PLAIN CHAIRS MAKE SOFT HARMONY

HAND-PAINTED WARDROBES IN FOUR CORNERS OF DRESSING ROOM, PRACTICAL SOLUTION TO A UNIVERSAL PROBLEM.

MR. AND MRS. EDDIE SEARS, JR., AT HOME

INTERIORS BY

MARY MACMILLAN

A. I. D.

Not too far from town there is a lovely canyon home where friends bring their out-of-town guests just to "see how we live in California" . . . so truly have nature and interior decorators conspired to create a setting for hospitable living. It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Sears, Jr., complete to its ivy terraces and magnificent sprawling eucalyptus tree in front . . . its patio and gardens with their persistent invitation to come outdoors!

"We wanted to get away from too much formality," Mrs. Sears will tell you frankly. They chose a small-ish house, then set to work to make it the setting for a more carefree pattern of life. "Now we don't entertain, we just live . . . and our friends seem to enjoy the joyous tempo of our home."

With decided artistic tendencies, the lady of the house found it an exciting challenge to collaborate with Mary MacMillan in choosing just the right colors, just the perfect piece of furniture to create the desired effect.

Heavy-beamed ceilings and interesting wood surfaces on some of the walls provided the starting point, with wallpapers used to set a mood . . . from the Anbusson print in a tiny hallway to the quaint small-patterned floral in the dining room

The generous living room makes good use of a wonderful flower print drapery, repeated at the windows and on facing davenports and a ruffled lamp. The under-all tone is the off-white rug which accentuates informal tone. Sunshine filters through the many windows to create a brightly inviting expanse where comfortable chairs abound and guests are bound to feel at home.

The dining room, with interesting beamed ceiling angling down toward the patio, takes its color scheme from a vibrant green rug . . . a tone repeated in the wallpaper with blue. The rich gleam of mahogany and old silver contrasts with the colorful treatment of chairs . . . armchairs upholstered in a wondrous green-chartreuse-blue on white, the side chairs with plain blue pads.

But in the master bedroom, color works its magic in a harmony straight out of the garden: dusky rose rug, eyelet batiste spreads of a slightly lighter shade provide the background tone, with faintest chartreuse, wood-violet and larkspur blue delicately introduced in a chaise lounge, a slipper chair and in those feminine accessories that characterize a room.

A sloping back room was transformed into a quaintly charming room for the daughter of the household . . . and a garage apartment developed for a guest room . . . more innovations which have made the Sears home so inviting, so enviable.

But it is in the patio that life really centers. A spreading oak tree dramatizes the whole expanse, where lounge chairs and gay-colored porch furniture can be grouped to accommodate the friends who come.

If you'd like the floor plan of this inviting home, write The Californian.

T AS A RAINBOW ARE THE GARDEN
ORS IN THIS SUNNY BEDROOM,
VE, WITH ITS VIEW-FULL BAY WIN-
W. *AT LEFT*, QUAINT, SKIRTED DRESS-
TABLE WITH ALL ITS COSMETIC AD-
DA TO FLATTER ANY GIRL'S VANITY.

LEFT: "FLUGGIE," ONE OF THE 114,000 PETS IN THE TAILWAGGERS CLUB. MEMBERS INCLUDE DOGS, GOLDFISH, PARROTS—THE ROOSEVELT PUP, FALA. *ABOVE:* THE FAMOUS "DAISY" EXPRESSING AMAZEMENT AT NEWS OF HER WINNING ACADEMY AWARD FOR BEST CANINE ACTING PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR.

a dog's

FLORENCE McCARTY, BLIND NURSE AND 150TH BLIND STUDENT TO RECEIVE A "GUIDE DOG" FROM TAILWAGGERS, EXERCISES HER COMPANION. PRESENTATION OF SUCH DOGS IS FINANCED BY CONTRIBUTIONS.

ACTOR WALLY FORD IS FORMALLY INTRODUCED TO "LORD BUFFINGTON," HIS PRIZE IN THE PUPPY DRAWING. BETTE DAVIS AND CONSTANCE COLLIER MAKE THE AWARD AT ONE OF THE TAILWAGGERS' PARTIES.

A membership of 114,000 including everything from dogs and cats to parrots, monkeys and goldfish . . .

An imaginary pup named Flip who acts as a secretary, writing helpful hints on social behavior to erring members . . .

Services which run the gamut from lost-and-found agencies to legal advice regarding dogs' "leash laws" . . .

These are some of the facets of a Hollywood-born organization known as the Tailwaggers which sports Bette Davis as its president and a 42-member executive committee made up of national figures ranging from Sigmund Romberg to Louella Parsons. A man by the name of Jim Lindsay is the executive secretary and it was Mr. Lindsay who founded the Tailwaggers 12 years ago for the following purposes:

1. Recovery bureau for lost and stolen pets
2. Prosecution of animal poisoners
3. Free counsel to ALL pet owners
4. All out against vivisection cruelties
5. Guide dogs for worthy blind persons
6. Placement bureau for homeless pets
7. Just legislation for animals
8. Humane education

During the war the Tailwaggers operated a training school for guide dogs in San Fernando Valley where they trained 180 dogs to be used by blind veterans of World War II. The school was abandoned only after the organization had been notified that the government, through the Veterans Administration, had allocated funds for obtaining and training dogs for this purpose.

Mr. Lindsay, who has a dog and a cat himself, is the source of quite a little odd and interesting information on the subject of pets in general. The dog population in America, it seems, is concentrated almost entirely in seven states—California, New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Illi-

CALIFORNIA-CONCEIVED IS THE TAIL-

WAGGERS CLUB . . . SPONSORED

BY 4-STAR NATIONAL CELEBRITIES

best friend . . .

nois, Massachusetts and Ohio. And, although the dog used to be widely touted as man's best friend, he is rapidly becoming woman's closest pal.

This single trend is responsible for the decline in popularity of such male favorites as the Airedale and the German shepherd. Women, less inclined toward vigorous tussles with a leash, are plumping for the cocker spaniel, even going so far as to select different shades of cockers to match their particular coloring.

The Tailwaggers, which is a non-profit organization, has a very active chapter in London and operated one in Honolulu before the war—solely for the benefit of pups in the Pacific. They have 12 branches in this country but each of these, according to Mr. Lindsay, must adapt itself to the locality it serves, since the ordinances for and about dogs differ in various regions.

In his national headquarters office, four floors above Hollywood Boulevard, Lindsay answers the phone steadily all morning, dispensing information about lost dogs, found dogs, sick dogs, dogs about to be evicted (along with their owners), traveling dogs whose masters must contend with border regulations, crating restrictions, quarantines and other laws affecting a man and his dog.

Any pooch or other tailed creature may belong to the Tailwaggers, regardless of his ancestry or the Who's Who rating of his owner. Falla, the famous White House mascot, was enrolled in the regular manner, his one-dollar annual dues sent each September in the form of a personal check signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Since the president's death, Mrs. Roosevelt has maintained Falla's membership. In addition to this, the Tailwaggers have received a registration from the new Capitol Hill canine, Miss Margaret Truman's dog, whom they duly enrolled in the Washington, D. C. chapter.

At present Mr. Lindsay is hard at work on a campaign to place before the next session of Congress a bill asking the exemption of all live dogs in the District of Columbia from experimentation on the grounds of cruelty. Tailwagger clubs all over the country are busily collecting what they hope will amount to 5,000,000 signatures in support of the measure.

Since most of the top actors in the film industry are confirmed dog lovers, the Tailwaggers has no trouble in recruiting among the luminaries of Hollywood. The walls of its national headquarters are well covered with pictures of Bing Crosby and his mammoth Great Dane, Judy Garland's St. Bernard (posed with Miss Garland), the late Carole Lombard and her chow—"Ming," and countless others.

To these as well as the less spectacular of its members Tailwaggers communicates, when necessary, through the fictional character of Flip. Flip is Mr. Lindsay's Charlie McCarthy of the animal world who writes words of caution to Tailwaggers who have gotten themselves in trouble—if not in court—through uprooting flower gardens, altering the appearance of other peoples' furniture, or nipping gently at the neighbors' tots. If, in answer to Flip's chastisement, irate owners write back resentfully, they are sent sharp reminders about the ethics of opening other peoples' mail.

Spread out on Mr. Lindsay's desk is a photostatic reproduction of the various letterheads which have been received from Tailwagger affiliates. From every state in the Union, from battleships and fire departments, schoolrooms, farms and ballclubs come the letters. And the range of genealogy is as great as king to commoner for Tailwaggers is a democratic organization—and its members must be democratic dogs!

LONGBARN
Palo Alto, California
Country Dinner in authentic Victorian surroundings
Browse through our shops of yesteryear
El Camino Real two miles south of Stanford U.

WHEN IN Southern California
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U-DRIVE
"STEP OUT WITH MERCURY"
WHEN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ENJOY OUR FLEET OF 1946 MERCURYS
CALIFORNIA RENT CAR
507 SOUTH FLOWER
LOS ANGELES 13, CALIFORNIA

TOMORROW'S TUESDAY

(*Continued from page 43*)

mind turned to a scene she'd read in a novel recently. She felt her face grow warm as one sentence persisted in repeating itself over and over. "And when she lay with love, a firm arm beneath her head, Amara wept with joy and her mouth tilted to let his kisses in."

Her fingers let go of each other reluctantly, but her eyes and her senses remained alert, fixed, on the artist who was now painting with intense absorption. Perhaps he'd want her to sit tomorrow, for a good likeness, she knew, took time. If he did, should she make chocolate squares or open-faced sandwiches for tea?

The last ray of sunlight caught the walnut what-not, setting aflame the ruby hobnail goblets and glorifying, for a moment, the Dresden-china lovers before moving away into the twilight.

He arose at last and for a long minute stared intently at the canvas, at her, then to his work again.

"It's finished!" he cried, excitement thickening his voice. "It's finished! Come and see."

No. It couldn't be finished! She wouldn't believe that. She wasn't prepared to look at it. "Finished at one sitting?" she asked, a tremble in her voice.

"Yes! I don't think you realize just what intense cooperation you've given me, Miss Langford,"

"I—I gave—"

"You literally projected your personality to me! It's been a remarkable afternoon. Come and tell me what you think of it."

She stepped forward as if drawn by unseen strings. She had to look now and what she saw startled her. She'd never looked as breathlessly lovely—as eagerly and as curiously out at life—as the portrait lady was doing. She'd never been as alive. This girl staring at her with gorgeous violet-gray eyes couldn't be Melissa Langford. He had, with his brush, performed a miracle and destroyed forever the mousy Melissa she'd been. Or had he only seen the new Melissa—the person she'd always wanted to be? The Melissa his presence in the room had created?

"It—it's beautiful," she said finally, her eyes staring, her lips parted.

"I'm glad you like it. I'll take it along and finish the background in my studio—do a little retouching—and maybe ask you to come in for one short sitting."

"I'll want to give a reception. I'll want my friends to see—" What would her friends see? Would they see the new Melissa? Would Roger?

She closed the door softly. Rolland Stern was gone. His easel, paint box and canvas were gone. She felt a sense of emptiness, and then it disappeared as reckless thoughts churned her mind. Why not call Roger? Surely these days it wasn't too forward, inviting a man to tea. She caught her breath. And what if it was? It's the fireplace that makes this room so warm, she thought. That's why my cheeks are so hot.

With trembling fingers she went through her address book for Roger's number.

He was in, and her words tumbled out in happy confusion. "I—I want to tell you about my portrait, Roger. C—come to tea on Tuesday."

"Tuesday week, or tomorrow, Melissa?" Roger asked, and she thought she detected a note of warmth, tinged with expectation, in his voice.

"Tomorrow's Tuesday, Roger. Any time after three-thirty."

Tomorrow's Tuesday! The words sounded odd to her . . . improper, somehow . . . but Melissa didn't stop to ponder them. Tomorrow would be the beginning of a new life and she'd have to decide what they'd have for tea. Chocolate squares, nut bread, toast and jam, English muffins . . . he'd think she were a little mad if she'd have them all. Well, she had hours yet in which to decide. Then there was the dress she'd wear. And her hair? That was easy. She'd wear it as it was now—the portrait way.

Melissa moved to the chair quickly, took the hat pin from its hiding place and held it for a long, thoughtful moment. She opened the bottom drawer of her mother's old desk . . . the desk she'd ordered stored in the basement . . . and placed the pin far back. She turned the lock, and then, without a moment's hesitation, threw the key into the blazing fire.

IT FACES INFINITY

(*Continued from page 45*)

boundaries of space, the tag-ends of the universe.

Five thousands years before Christ man already was busy observing the stars. In Babylonia and Egypt early astronomers studied with primitive instruments, computed distance in the sand.

Thus it is that man has been waiting no little time for the day when the precision controls on Palomar would be adjusted, the hairline-perfect mechanism focused, and the most distant of all points photographed by us on earth.

Each day a few more curious spectators drive up through the Imperial Valley or over from San Diego to view the Gray Giant. The 13-story dome of the observatory, which slides open during the daylight hours, reveals the future resting place of the 200-inch reflector. And it is this one surface which may bring us the answer of the ages . . . for so strong is its magnifying power that if the telescope were trained upon New York City and if the earth were not curved, a man there would appear but a few feet away from the observer on Palomar.

The astronomers who look out on other worlds refuse to predict what they may see. Will there . . . is there . . . *can* there be an ending to our space, even as other scientists in their strange atomic laboratories fear that they may have found, at last, an ending to our time?

THE HECHT CO.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY YEAR

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JOSEPH Zukin OF CALIFORNIA, INC. takes Crepe Amazing* and fashions an around-the-clock dress with soft pleats, push-up sleeves and a suede contour belt with silver nailheads. Colors: grey, melon, white. Sizes 10 to 20... $29.75. Mail orders promptly filled. Add 12c for postage. THE HECHT CO. THIRD FLOOR OF FASHION

*Celanese Rayon Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Are you a sweater girl?

If you'd like to be, and you find that your best wool ones are turning a touch jaded with continual washing and rinsing, try this seven-point pact with soapsuds! It's a guaranteed restorative to glamor.

1. Place the sweater on a clean bath towel, outline it with pins, making sure to mark neckline, sleeves and waistline.

2. Toss a generous handful of synthetic soap powder or gentle soap flakes, whichever you prefer, into a basin. Fill with lukewarm water, sloshing it around until a rich suds is formed.

3. Now . . . drop sweater into suds, dip with an up-and-down motion several times, squeezing the soap suds through the wool. DO NOT SCRUB. If there's a soiled spot, hold sweater so that suds will run through it, squeezing . . . ever so gently . . . and perhaps manipulating spot with thumb and forefinger in circular motion.

4. Squeeze, DON'T WRING, warm suds from sweater and repeat steps 2 and 3 until soap suds remain clear and creamy.

5. Rinse in lukewarm water. It's a good idea to drop a few soap flakes into the rinse water . . . this leaves the woolens softer. Again, squeeze water from sweater . . . ever so gently.

6. Now . . . place your pin-outlined bath towel in a flat, shady spot. Place sweater on the towel, patting it into the shape of the outline. Turn it occasionally so that it will dry evenly, patting it into place each time.

7. When sweater is thoroughly dry, place it on your ironing board, turn the iron switch to "wool," if yours is the modern variety . . . let it get "spitting hot" if it's the older type. Put a damp cloth over sweater and press . . . making sure to accent neckline, cuffs and waistband. Let it remain on ironing board until moisture from pressing cloth has evaporated.

Now . . . if you've followed this carefully, step by step, your sweater should rate a whistle with every wearing! Same technique for washing goes for all knitwear . . . caps, scarves, mittens, sox. Try it!

GARDEN INDOORS

(*Continued from page 65*)

species. The ficus pandurate or Chinese rubber plant is a gigantic plant which is tremendously showy. Another light-loving plant is the Chinese evergreen, or aglamena simplex.

Since window shows for bright, sunny windows are another problem, Jimmie suggests a choice of peperomia (green variegated), saundersi, the tiny watermelon begonia, trailing ivy, evergreen grapes or the upright croton.

It is interesting to remember that the aglamen simplex (Chinese evergreen) and philodendron will grow in water. Most tropical plants may be propagated without difficulty, a new growth appearing in brief time when slips are planted in sand or wrapped in dark cloth.

The choice of containers available today is, of course, a continual challenge to do-something-about-it. Some are made into lamp bases. Others once were old soup tureens, kettles of brass and copper. Even silver turkey covers have been split in half to be planted as wall brackets. And an old mahogany sewing box will show its departments carefully filled with greens.

Care of plants in your indoor garden is as simple as your weekly housecleaning, but literally! Once a week, when the soil feels dry, it is advisable to take your indoor plants to the kitchen or outdoors, give them their quota of water . . . a quart usually is enough to take care of a grouping of four or five plants. Use a small hose, a syringe or watering can and allow the water to run over the foliage and drip into the soil below.

Avoid over-indulgence in watering as indoor plants in containers without drainage can be killed by too much moisture, whereas they can be revived by water if they show signs of drying or burning. In other words, be chary.

The same day your plants get their weekly bath, polish the leaves with a damp sponge or soft cloth, soaked in milk . . . of all things! . . . or a commercial product like super destruxol, which is not oily. Once a month dissolve a vigoro pellet or plant tabb or other California liquid fertilizer in the water with which you are sprinkling the plant. This will stimulate growth and intensify color.

Jimmy speaks patronizingly of "old fashioned" greens . . . the feather ferns and other familiars. The trend is toward big leaves, bold cuts, dramatic contrast and shadings, he'll tell you. And he should know . . . he's put tropical gardens where they never grew before. He's consulted as regularly as a pediatrician.

Making of The West

God took long roads that lost themselves in distance,
Reared mountain peaks in silent majesty,
Cut rock-walled canyons with age-long persistence,
Set patient rivers coursing to the sea.

He planted forests that no eye could measure,
And scattered flowers to blossom in the sun,
Laded the sands with grains of shining treasure,
And called strong hands for labors to be done.

He summoned love to frontier firesides gleaming,
And smoothed a place for little ones to play.
And in the evening shadows set hearts dreaming
Of the bright promise of a future day.

He ordered Time to write the stirring story
—A tale of men who would not wait or rest
Until a rugged land had won its glory
—And lo, against the ocean loomed the West.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn

california's never a dull moment department

NOVEMBER DATEBOOK

Nov. 1-3..... **Fall Festival Days**
Huntington Beach
(Fun for everyone, young or old)

Nov. 7-10.....**Annual Turkey Show**
Hemet

Nov. 10-11.....**Yacht Racing**
Newport Harbor
(Annual Armistice Day yachting series. Full of thrills.)

Nov. 11 .....**Rodeo**
Porterville
(Annual Armistice Day celebration. Colorful, exciting; plan to spend the day.)

Nov. 16-24..... **Livestock Exposition**
San Francisco

Nov. 20-Jan. 4..... **Las Posadas**
Claremont
(Drama of Christmas in old Mexico at the Padua Hills Theater. Charming, interesting, colorful.)

Nov. 22.....**All-Western Band Review**
Long Beach

Nov. 23-24..... **Yacht Races**
Newport-Balboa Harbors
(Annual Thanksgiving series. All classes.)

Nov. 29*....**Opening of Santa Claus Lane**
Hollywood Blvd.

Nov. 30 ..... **Concert**
San Diego
(Lauritz Melchior and concert orchestra, 8 p.m., Russ Auditorium.)

Nov. (all month).....**Griffith Park**
Planetarium—Los Angeles
(Description and telescopic pictures of moon's surface; its motions and phases; times of rising; eclipses. 3-8:30 p.m. Fridays, Saturdays; 4:15-8:30 p.m. Sundays.)

Nov.-March.....**Borax Mine Tours**
Death Valley

***Date subject to change.**

. . . PAPER AND A BRUSH AND
A BRILLIANT IDEA MADE HER
CLOTHES A BEAUTIFUL HOME

closet coquette

Let your clothes live beautifully!

With this happy thought in mind, Mrs. Suzanne Caygill of Los Angeles has launched a closet crusade . . . with paper, pins, paste and brush . . . that will set a fine pattern for those of you who appreciate the art of good living. For, she believes that in a beautiful, tidy closet there exists the welcome adjunct to being well groomed.

The way to begin is to have a closet-cleaning and closet-organizing spree. It is an ambitious task but not too difficult if you make up your mind that it is important.

"Imagine that your closet is a bank account in which to deposit worthwhile investments," Mrs. Caygill declares. "It is going to represent a well-organized wardrobe, and if it is kept in this manner at all times, the perfect grooming you wish to attain will come without effort."

Plan a decorative scheme that will enhance your room, so that when your closet door is open, the colors will match or complement those of the bedroom furnishings.

"Choose a bright color, for most closets are quite dark."

Hat and shoe boxes should be covered with the same wallpaper as the walls, or one which blends. The lower shelves should be completely empty, with hat stands to accommodate your loveliest hats.

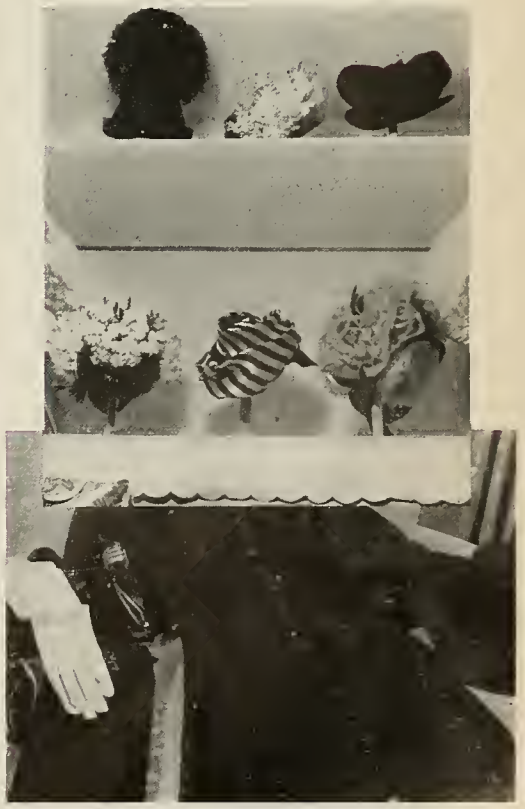
Blouses, dresses, suits and coats should be separated and the clothes should be so organized that a complete outfit can be assembled at a moment's notice.

Besides housing clothes, the closet should include accessories for the care of your clothes. A place should be reserved for a whisk broom, suede brush, needle cushion, pin cushion and hatpin cushion.

"Perfumed lacquer on the boxes in the closet, the walls and the inside of the drawers lends an air of elegance to the entire closet scene," said Mrs. Caygill.

Start on your closet crusade now by cleaning out the clutter, dolling it up and ushering in an organized era for your clothes. Create a beautiful closet, and in return, it will enhance your own personality.

When the closet door is opened, the interior should say, "See, this is what she's like!"



PHOTOS BY EDWARD LESTER SMITH

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Earrings and pins also,
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Bracelet, $5.50

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

WHERE TO BUY CHRISTMAS GIFTS

SHE LIKES GLITTER—Pages 30, 31

1. Sherry Dunn Perfume; at leading stores everywhere.
2. Marsha snood-veil; at Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Sadye's, Tulsa.
3. Hansi knit toque; at Broadway, Los Angeles; Sanger Brothers, Dallas.
4. Film Star kid belts; all at Nancy's, Hollywood; Bedell's, Portland.
5. Hollywood Vogue suede belt; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Gimbel's, Philadelphia.
6. Nelson Power belt; at Desmond's. Los Angeles; Chas. Stevens, Chicago.
7. California Accessories cases; at Broadway, Hollywood; Franklin Simon, New York.
8. Maurice chatelaine; at Daniels, Beverly Hills; Popular Dry Goods, El Paso, Texas.
9. Joseff Jewellery; at Bullock's, Los Angeles; Younker's, Des Moines.
10. Bea Norton choker; at Ranshohoff's, San Francisco; Haggarty's, Los Angeles.
11. Maurice jewelry; at Coulter's, Los Angeles; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.
12. Biltmore Accessories roman coin chatelaine; at Bullock's, Los Angeles.
13. Bee Stewart embroidered kid bag; at Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; B. Altman, New York.
14. Ben Brody evening bag; at Buffums', Long Beach; Donaldson's, Minneapolis.

HE LIKES GUSTO—Pages 32, 33

1. William R. Whittaker camera; at Bullock's, Los Angeles.
2. Casual's blucher boot; at Marshall Field, Chicago; Robert Atkins, San Francisco.
3. Thomas shirt; at Marshall Field, Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Hollyvogue Western Panel Foulard; at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles.
4. Cooper's argyle hose; at leading men's stores everywhere.
5. Courtley's toiletries; at all leading dept. stores and men's shops.
6. J. A. Meyers buckle sets; at Macy's, New York; Gimbel's, Philadelphia.
7. Associated Pacific poker rack; at most fine men's stores.
8. Frank Emmet writing case; at Buffums', Long Beach; Bloomingdale's, New York.
9. Thomas shirt; at Marshall Field, Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Hollyvogue Wool and Western Foulard; at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles.
10. Darvill ceramic set; at Burdine's, Miami; Gimbel's, New York.
11. M. C. Wentz book ends; at Barker Bros., Los Angeles; N. Porter Co., Tucson.
12. King's Men toiletries; at leading men's stores and department stores.
13. Associated Pacific fishing reel; at sporting goods stores and dept. stores.
14. B. & C. Leather Specialties carved wallet; at Bullock's, Los Angeles.
15. Burton Ltd. wallet; at Roos Bros., San Francisco; Boston Store, Milwaukee.

GIFTS THAT FIT—Pages 34, 35

1. Suse sweater, about $50, l. Magnin, California; Sakowitz, Houston; Bergdorf-Goodman, New York.
2. Jantzen sweater, $6, May Co., Los Angeles; Joske's, San Antonio; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh.
3. Fuzzylam jacket, about $60; Desmond's, Los Angeles; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.
4. Barbara Claire jacket, about $15; Bedell's, Portland; Denver Dry Goods, Denver; Hudson Bay Co., Salt Lake City.

5 and 6. Picture Modes jackets, about $19; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

this month's mail

(In this column The Californian each month will answer written inquiries regarding California's history, climate, fashions, organizations, industries, recreational facilities, famous persons and eccentricities. Please address questions in care of The Californian Column.)

Dear Editor: As a girl in her twenties who is a housewife, mother and clubwoman, I would like to tell you how much I have enjoyed your new magazine. It is a delightful combination of three things: food, homes and moderately priced clothes . . . and yet you don't have to be 18 or a glamor girl to wear them.—Mrs. R. E. Loeck, Mill Valley, California.

Dear Editor: Why doesn't *The Californian* include more fashions for tall juniors? It is very hard to find good-looking clothes in this size category.—Mrs. Phillip Hobbs, Issaquah, Wash.

We will include more tall junior styles when more are being manufactured. At present, due to fabric shortages and production restrictions, these sizes are difficult to find in the stores because the wholesale houses are far behind normal quotas in producing them.

Dear Editor: I understand that Del Monte is one of the more interesting vacation spots in California. What kind of a place is it and what is there of interest to visitors?—Harry Hutchinson Graef, Oxford, Ohio.

Del Monte is located on the beautiful Monterey Peninsula not far from Carmel-by-the-Sea. It has four golf courses and five polo fields in addition to the best trapshooting center in the West. Tennis courts, beaches and swimming pools are numerous and the floral park surrounding the hotel contains 126 acres of exquisite landscaping.

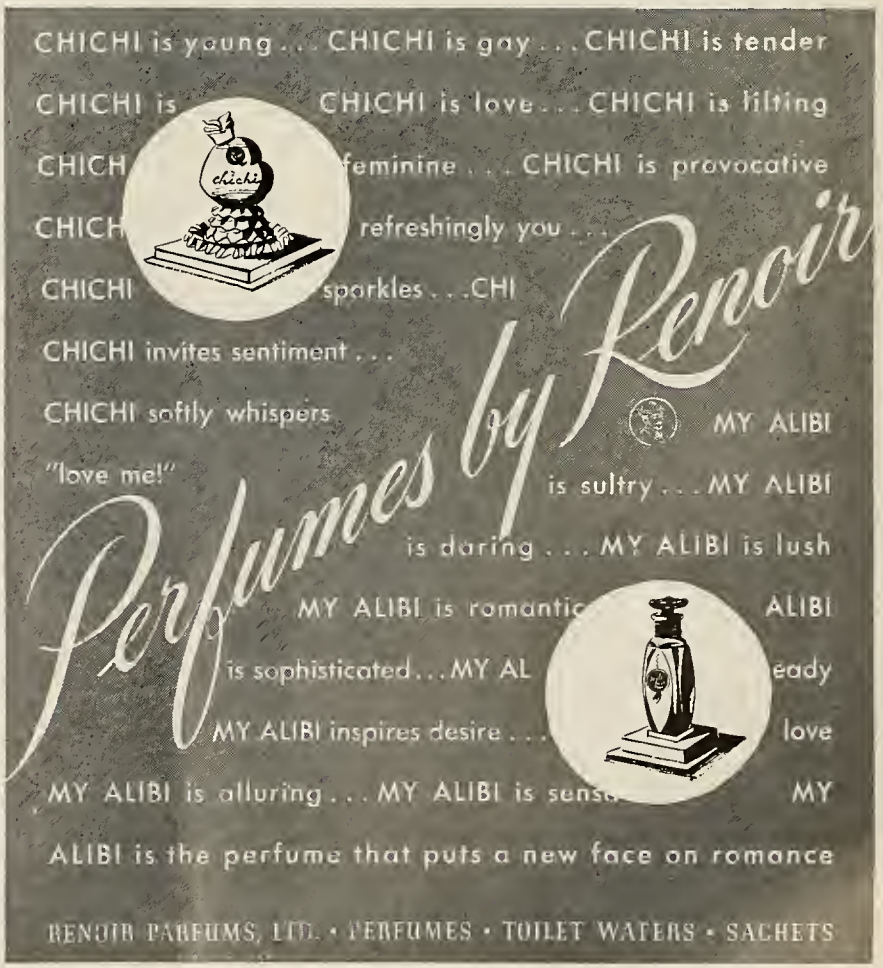
Near Del Monte is the 17-Mile Drive which winds along the Pacific Ocean, adjacent to the Mediterranean villas of many California millionaires. The entire peninsula is famous for its cypresses which have been formed into fantastic shapes by wind, fog and sea spray.

Dear Editor: Are State picnics still held in Southern California? How are these scheduled?—Mr. Austin Appleby, Grinnell, Iowa.

The Federation of State Societies arranges the schedule of state picnics which are given in Sycamore Grove just outside of Los Angeles. No reservations are necessary, although it is advisable to go early, since these affairs are generally attended by several thousand people.

Dear Editor: Why wasn't gold originally discovered in California by the Spaniards who occupied this region for so many years?—Iris Cummings, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The Spaniards worked only the claims which California Indians had discovered and most of these were silver deposits. Also, most of the Spaniards occupied only the coastal strip of the state, rarely extended their ranches far enough inland to contact the mother lode district.



Twin-button wool gabardine cardigan with the sure, sensitive touch of Rosenblum of California. Ice blue, deer beige, green, purple, black. 10 to 20. $39.95. MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED.

The Farmington Shop *Chas. A. Stevens & Co.* **Chicago**

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Play Dutch uncle to glamour by presenting her with this beautiful pin-clip, glowing with simulated stones. In gold finished sterling. About $27.00 plus federal tax. At leading stores everywhere.

Coro CRAFT

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Jed Tucker Says

May we call your attention to the many attractions of phonograph record albums as Christmas presents? In the first place, they're beautifully rectangular, no awkward shapes with which to wrestle in the gift-wrapping season. They add a nice touch of luxury, and collector fiends never can have too many. Besides, there's something for everybody and a varied selection . . . the manufacturers have been working like beavers to dazzle the record-buying world. And . . . it's easy to Shop Early in this department.

For your convenience, we've picked out a fine assortment of new and semi-new releases and catalogued them according to the categories into which your friends and/or relatives might be expected to fall.

CHILDREN:

"Tubby The Tuba," composed by Kleinsinger, narrated by Victor Jory and issued by Cosmo, is not only a lot of fun, gaily illustrated, but also highly educational as to musical instruments comprising a symphony orchestra. $2.36.

What, Why, How, Where question and answer series clearly and entertainingly narrated. $2.05.

Dave Fleischer's Cartoon Records which retell with music and illustrations some of his most famous movie cartoons, including *"Popeye, The Sailor"* and *"Gulliver's Travels."* *"Yonderland."* $2.63.

"Noah and the Ark," in which there are amazing animal sound-effects, and other Bible Stories. Sacred Records. $3.66.

"The Life of Mozart," narrated by Jose Ferrer with illustrative musical excerpts. Charming musical education, one of a series issued by Vox. $3.93.

"Peter and The Wolf," Prokofieff's juvenile classic, in the Victor recording played by the Boston Symphony, with Richard Hale narrating. $4.05.

FOR NEW COLLECTORS:

Jerome Kern Album by Andre Kostelanetz, a delightful medley of Kern's best-loved tunes. Columbia. $5.10.

Victor Herbert Album, sung by Lois Butler, with Paul Weston and his orchestra. Another array of ever-popular favorites. Capitol. $2.89.

Dvorak—"From the New World" Symphony in E minor. Jose Iturbi conducts the Rochester Philharmonic in a brilliant rendition of this colorful and melodic work. $6.15.

Tschaikowsky—"Piano Concerto in B flat minor," as masterfully played by Horowitz with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. Everybody wants this one. Victor. $5.10.

Grofe—"Grand Canyon Suite." Impeccable performance of this easily assimilated and highly popular contemporary American work. Toscanini, NBC Symphony. Victor. $5.10.

Wagner—"Siegfried Idyll." A lyric interpretation of one of Wagner's gentlest and loveliest works. Rodzinski and the New York Philharmonic. Columbia. $3.00.

Bizet—Excerpts from "Carmen." Rise Stevens delivers handsomely for the most part, with support from Raoul Jobin, Metropolitan tenor, and the Met orchestra and chorus. Columbia. $6.15.

FOR CONNOISSEURS:

Schubert—Songs from "Die Schone Muller-

ON RECORD

n" sung by the incomparable Lotte Lehmann. A topnotcher. Columbia. $8.25.

Schonberg—"Verklaerte Nacht," Vladimir Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony doing a much-needed and hightly commendable job on this soaring modern rhapsody. Victor. $5.10.

Villa-Lobos—"Serestas." Jennie Tourel and an orchestra conducted by the composer presenting music of an important and gifted Brazilian. Columbia. $3.00.

Prokofieff—"Overture on Hebrew Themes." Recorded by an orchestral sextet on vinylite. A rare and beautiful item. Disc Records. $2.36.

(Note—this a good Prokofieff year. Investigate new and worthwhile offerings on Victor and Columbia.)

Deluxe department: The Brahms Fourth Symphony, recorded by Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra on vinylite for Victor. Romantic and excellent presentation. $11.40.

POPULAR:

Perry Como Album. Hubba-hubba singing of old favorites. Victor. $3.41.

Bing Crosby—"Don't Fence Me In." The old maater does Songs of the Wide Open Spaces with the Andrews Sisters. Decca. $4.20.

Jean Sablon, singing *"Songs of Paris"* for those who swoon over the French touch. Decca. $3.15.

Three Sons—"Twilight Time," sweet harmony in a western vein. Majestic. $3.15.

Artie Shaw's Cole Porter Album—couldn't be better on these high-style gems. Musicraft. $3.94.

Hazel Scott Album in which the cafe-au-lait pianist delivers her own versions of classics and jazz. Signature Records. $3.94.

Andre Previn Trio, a really sharp new combo, wrapping up favorite Ellington tunes in a handsome package. Sunset Records. $3.10.

The Lamplighter Album—a terrific jam session spotlighting Charlie Venturo with Barney Bigard and other big names. $3.25.

Latin American department:

Arthur Murray Way Rhumbas and Sambas—strict rhythm for better dancing. Aladdin. $4.20.

Henry King "Rhumba Requests"—excellent work by a leading Latin exponent. Black and White Records. $3.94.

Carlos Molina Rhumba Album. Authentic stuff. Capitol. $2.89.

GADGETS:

Slip-Not felt-finished rings to paste on labels. They keep vinylite and other slippery jobs from slithering around on the platter, protect records from rubbing against each other, and improve the wobble in warped records. A dozen for 25 cents.

Record Alphabet plates for cross-indexing—letters for albums, numbers for the pockets therein, so you can always find what you're looking for. 25 cents and 35 cents for numbers and letters respectively.

Dustproof Albums—flaps to keep out grit. About $1.95 for 12-inch books.

Luxury note—a record-carrying case with double lock, plastic handle, extra-strong construction, index within. It holds 50 records. All for $7.95.

(The above items are obtainable at The May Company, Los Angeles, and other leading department stores and record shops.)

CAMOUFLAGE CURLERS

Want to hide those pin curls? It's easy. Get some of that elastic bandage used to bind recalcitrant limbs; cut it to your head size, then stitch firmly together and cover with sparklers from your old evening dresses. or with yards of gathered, multi-plaid ribbon. Presto . . . you have a stretchable bandeau to hold your home coiffeur securely in place and, best of all, to make an attractive, colorful camouflage during the coifing.

Cricket On The Hearth

CONTINENTAL FAVORITES
for your discerning taste
FROM 11 A. M. TILL THE WEE HOURS
806 N. LA CIENEGA BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of The Californian, published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for October 1st, 1946.

State of California, County of Los Angeles—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. R. Osherenko, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of The Californian, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, J. R. Osherenko, 210 W. 7th St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.; Editor, J. R. Osherenko, 210 W. 7th St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.; Vice-President & Advertising Director, Herman Sonnabend, 210 W. 7th St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.; Managing Editor, Donald A. Carlson, 210 W. 7th St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Californian Magazine, Inc., 210 W. 7th St., Los Angeles 14, California; Donald A. Carlson & Genevieve Carlson, 339 N. Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Margo K. Frankel, 301 Tonawanda Dr., Des Moines, Iowa; Babette Frankel, 301 Tonawanda Dr., Des Moines, Iowa; Philip Kustner, 3815 Main St., Riverside, Calif.; Sylvan Mendelsohn, 1139 Alvira St., Los Angeles, Calif.; Carol Osherenko, 2052 Redcliff Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Joe R. Osherenko, 2052 Redcliff Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Louis Osherenko, 711 Ellery Dr., San Pedro, Calif.; Henry J. Pearl, 714 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Calif.; I. H. Prinzmetal, 9441 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.; Herman Sonnabend, 7004 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and other securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOE R. OSHERENKO
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager or owner)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1946.

(Seal) EVELYN M. WOODRUFF
(My commission expires Oct. 31st, 1947)

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MASTER OF SHIRTMANSHIP©
In my tradition of stitching with care
Shirts of distinction with a casual air,
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DUE DEC 1 6 1946

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Bates' bridal bouquet (heaven to own, or to toss *her* way).

Bates' burnished bridal satin of acetate rayon, for a

lace-foamed negligee by Edward J. Macksoud. And Bates' blossom embroidered

comb-percale—for sheets that make the dream-part of your trousseau.

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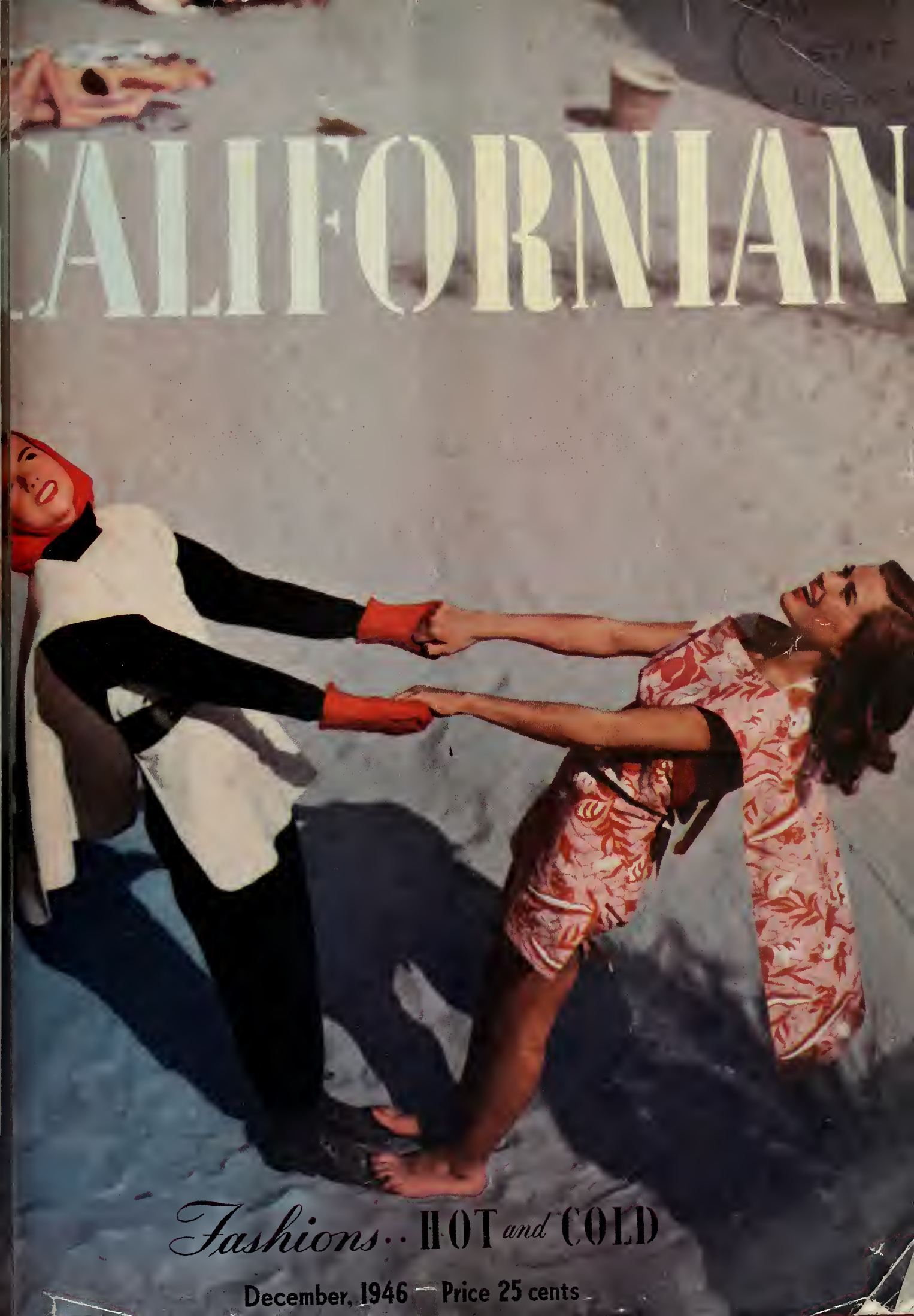
CALIFORNIAN



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Bridal portrait in Bates Heirloom Beige—
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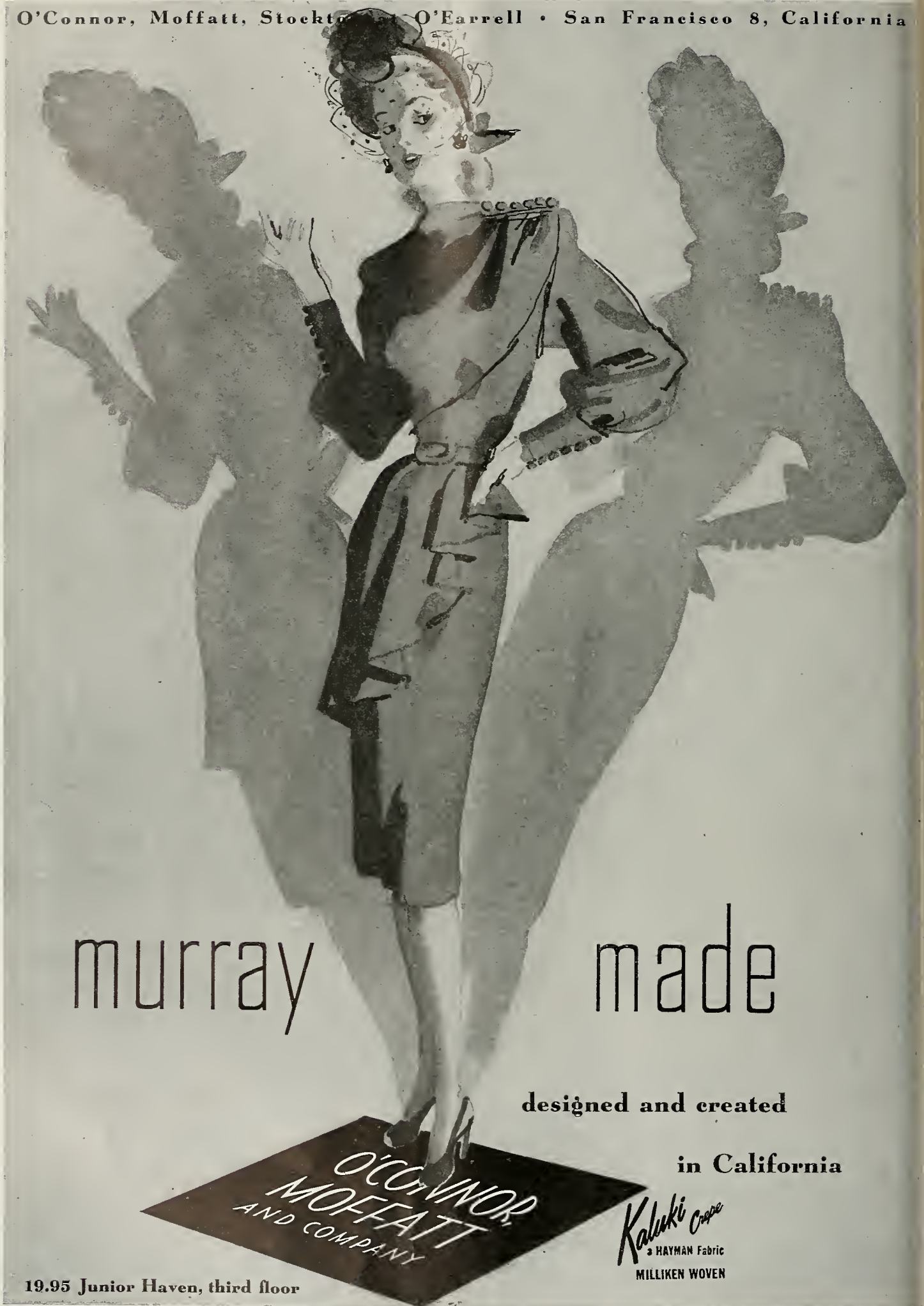

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Vol. 2
No. 5

THE CALIFORNIAN is published monthly, 210 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles 14, California. Subscription price: $3.00 per year. One dollar additional postage outside continental United States. 25 cents a copy. Entered as second class matter January 25, 1946, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1946 The Californian, Inc. Reproduction in whole or part forbidden unless specifically authorized.

DECEMBER
1946

Sun Magic

...AND MAGIC INDEED— THE SECRET, BUILT-IN UPLIFT BRA! IN A

CELANESE* FABRIC OF RAYON, FROM OUR "WESTWARD TO THE SEA" COLLECTION

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—MAKE SURE IT HAS THIS LABEL—
YOUR PROOF IT'S A COLE ORIGINAL

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COLE OF CALIFORNIA, INC., LOS ANGELES 11

Clothes Cooperation ...

five wardrobe luminaries, resort and cruisewear favorites that work together as cooperatively as the stars in a Hollywood award-winner. Matching suit and slacks plus two blouses, all CELANESE* fabrics . . . one an ingenue of crepe, the other a prima donna of handscreened rayon jersey. Barney Max of California is the producer . . . the "casting" is up to you.

Suit, 22.95. Slacks, 9.95. In aqua, white, eggnog, red, sizes 12 to 20. Blouse in colors to match, sizes 12 to 20, 9.95. Handscreened rayon jersey blouse in white only, sizes 12 to 20, 9.95

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THE PATIO COAT AND SLACK

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Jules of California dress in Mallinson rayan crepe. Great talent far dressing up with glittery holiday accessories. Gala calors: Guatemala green, Santiago red, Antigua brown, aqua, fuchsia, royal, grape, gray. Mail Orders. Sizes 10 to 18. 16.95.

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California Fashions in
"BOTANY" Brand
fabrics . . . gay companions to the shorts across these pages! Slacks . . . slim and long . . . slightly higher waisted to rest more firmly and hang beautifully. Tailored with loving care in Batany all-worsted Marchan gabardine—they come in sunny pastels and rich dark shades. Sizes 12 to 20 . . . . . $22.95

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Los Angeles

shopping

FILLED FRUIT MINIATURES . . . California's choice gift . . . delicious fig, date and prune miniatures . . . bite size . . . filled with luscious fruits, honey and nuts; flavor heightened with liqueurs. Favored by connoisseurs of California's rare fruit delicacies, offered to you or for distinctive gifts, wrapped for Christmas. 2-lb. gift package, $4.40, postpaid. At better stores, or send check direct to House of Faye's, 8636-B Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

SMOKER-SMOOTHIE . . . a spring-top case of glossy plastic for your cigarettes; holds them snug, keeps them fresh, and keeps tobacco dust out of your purse or pockets. Colors are ruby, tortoise, amber or patent-shiny black. Monogram or full name imprinted in gold lettering. Price, just a dollar in the mail to Weirick, 504 N. Verdugo Road, Glendale, Calif. Send initials or name with order and dollar, natch.

GYPSY ADAIR . . . . sheer but not too sheer nightie of ninon in dainty lingerie colors or sophisticated black, simply trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon tied in bows here and there. A criss-cross bodice that fits so well. The billowy skirt is finished with a wide ruffle. At Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Personal Shopper Service, Sacramento; Nancy's of California. From Doral, 639 S. Carondelet, Los Angeles.

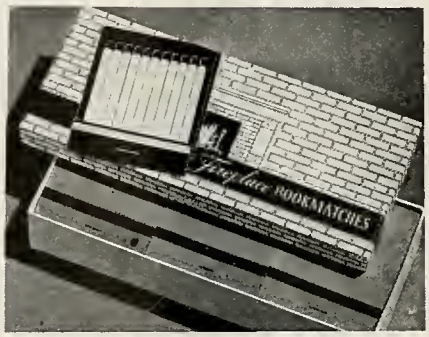
THE ZEPHYR . . . a belt with dash, double dash in fact, because of its two rows of shining links . . . light-as-a-breeze plastic, finished either in silver or gold. The whole series, matching necklace and bracelet, makes a very wearable trio. The belt $6.00, comes in all sizes. At Bullock's, Los Angeles; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington. From Biltmore Accessories, 846 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

ART IN WOODS . . . this box for cigarettes or personal trinkets. Hand-turned of Honduras mahogany, rubbed and polished to a gleaming satin finish . . . highlighting delicate grain and natural rose-tan coloring. Fine woods enhance with the years, and this chubby box (3¾"x4"), a collector's piece to be treasured. $7.00, postpaid. Order from Lemurian Crafts, Ramona, Calif. Request illustrated gift booklet.

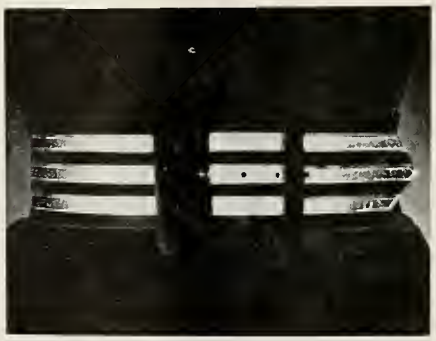
roundup

CHOCOLATAN . . . an over-the-shoulder bag of natural steer hide laced with chocolate brown leather thongs and lusciously lined with calf skin. A roomy piece it is . . . handmade, too . . . and you'll adore the large bronze buckle catch. Its beauty, like that of old silver, deepens with time. At Franklin Simon, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; Lichtensteins, Corpus Christi. From Rogé of California, 1060 E. Orange Grove, Pasadena, Calif.

FIREPLACE BOOKMATCHES . . . twenty-four 4½"x3⅜" bookmatches. A decorative, useful novelty. Ideal for lighting hearth fires and candles. Used for greetings, announcements and place cards. A Monogram Company of California product, sold at $2.50 by leading department and gift stores throughout the U. S., including Neiman-Marcus Co., Dallas, Texas; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Washington; Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City, Utah; and Davison, Paxon Co., Atlanta, Ga.



SUAVE IN SUEDE . . . a honey of a belt! Triple stripes of luxurious gold kid against a basic suede of green, red, brown or black. Fashionably three inches wide . . . confidently right for date dresses and such. A smooth-looking buckle of the same rich suede. Nicely priced at $10.95. For the name of the store in your vicinity, write Phil Sockett Mfg. Co., 1240 S. Main, Los Angeles, Established 1925.



THE COBRA . . . charm her at Christmas with this glittering, glamorous, gold duo . . . choker and bracelet. Definitely a Coro favorite. Fastens with the best jeweler's clasp. For the choker, only $15.00 . . . $25.00 buys the set. Add 20% luxury tax, please. Order from Daniels of Beverly Hills, or stop in at this fascinating shop. The address is 451 North Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

HANDY NAIL KIT . . . contains a superior nail polish that dries in a flash, a Rush Dry that sets the polish instantly, and an oily polish remover plus the emery board. A $1.50 value if sold separately, but $1.00 if purchased in the set. Choice of eight fall shades of polish that match the Gene Salée lipsticks. At beauty counters or write Gene Salée Cosmetics, 4683 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

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California Fashions in "BOTANY" Brand fabrics... such *exciting* news! Shirt blouse and shorts from our wonderful CALTEX group of coordinates. All superbly tailored in Botany all-worsted Morchan gabardine with Hess-Goldsmith crepe blouse in "Seagarden" prints that harmonize with the sunny pastels of the gabardine.

BLOUSE $12.95 SHORTS $12.95

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Los Angeles

...a svelte cocktail suit-dress of enchanting beauty. Sparkling sequins in every hue of the rainbow add a bewitching note to the gold lame embroidery background. Jacket can be worn separately with evening gown. Masterfully tailored in shimmering YUCCA... a Crown Tested Green Light Hoffman California Fabric. 10-16. Black and colors. About $20 at leading stores throughout the land.

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SUZI TOPPER . . . face-flattering femininity with this wear-everywhere turban made of wool jersey in all best colors. Crown hand-crocheted with loops and loops of yarn. Some sequin trimmed for restaurant wear, others perfectly plain . . . good for active sports and through the day. Fits any head-size. Turbaned up or bowed in back. At Marshall Field, Chicago; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Beverly Devon, 6305 Wilshire, Los Angeles. From $7.95.

BABEE-TENDA . . . the new safety chair for happier babies . . . ideal for playtime, lunch-time, and sunning. Built for baby's safety and mother's coveted convenience. Completely equipped with cushioned pad and harness. No extras to buy. (25" square and 22" high.) Folds up compactly. Exclusive distributor, B. D. Heiss, Babee-Tenda-Sales, 1019 Redondo at LaBrea, Los Angeles. Illustrated pamphlet upon request. Endorsed by American Medical Association.

NEAT AND SWEET . . . this barrette-buckle has the look of elegance and the flare of newness in hair decor. Sterling silver, artistically hand-engraved in a roving, scrolling pattern. (Size, 3"x1½".) An exciting Christmas gift, made by H. S. Means Co. in Culver City. Order from Daniels of Beverly Hills, 451 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. The price is $6.00 including luxury tax and postage.

GRIND YOUR OWN . . . pepper mill and salt cellar of selected hardwoods, finished in lustrous lacquer. Complete your table setting with this adaptation of old European grinding mills for tantalizing spiciness of pepper at its best. Epicures relish the taste of freshly ground pepper. Set, with pepper berries, gift packaged, $7.50 at B. Altman, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Barker Bros., Los Angeles, and better stores. Geo. Thompson Corp., Los Angeles 32.

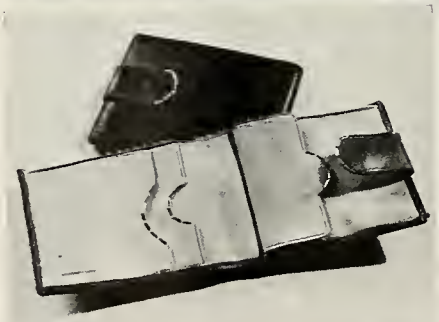
roundup

SKI BUCKLE . . . whether you ski or no, you'll be intrigued by the frosty snow and silvery pines, the graceful skier and pine cones embossed in gold on hand-engraved sterling. Exquisite gift idea destined for years and years of wear with casual clothes. Three sizes: smaller ones for ladies, and the larger (2½"x 3½") expressly for men. At better stores or write H. S. Means Co., 5894 W. Adams Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

STAR BRITE . . . and heavenly is this very wide new belt in suede or cape skin . . . sprinkled lavishly with metal and colorful studs. Comes in high winter-right shades . . . the studs in contrast, of course. By "very wide" we mean 4", and by "price" we mean about $7.00. At N. Snellenburg, Los Angeles, Pasadena and Hollywood. Designed by New Star Belt Company, 407 E. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles.

FIREFLY . . . a sterling silver chatelaine with a flat mesh chain. The firefly pins are detachable . . . the chain can be worn single strand—just the right length for your heirloom pendant. If you go for ensembles there are bracelet and earrings to match. The chatelaine, about $20.00 at Demery, Detroit; Bon Marché, Seattle; Coulter's, Los Angeles. By Maurice Constantine, 607 S. Hill, Los Angeles.

MONEY MANNERS . . . this wallet takes top billing for grace . . . a place for everything milady's wallet should hold. Genuine willow calfskin and lined with soft-as-silk antelope. Tab and inside pockets trimmed with gold segments. Rich shades of red, maple or green calf harmonize with lining. About $12.50 at Black, Starr & Graham, New York; Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles, and other fine stores. By Sandley, 629 S. Hill, Los Angeles.



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a hearty, seaworthy print
perfect for young
sun-worshippers

Sand Beige, Sun Yellow
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Playsuit and Jacket:
Sizes 1-6, about $8 per set
Sizes 7-16, about $11 per set

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"NICE-CUBES" are made of ice-like unbreakable plastic filled with water—sealed in. Placed in refrigerator ice compartment, they freeze solid. Drop them in your drink and watch it chill—and stay chilled! Use again and again—last FOREVER—tasteless, odorless. Ice your beer, wine and soft *drinks without dilution.*

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La Brā "JEL-RAC"

This unique time and labor saving device assures quick action in the jelling of salads and desserts. Molds are filled at the sink, inserted in chrome rack and placed safely in the refrigerator. No spilling, no frantic shifting of refrigerator contents.

At all the better stores for $1.00.

A product of Lauts & Brady, Los Angeles

JED TUCKER SAYS

Hot and cold is a theme that fits neatly into our once-over-lightly on the record panorama this month. For a trend is gradually appearing. Collectors of popular records are growing cool to hot music. Take a look at any juke-box . . . a year ago, jam sessions and energetic jive dominated any list. But now?

But now! Sweet ballads and smooth symphonic arrangements share at least equal honors with rockin' rhythm and boogie bounce. Hot licks move over to make room for cool melody. Not corn, but good, restful stuff reminiscent of life's quieter, pleasanter moments.

Being of the impartial school of thought ourselves, we're catalogning good new items so far as possible under "sweet" or "hot" classifications.

SWEET STUFF

"This Is Always," a romantic number from the 20th Century-Fox "Three Little Girls In Blue" gets the mellowest treatment from Jo Stafford, who backs it up with a nostalgic "Apple Blossom Time" for Capitol Records.

"Blue Skies Album"—a four-star-super-special of Irving Berlin melodies old and new, delivered by everybody's favorite in the new Paramount picture of the same name. Yup, Crosby, never better, for Decca.

"You Keep Coming Back Like A Song," also from "Blue Skies," beautifully intoned by Sweet Dinah. Miss Shore chants "The Way the Wind Blows" on 'tother side. Columbia.

"Ole Buttermilk Sky," Hoagy Carmichael's latest composition, gets the composer's own uniquely lazy vocalizing on a new release by ARA.

HOT STUFF

"Choo-Choo-Ch'Boogie" as rendered . . . and we do mean rendered . . . by Louis Prima. This hot-licks artist chose "That Chick's Too Young To Fry" for the back. Nuff said. Decca.

"Innovations" by Boyd Raeburn—an album of very solid symphonic jazz by a comer. This is really good hot music, due to last long after all the fellows who blow loud but not good have vanished. Jewel Records.

"Pig-Foot Pete" as EllaMae Morse knew him, energetically portrayed in Freddy Slack's eight-beat. You couldn't ask for a happier bounce tune. "Your Conscience Tells You So" on the reverse. Capitol.

"Rumors Are Flying," according to Billy Butterfield. Watch for this one—it's headed for the top and it's elegant. "Sharp Scarf" on the back. Capitol. The Andrews Sisters are also doing some classy Rumor-spreading for Decca.

RE-RELEASES

Around about Christmas time. you can look for new pressings of some of the all-time great albums. Victor is bringing out, for an eagerly demanding public, the fine Glenn Miller Album of yesteryear. The same house also is re-issuing the Upswing Album and the Smoke Ring Album, both just about as comprehensive collections of classic jive by big names as can be found: Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Artie Shaw in the Upswing book; T.D., B.G., Glenn, Artie, Duke Ellington, Freddie Martin, Sammy Kaye and Larry Clinton in Smoke Rings. Wonderful ideas for last-minute gift purchases.

NEW CLASSICALS

The wonderfully varied stream of new albums in the serious vein continues to span all tastes, periods and strata of music. From the many, we name a few outstanding ones:

Rachmaninoff Song Album, presented with liquid beauty by Jennie Tourel. Fine melodies from a melodic composer, musicianly singing. Columbia.

Chopin Album, in which Maryla Jonas, the Polish pianist, presents with rare understanding and exactitude of feeling some of the Polish composer's less frequently heard works. Columbia.

. . . from Colonial Days!

AGE-OLD COFFEE TABLE

Note the handsome sturdy cast-aluminum dull black finish stove base on this solid Coffee Table! Faithfully reproduced from an authentic 1825 masterpiece — with Mahogany or Pine Top. Wonderful as a Fireplace Bench! Weighs 27 lbs. 36" long, 18" wide 17" high. Permanently pleasing; satisfaction guaranteed.

Pine: $19.50 **Mahogany: $21.50**
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"...and to all a good nigh"

Yes, with these adorable Lucite Ca e Torches to light your way.

Order a pair for your bedroom! Love s well as extremely useful. Flick of the t operation.

Long-life batteries and bulb supplied; e y replaced when necessary. Lucite, your c e of red or clear. 6" high.

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What a stupendou
COCKTAIL SHAKE!

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DECEMBER DATE BOOK

Dec. 1-Jan. 3 ..... Tunnel of Lights
Glendale

Dec. 4-7..... Far Western Turkey Show
Turlock

Dec. 5-7..... Border Days
Calexico

Frontier days celebration of Calexico, which shares its name with twin city of Mexicali across the border.

Dec. 8..... Mission Day
Lompoc

La Purisima Mission celebrates its 159th birthday.

Dec. 13..... Christmas Concert
Santa Monica

Dec. 15-Jan. 6..... Nativity Tableaux
Altadena

Incidents in the life of Christ portrayed in beautiful settings at St. Elizabeth's Church.

Dec. 16 ..... Las Posadas
Los Angeles

Singing procession of Olvera Street's Mexican craftsmen, portraying the journey of Mary into Bethlehem before the birth of the Christ Child. Procession leaves Avila House (oldest in L. A.) at 8 every night for nine nights.

Dec. 20-25.....Christmas Lighting Contest
Orange County

Communities along 40-mile coastline compete in judging of Christmas lighting. Especially noteworthy is Huntington Beach oil field transformed into Christmas shrine with 80-foot oil derricks fashioned into forest of Christmas trees.

Dec. 22..... Horse Show
Los Angeles

Annual Christmas Horse Show at Riviera Country Club.

Dec. 24..... Mission Carols
San Gabriel

Dec. 27-29..... Yacht Racing
Newport-Balboa

Dec. 31..... Annual Frolic
Santa Ana

More than a thousand colorfully clad persons in mardigras mood parade through 30 city blocks.

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PALM SPRINGS
Baroque hand painted blouse fresh from Lynn Lester's Cruise Line! Luscious Bates Casaba Crepe in white, aqua or lime. Sizes 10 to 18. Order by mail . . . $7.95. Californians add 2½%. ROMA'S, PALM SPRINGS.
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VOL. 11 NO. 5 DEC. 1946

Beginning under the December sun... taking hold on high Sierra slopes, beside cooling desert pools... this year you will find a new, practicality-first feeling in your playclothes. You will go all out for relaxed simplicity... for free-as-air paper doll clothes that slip over your head and tie around your waist. You'll cover up in the conventional bare spots, bare in surprising streaks... take to square little beach coats, cinched in at your small waist. You'll be first to choose new sunback pedal pushers, belted and bolero-d... you'll be ready and waiting for the sun.

CALIFORNIA CREDO FOR THE NEW PLAYTIME

FOR THE CALIFORNIA WAY OF LIFE . . .

ON THE COVER: Hot und cold versions of the paper doll trend . . . left, White Stag's worm wool ski-wrap, belted over snug downhill trousers; right, Catalina's bright print poncho and swimsuit, both all out for relaxed simplicity. Snow poncho: about $12; water-repellent ski-pants, about $15; hood, $1.50; mitts, about $5. Sarong shorts and bra of Fuller cotton, sizes 32-38, with a matching poncho, about $15. At May Co., Los Angeles; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Younkers, Des Moines.

The CALIFORNIAN

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, J. R. Osherenko; VICE PRESIDENT & ADVERTISING DIRECTOR, Herman Sonnabend; MANAGING EDITOR, Donald A. Carlson; FASHION DIRECTOR, Sally Dickason Carolin; ART DIRECTOR, Charles Gruen; FASHIONS, Peggy Hippee, Jacquelin Lary, Diana Stokes, Serene Rosenberg, Rosemary Seal; ART, Andree Golbin, Morris Ovsey, Bud Mozur; FEATURES, Virginia Scallon, Frances Anderson; MERCHANDISING, Loise Abrahamson; FOOD STYLIST, Helen Evans Brown; PRODUCTION, Daniel Saxon, Robert Farnham.

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THIS

The magic of California . . . it isn't all seashore, plentifully populated with bathing beauties; it isn't all breath-taking mountain scenery and silvery lakes, fading into a panorama of orange groves and oil wells . . . or even one movie star after another as you stroll down Hollywood Boulevard.

Just three hours from Los Angeles there's the inspirational, scenic . . . almost mysterious . . . desert country of Palm Springs that is a veritable mecca for travelers from all over the world.

Palm Springs and the wondrous desert expanse around it are the answer to a weather man's dream: he can write his whole winter forecast just by placing neat little ditto marks beneath his last entry for "*clear skies, fair and warm.*"

Nor is the weather prophet the only one to appreciate the dependability of desert sunshine. You, for instance, can keep this picture of a sun-drenched land in the back of your mind . . . a sort of reserve strength as it were . . . and when you get bored with gloomy, winter days, have a yen to get away from it all . . . there's the beautiful desert of California!

For here's where you really can enter a strangely exciting new world: a seemingly endless expanse of golden sands, of palms and peaks that cast their long shadows over the dunes. This is a stage where you will enact the more dramatic and fulfilling scenes of your life, with the sun as the spotlight . . . and the spotlight on you.

The desert is bounded by a series of misty mountains, but actually it has no limits. It includes below sea-level waters and the towering peaks of San Jacinto (10,805 feet) and San

PHOTOS BY ANNE I. ANTHONY

IS THE

LIFE

Gorgonio (11,485 feet), twin guardians of the entry pass. It dips into the past for romance, rises to new heights for inspiration. It's no wonder that an ever-increasing horde of visitors find here the endless surprise and the enchantment that make them return again and again.

Nellie N. Coffman foresaw this vogue of "desert magic" almost forty years ago when she established the modest cabins that were to develop into the Desert Inn, distinguished resort hotel that pioneered Palm Springs as a winter playground for a discriminating colony.

Mrs. Coffman analyzed the health-giving qualities of the warm winter climate, considered the awesome expanse of the desert . . . but even she did not vision its recreational opportunities. For here is a spot where vacationists sun-tan in the middle of winter, confidently play their favorite outdoor sports with nary a thought to the weather.

Palm Springs itself is an Arabian Nights village, done in pastels. Pale pink stucco houses sit airily upon golden sands . . . or perhaps they are palest yellow or sky blue, tranquil yellow or green, with here and there stark white for contrast. They are castles on the sand, they're dream homes come true . . . with lacy palms putting exclamation points to big estate and small. Standard equipment of all is the patio, a frequent asset is the turquoise pool . . . veritable oasis in the desert.

Obviously, this is the perfect background for a new kind of outdoor living, ranging from breakfast outdoors (even in January!) to bicycling, swimming, riding, golf, tennis . . . to dinner-dancing under the stars. Gone are the inhibitions: in Palm Springs you do those things you've always wanted to do.

Many fine resort hotels have sprung up to cater to the ever-increasing number of visitors. Deluxe apartments, dude ranches and even motor courts take care of those who succumb to the lure of the desert.

It's small wonder that the whole Palm Springs area has expanded, that the contagion of such carefree living has been "caught" so easily. But the village itself is the most revealing sign of the time.

Down the main street are the expected number of shops peddling curios, of drugstores and markets and eating places galore. But there are surprising little courts, palm-lined avenues where exclusive shops abound. All in all, Palm Springs boasts a real service center for its many year-round residents, as well as seasonal visitors: post office, theatres, churches, schools, women's clubs, library, chamber of commerce (ah, yes!), branches of leading specialty shops . . . everything!

If you should tire of shopping, you always can sit down on a streetside bench and watch the world go by. You'll see movie stars and fans, school teachers and truants, oil tycoons and gas station attendants. You'll see fashion designers previewing the coming season, and visitors wearing their wares.

They're all here in the flesh, in fact so much so that a distinguished hotel once issued a humorous cry of "Please, not in our lobby!"

Accepted desert attire ranges from the all-out western paraphernalia complete to plaid shirt 'n jeans . . . to the slacks and pedal pushers and shorts for active play wear. Dresses of

(*Continued on page 71*)

the frostbitten and the

california's

fashionwise come to

desert country..a

paradise of color and roma

SOME LIKE IT *hot* . . .

Some like it hot . . . and they bask in the sun, she in a saw-tooth scalloped brevity, sea-shell pink, lined wool jersey. Caltex-designed, sizes 12 to 20, about $18 . . . he in boxer trunks, sea-foam green, in shiny Du Pont Zelan fabric. Catalina makes them; about $5. Her lipstick, named for him, is "Lucky Devil," by Chen Yu.

SOME LIKE IT *Cold . . .*

Some like it cold . . . and they take to the slopes in White Stag's matched snow-mates. Twin tuck-in jackets, snug with extra inches of wool ribbing: hers $10, his $14.50. Trousers sleek and slim, dark of course . . . hers $15, his $16. All ski and water togs, both pages, at May Company, Los Angeles; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.

THIS

You may be one of those sleepless wonders whose idea of joy unconfined is to: (1) clamber out of a cozy bed at three a.m.; (2) rouse all the hapless neighbors within six blocks as you vociferously load up the car; (3) motor madly through the night until you reach the winterized mountains, and (4) shiver around in the frozen darkness, dying for a cup of hot coffee and praying for enough light to commit mayhem on one another with snowballs.

Or, you may be able to take your winter sports activities in a less taxing manner. But if you're among the millions of Pacific Coast citizens vamped away from the weekly grind by the multi-varied phases of snowtime fun, count on having plenty of company this season. It's going to be a whopper.

Spurred by the seasonal urge for recreation, and lured by lavish expansion programs of their favorite resorts, Far Westerners are heading for the hinterlands in king-sized herds. Some of them are fortunate enough to live with-

PHOTOS BY RAY ATKESON AND UNION PACIFIC

by Burt Sims

IS THE SEASON

in echo distance of a good-sized snow-patch. Some can build the youngsters' snow-man in the front yard. Others have to hit the highways and reach for altitude to find skiable, sledable or skateable surfaces. But distance never seems to be a deterrent to those who "like it cold." Even during the war years, the die-hards scraped together enough fuel, and overloaded their cars, to travel into the snowfields.

From San Diego to Canada, the season now in its embryo stages is attracting an increasing number of skiers, tobogganists, sledders, ice-skaters, ash-can lid sliders—and even those irrepressible characters whose greatest enjoyment is found in loading huge amounts of snow on the family car, then racing home to warmer temperatures and astounded neighbors.

Although long regarded as a mecca for sun-baskers, California, in particular, is sprouting snow lovers like popcorn on a hot stove. Even local chambers of commerce in the state's southern section are reluctantly admitting that all that white stuff on the mountains is not wind-drifted sand, and some of the more alert gentry are "selling" winter as enthusiastically as their forebearers subsidized sunshine.

The time couldn't be more opportune. Last season, the peace-released chance to cavort in the snowfields sent great numbers of eager fans in search of wintertime recreation. But they were a little early. Many resorts had been unavoidably slow in reconverting to the tourist trade. Ski-tow operators had difficulty buying rope and machinery. Personnel still was in uniform. Scores of favorite resorts had been requisitioned by the services as convalescent centers, training areas, base camps. Official agencies didn't have enough men or machinery to clear all the roads and maintain them. The winter sports sponsors tried hard to meet the overwhelming floods of visitors . . . but they weren't completely successful.

It's different, now. The reconversion task is well in hand. During the summer months, many of the better-known snow spas not only overhauled their facilities; they expanded them. And dozens of new areas have been opened as a direct result of the great demand manifested by Pacific Coast winter-ites.

Reading from the bottom up, along the West Coast, Southern California offers the usual large number of old favorites—with some splendid additions in prospect. Certain to receive heavy patronage is the section's first—and, to date, only—chair lift, on Mt. Waterman. This popular resort, within an hour's drive of Los Angeles and virtually in Pasadena's lap, is easily accessible over the Angeles Crest Highway. Rope tows atop the mountain, and numerous slopes to test the varying degrees of ability will tempt hordes of skiers. And if you're merely curious to see some snow, or to fashion a slowly melting Uncle Mortimer for the children, there are countless acres of the white stuff spread beside the road.

Other short drives may take you to Mt. Wilson, Red Box Can-

(*Continued on page 65*)

if you can walk . . you can ski . . and california's beautiful snow slopes beckon . . turn to page 64 for your animated map . . where to go . .

PAPER DOLL PLAY

CLOTHES . . . CUT OUT FOR YOU

Paper doll play clothes . . . so new, and for you! Carefree as a breeze, tough and tubbable as you please . . . so simple you'll wonder that no one's thought of them before; so wonderful you'll wear them all season through . . . sea-going stylist or land-lover you. Devil-may-care or delicate air . . . you're in the mood the minute you slip these paper doll cut-outs over your head. Shown *left* and *above*, Lynn Lester's yacht-going poncho . . . just one version of the paper doll dress: feminine Robin Hood doublet of gabardine with two hooks to hold it on, a huge archer's pocket just for fun. Two piece sun suit of Dan River striped cotton beneath. Sizes 10-16, in peach-and-print . . . or assorted solids and prints. The poncho, about $13.75, suit about $9.75. At Nancy's, Hollywood; Peck & Peck, New York; O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., San Francisco.

SILHOUETTES with a delicate air . . . really practical but with a feminine fragility that is so appealing. Like Agnes Barrett's old-fashioned camisole turned midriff, matching patio pants, *above*. In Bates poplin, sizes 10-18, about $20. At Best's, Seattle; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; J. P. Allen, Alanta. Or Rose Marie Reid's gleaming black suit, *opposite*, for the girl who really swims.

but dramatically. Cohama nylon gabardine. metallic band-wired bra. sizes 10-20. About $30 at I. Magnin. Los Angeles; Garfinckel. Washington. D. C.; J. L. Hudson. Detroit. *Right,* Lynn Lester's checked water-repellent taffeta. capeleted for caution. Red-blue-or-black and white; sizes 10-16. Suit. $9.75; cape. $5.75. O'Connor. Moffatt & Co.. San Francisco; L. Bamberger. Newark.

PAPER DOLL cut-out like a young ballerina's, *left*, a jumper type poncho of heavy cotton twill, two-piece sun suit to match. By Junior Miss of California, sizes 9-15, about $8, Lord & Taylor, N. Y.; Lucy's, L. A.

FOR YOU a new look, like a little girl or a little girl's paper doll . . . *center*, in a short dress with a hole for your head, no seams but a belt instead; Pat Premo's design, with two-piece sun suit, *right* . . . bare, but prim.

THIS YEAR you'll relax. Pat Premo's duet in Wesley Simpson cotton, sizes 10-18, brown-and-green, gray-and-pink, green-and-red; dress, about $20 . . . sun suit, about $9.75. I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.

SKIS AND

SKATES

IF YOU TAKE TO THE ICE . . . take this very warm knitted wool suit with silver bells ringing down front of cardigan and swirling gored skirt. "Babashaw" hood fits closely over ears. Snyder Knits in red, kelly, royal, sungold, white. Jacket. $11; skirt. $16. At Sugar Bowl Lodge, Calif. Misses Shirley Hallsted, above, and Virginia Morrison, right, of the famous "Ice Follies of 1947" put dynamics into smart fashion design at Los Angeles' Pan Pacific rink.

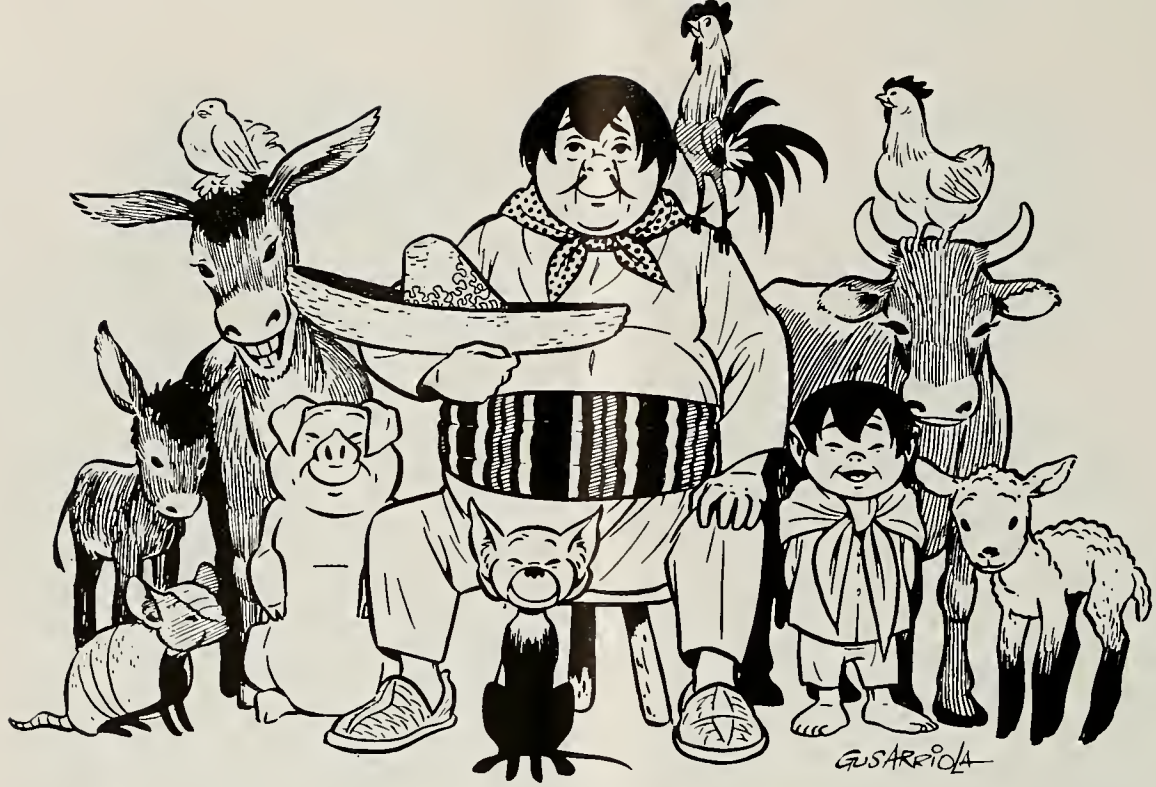
IF YOU CAN SKI . . . you'll master the art in Jantzen's woolen check mates. Two-timers to be worn in or out, with drawstring waists and snug button cuffs, as shown by Robert Scott and Miss Leslie Brooks of Columbia Pictures. Her mittens match. American Woolens in red, yellow or green and black. Her shirt, $15; his, $17. At Lipman, Wolfe & Co., Portland; Gimbel's, Philadelphia; Boston Store, Milwaukee.

FOR WINTER DATES

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY VERNON

we're famous for...

. . . classic interchangeables, tailored within an inch of their lives. Fine Botany Brand wool gabardine in hand-picked colors, soft as a sunset, basic as the "little black." Presenting Caltex Coordinates, our prodigies . . . on the tennis courts, dining out, at the club. The last word in prim waistbands with multiple stitching, gigantic Peter Pan collar and small boy cuffs. blazing Hess-Goldsmith print on full, long-sleeved blouse. Slacks, $23; blouse, $12; jacket and skirt, $45; pedal pushers, $20; shorts, $13. At J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York; Halle Bros, Cleveland.



HERE'S GORDO AND HIS PALS . . PEPITO . . SENOR DOG . . POPOCATEPETL . . SECOND FIDLER . . HOW MANY CAN YOU NAME?

Gordo . . the fat paisano comic strip character . . has bounced from a California movie studio drawing board into the big time. Gordo . . the self-styled "horticultural research scientist" . . is nonpareil as an ambassador of Pan-American good will. But the road his huaraches trod to fame was beset by cactus and imperiled with sinkholes.

Created by Gus Arriola six years ago. Gordo was subsequently snubbed by everyone to whom Gus presented him. Opinions were that Gus' rotund "leetle chom" was appealing enough. was indubitably a very comic citizen; but that, unfortunately, his appeal would be limited to the Southwest United States where people were familiar with his living prototypes. Surely no one. not even Arriola, could foresee that newspaper readers as far away as Helsinki, Finland. would one day chortle over the triumphs and tribulations of the paunchy little man from South of the Border.

Proponents of the good neighbor policy have long contended that racial intolerance has at least some of its roots in lack of sympathy and understanding for and of the everyday customs and idealogies of other peoples. And thinkers on the subject are agreed that communal laughter is a potent weapon against the inherent fear and intolerance which hamper international cameraderie. Arriola has been complimented by representatives of Pan-American societies on the reciprocal good will Gordo has established in this country and in Mexico and South America. Gordo pursues his "gorls." bemoans "dorty treeks," and grows his frijoles across the pages of newspapers in Mexico City. Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro.

"Funny how things develop," says Arriola. "I didn't dream up Gordo as a future candidate for the diplomatic service. but . . *quien sabe?* I only wanted to present the Mexican paisanos as I know them . . their easy-going. laughable. lovable ways of life. and their customs and their viewpoints . ."

Gordo and his diminutive friend. Pepito. along with Senor Dog. Juan Pablo Jones. the widow Artemisa Gonzales. and the rooster, Popocatepetl. came into being while Arriola was working in the animated cartoon department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Intrigued with his characters, Arriola showed them around to what mostly were unsympathetic colleagues; but Gordo wasn't going to take the brush-off lying down . . Arriola presently hatched a plan for packing his pen pals off to the Big Town and presenting them to a feature syndicate.

"I guess I'm just a yokel." commented Arriola. "New York scared the *pantalones* off me. I stayed only five days and took out of the place by jet propulsion. I might add that I felt very much cut down to size . . or what Gordo and I would call '*muy peseta* . .' "

But during that five days. unknown to Arriola. Gordo was sold and launched on his hilarious career. The strip was first shown to William Laas at United Fea-

Siesta-loving Gus Arrioln brought a comic strip character to a high place of goodwill under the international sun.

tures Syndicate, who was pinch-hitting for his vacationing boss, the late George Carlin. Laas studied the strips while Arriola cooled his heels in the outer office. Presently summoned to the inner sanctum, Arriola was asked what was the idea behind Gordo? What was the philosophy? Gus replied that he wasn't trying to express any philosophy . . added lamely that he just thought Gordo was a "funny guy." Laas pondered this, finally suggested that the strip be left for later inspection by Carlin.

On his return to Hollywood, Arriola faced the grins of his fellow cartooners at MGM and buckled down to work on the antics of Tom and Jerry, the cat and mouse stars.

Two months later came word from George Carlin. Gordo was in. Arriola was in. Carlin had become completely enamored of Gordo and set about selling the strip with such enthusiasm that soon forty-five newspapers were presenting it daily to their readers. Marshall Field went overboard for Gordo . . in his initial publication of the Chicago Sun he saw to it that Gordo cavorted on the comic page.

Of Gordo's fan mail, Arriola reports that in the United States eighty-five per cent comes from cities east of Denver. And, during the war, hundreds of letters poured in from GIs whose families faithfully sent them the Gordo strip. On Saipan there was a Gordo Club.

"One of the biggest thrills for Gordo and me," says Arriola, "was when we heard that a B-24 engaged on regular bombing runs over Germany was called the 'Dorty Treek' and carried as its insigne a picture of Gordo. When the 'Dorty Treek' and its crew were retired from active service, we received a letter from the commanding officer telling us that all the ship's personnel had come through without a scratch."

Of his own participation in the war, Arriola . . descendant of the old and esteemed Montano and Salazar families of California . . says little. He was attached to the Army Air Forces Motion Picture Unit where he worked on documentary and training films and on the preparation of scientific instruction movies.

With Gordo as his medium, Arriola has revealed himself a wit and a philosopher as well as an accomplished dramatist, but he says the constant necessity for inventing new situations and characters keeps his mind hopping like a Mexican jumping bean.

Quien sabe?

by Virginia Teale

California Christmas . . . with all the wild west corraled in one of California Authentics' Santa Fe prints. Your festive dress, printed gay Navajo dolls, a draped serape flung free over your shoulder, caught under your belt in front. Peggy Hunt design in Kachina Mask print; about $40; at Nancy's, Hollywood; Peck and Peck, New York.

f you go for snow

your winter wear should be a combination of excitement and practicality...and don't forget either!

One minute you may be reduced to barest necessities and sun-bathing to heart's content; the next . . . and literally it is a matter of minutes . . . you may be skiing down powdery slopes against a background of real winter splendor. That's what is so exciting about California.

So, if you want the tonic of brisk winter sports while in the west, pack up your duds and smile . . . for Mt. Waterman is just an hour and a half easy drive from Los Angeles; Big Bear, Lake Arrowhead. Yosemite's famous Badger Pass, and the Sierra country . . . particularly around Bishop . . . are always inviting.

Put on your bright tweed suit, sling a heavy coat over your shoulder, and be off with you! You'll find the suit a comfortable traveling companion and a versatile friend as well, for the jacket may be worn over slacks on occasion, and the skirt will do double duty with colorful sweaters.

First consideration in choosing clothes for a weekend of winter sports is, logically enough, the waterproof down-hill ski pants usually made of gabardine. This season they're cut into slim-fitting styles which enable you to cut pretty capers against the revealing white background of snow.

A wind-breaker jacket is another must, perhaps with knit-fitted collar, cuffs and waistband. New this season is a blouse of bird-cloth fabric that is light but wind-repellent. That, too, boasts the requisite knitted neck and wrist treatment, plus a wide torso band of knitting that tucks in securely and keeps you warm.

Bring plenty of sweaters, woolly and bright, for the winter scene . . . sequin and sophisticated, or gaily embroidered. The peasant blouse in light wool is another suggestion. Bring changes of slacks, white for extreme drama. And keep in mind the tones of your suit so that your slacks will harmonize.

Being severely practical again: don't forget your long winter underwear; pack gloves and wool hose galore, for you'll need many changes. Bring a tight-fitting cap of the ear-muff variety, dark glasses to protect your eyes from the glare . . . and maybe you'll find use for such addenda as . . . bandeaux for active sportswear, for colorful hair-dos later . . . broad belts for support as you ski, and to sparkle brightly as you compare notes on that last fine "christie."

You see, extravagant display and practicality go hand in hand in your California ski wardrobe . . . bring clothes to keep you warm in spirit and in fact.

● If you shun snow, prefer the sun . . . remember that December in California has both. While some hilltops are white, the towns and valleys may be golden warm . . . last December 86 degrees was maximum in Los Angeles. On the other hand, rain may be expected and the temperature may drop as low as last year's 40 in Los Angeles and 27 in San Francisco.

So, a California visitor this month should bring clothes appropriate to the season: the dark suit, topcoat or furs, practical knit or wool street dress, spectator sportswear. And then . . . bring a light blouse to wear with skirt or slacks on sunny days, an extra sweater for cool ones . . . shorts or pedal pushers in which to pursue the sun, a raincoat to dodge the "high fog."

The desert is as close as the mountains. Even the seashore often is inviting in December . . . so come prepared. That's California!

for mountain nights

Off with skates and skis, cozy up to a roaring fire in something soft and woolly. Slack, skirt, suit yourself . . . for mountain nights, it's comfort first; bright color, cut, close seconds.

1. Wear a shirt cut slick and snug . . . tropical rayon with a touch of wool. By California Colony; sizes 10-18. Shirt about $11; pushers, about $9.

2. Duck into a sweater of feather fleece, a skirt of English wool. Jantzen's sweater, about $9. Sir James skirt, about $13. Hollywood Vogue belt.

3. "Snow White" shortie of Stroock long-hair; by Adele in white or pastels; about $70. Mitts, scarf, by Billi Cheatwood.

4. Red leather for firelight shine . . . Powers belt and headband. Belt, about $9. Graff slacks of Shirley Strutter, $8.

5. Winter gaiety: plus fours and shirt of flannel, buckled in bright red leather. Pat Premo. Yellow and green; black and white; 10-18; about $30.

6. Tie a slim ankle, cummerbund a tiny waist in Mexican calzones . . . Louella Ballerino's version of good neighbor pants, bloused with bright colors. Calzones about $17; blouse about $13.

7. Cruise white for snow or sun . . . slack, jacket and skirt (not shown), Botany Brand flannel. Barney Max. Jacket about $35; slacks about $14.

8. Tuck your toes into felt-soled slippers, about $6, knit to match the vest, about $7. By Snyder Knitting Mills.

9. Coat with past, present and future . . . Country Club's wool and camel hair classic; about $65. Hansi's knit cap.

10. Join any clan in pedal pushers, jacket of all-wool plaid. By Frances Craig of California; 10-16; about $20.

11. Pleated swing back slack suit for tired tomboy comfort. By California Colony. Sizes 10-18; about $30.

12. Tunic slacks for a lady relaxing . . . Royal of California's full-sleeved blousuit of black and lime, brown and coral, or navy and gold; 10-20; about $23.

13. Fashion touché: turtle neck, padded shoulders. Jantzen's wool sweater, about $11. Pushers by Stuart of California in Cohama wool; about $14.

(For stores, see page 70)

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December desert where the sun is bright and precious; where you want to play one hour, dress the next: these clothes . . . pared, perfected, ingeniously coordinated.

1. Swim in Mabs' box pleat suit of gay Fiesta print—cover up with its long-sleeved jacket; $25.

2. On a Dan River cotton plaid, surprise white eyelet rims along deep-set sleeves. Matching skirt not shown. Meena; complete, about $25.

3. Drop shoulders, ruffles—delicious combination for juniors. Remle; $11.

4. Two pieces planned in geometric contrast, light and dark color psychology. Agnes Barrett; $30.

5. Ice cream color stripes: bra and shorts for water, coat for beach. Jr. Miss of California; $17

6. The doll dress in Cohama print over brief surf suit. Dorette; $24.

7. Barest short dress for day or night, with sculptured back drape. De De Johnson: Celanese crepe. About $23.

8. Ruffled, shouldered playsuit of Bates print. Matching skirt not shown; Jantzen-Ballerino; $22.

9. Patio pants of California Fabric; California Authentics blouse; both Deauville; $24. Bee Norton armband.

10. Beachcoat now, evening wrap after dark. Marjorie Montgomery, of Guatemalan cotton, leather-belted. $18.

11. Buttons, straight down the front and under the wide pleat; cut-out back for sun. Dorette, about $20. Belt extra.

12. Pure white for a winter tan. Front peplum with hand-painted coq. Zagri design in Bates fabric. About $35.

13. Sleek cabana skirt and bra draped like a nautch dancer's. Fay Foster, her own Hollywood Textile print, $25.

14. Sun back pedal pushers all in one piece, embroidered Indian style for bright contrast. Bolero not shown. Louella Ballerino; complete, $36.

15. Elegant hobo coat, full-sleeved, giant-pocketed in masque print contrast. Designed by Fay Foster; $17.

16. The double cross, and a halter dress! Saba design in chambray, matching jacket. $20. Bee Norton jewelry.

17 For warmest breezes, icicle-embroidered pastel. Barbara Claire design in Shirley gabardine; about $15.

18. Rompers and midriff designed on a drawstring. White and pastels, from Paramount Hollywood; about $7.

19. Barney Max's superb coordinates. Here a suit combine of the topper and slim skirt. In Celanese; $23.

20. Two more, the Barney Max group; slim slacks, about $10; jersey blouse, hand-blocked design by Elza, about $10.

Featured: Splashy colors on midriff top; impish knickers of Bess-Goldsmith rayon. Tabak design; $17.

(For stores offering this merchandise turn to page 70.)

. . and desert days

BY SHARON TERRI

Take comb, take time, a few bright and wispy bits of allure . . . we're suggesting a few . . . uncork your imagination, and be a glamor girl for ol' Santa! Burton Skiles, whose lush beauty salon in Hollywood is host to some of your favorite movie stars, provided us with a preview peek in his "holiday sanctum." And here are five enchantments our heads danced with as we left . . . complete with directions for fait accompli at your own dressing table. There's one for you . . . to make you the belle of every party from Christmas Night to New Year's Eve. Try them all! Burton insists . . . indeed will prove time and time again . . . that "No woman need wear her hair just one way." So . . . have fun . . . you'll look powerfully pretty!

give yourself a holiday hair-do

A *Parted center, hair is very smooth, ends rolled under. Branches of holly, one caught behind each ear and invisible wherever else needed, rise flame-like 'round head and face.*

B *From the back and from the front, equal rolls of hair are made and pinned asymmetrically to each other . . . one slightly left, the other slightly right. Then a cluster of ermine tails tucked into the back roll, to cascade regally against shining back hair.*

C *A winged coiffure accomplished by two deep dips over each ear, bright with a "milky way" of twinkling glitter. The "milky way" is for any hair-do and is accomplished thus: after final combing, spray hair heavily with lacquer; wait a minute; sprinkle artist's glitter— which can be purchased at any art supply store—in a gradually widening path over the glitter.*

D *Brushed far back, the hair is ribbon-tied high, so that the loosely-curled ends fall in a lovely Grecian drape. Two pastel cabbage roses hide and peek under the drape.*

E *For a striking profile . . . all hair swept severely to one side, caught in one flat roll, and a plume in an electric color, (or feathers if you wish) wound from the inside back, coming on forward to cover part of one side of the face.*

JENNIFER JONES, ACADEMY-AWARD WINNER, HAS A PASSION FOR THE DRAMA . . . JENNIFER, THE MOTHER, REVELS IN THE GROWING-UP OF HER TWO YOUNG SONS

HAVE YOU MET *Miss Jones?*

Jennifer Jones, "the saint"; Jennifer Jones, "the spitfire," is one of the busiest persons in Hollywood. She hasn't stopped working since "Song of Bernadette" . . . but she likes it that way.

So serious is Jennifer about her dramatic career that she has thrown her talent energetically into a gamut of roles; from the Academy-award "Bernadette" to the tempestuous "Duel in the Sun."

Yet, her most earnest role is that of mother to her two sandy-haired boys, Michael and Robert. Some of her happiest moments have been at Christmas, when they're together, excitedly opening their presents. Last year the boys had begged for fire engines and Jennifer had promised to be Santa's helper. But they weren't making any new fire engines . . . material shortages. It's very important to Jennifer that her sons have faith in her, and she never fails to keep her promises to them. So, she ran all over town until she located two slightly worn engines, had them spruced up and under the tree Christmas morning.

When Jennifer was deciding on her new house, I remember her saying, emphatically, "Above all, it must be suitable for the children." Consequently, her charming French Riviera home is equipped with a special backyard playground for two active boys.

At five and six years of age, Michael and Robert already have the acting bug, for every time I see them, they're rigged up in costumes . . . first they're Indians, then Keystone Cops, then whooping cowboys. Jennifer brings them to the studio and they go right on the set to watch her act. And she doesn't spare herself. In "Duel in the Sun," as the half-breed Indian girl, she climbed over jagged rocks until her knees bled; she rode bareback in a skirt; she whirled in a passionate dance and wore out 18 pairs of shoes. She loves to learn. She loves to act.

She has wanted to be an actress since she was five-year-old Phylis Isley in Oklahoma, playing the role of a stick of peppermint candy in a school play. Although they wanted her to study science, her parents . . . theatrical people themselves . . . sent her to the New York Academy of Dramatic Arts in 1937.

Anita Colby, famous as "The Face," has turned her talents from modeling to the studio where she is an executive.

Those were hard, but happy times. She tried to crash Hollywood in 1939, but disappointedly returned to New York. Then Phylis tried out for the role of Claudia and her test was so outstanding that David O. Selznick put her under contract. She became Jennifer Jones and rose to star-studded heights as Bernadette. Since then, Jennifer has played the young girl in "Since You Went Away," the helpless amnesia victim in "Love Letters," a comedy role in "Cluny Brown," the throaty-voiced spitfire in "Duel in the Sun," and now she'll play tomboy Jo in Selznick's remake of "Little Women."

Her acting schedule adds up to enough labor for any woman, yet during the war

(*Continued on page 67*)

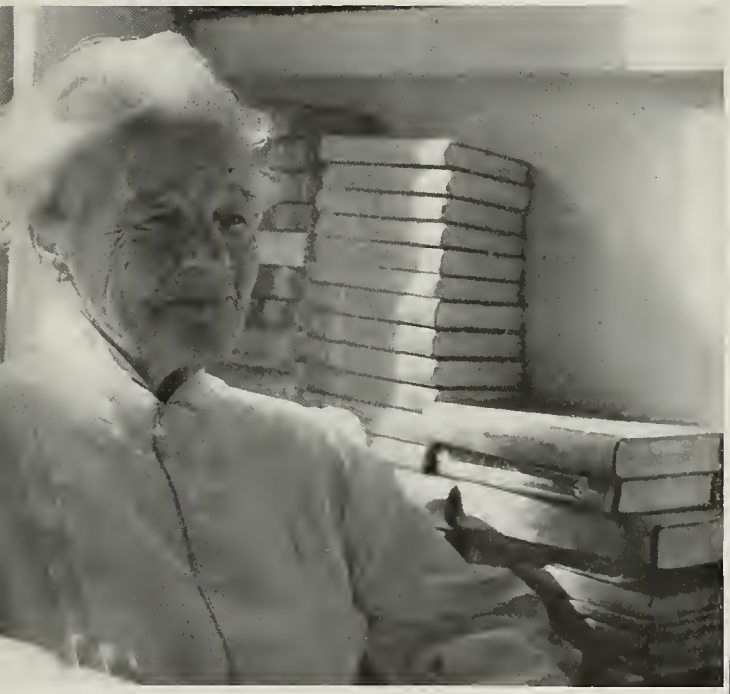
BY ANITA COLBY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN MIEHLE

WESLEY, confidante of a string of Sunset Strip celebrities, mixes one of his famous Moscow Mules. A pioneer of California watering spots, Wesley has hosted at Catalina, Palm Springs, Hollywood. Once fishing partner to Zane Grey, he aims to retire from "bright lights."

PAUL LASZLO translates modern design into homes, factories, store buildings. Architect and interior creator, Laszlo designs all furnishings used by his clients. He thinks appreciation for good modern will grow as people swing away from old, decadent thinking. California homes, Laszlo feels, lead all the world in quality of design.

ROB CLARK, U. S. Marshal for Southern California, once drove a stagecoach on the Ojai-Santa Barbara run, became a Federal ranger in early land-grabbing days when the West was "wild!" Clark has accompanied literally dozens of murderers on their last trip across country.



in california it's...

an eagerness of ideas
an urgency of effort..that keeps
the old from aging
and the mature from growing
mundane

ADELINE DE WALT REYNOLDS is one woman who waited 80 years to get in the movies. Grandma Reynolds, having reared four children, started college at 66, was graduated at 70. She was playing in little theatre productions around San Francisco when a talent scout hustled her off to Hollywood where she has appeared in "Going My Way," "Come Live With Me," "Tuttles of Tahiti," and other major productions. An active athlete, Grandma swims regularly and fences in exhibition matches. She also is learning to play the piano and converse in Spanish (this in preparation for a trip to South America "some day.") Books have been her hobby all of her life and she says, "When I had just enough money for one ton of coal I used to get half a ton, spend the rest buying books!" Young people write more than 95 percent of Grandma's fan mail.

JOSEPHINE DILLON, drama coach and first wife of Clark Gable, lists Nelson Eddy, Gail Patrick, Jimmy Fidler, among her pupils. She insists culture is fundamental for actors, thinks all should learn.

CLIFFORD CLINTON, colorful cafeteria owner whose political ambitions were thwarted, is currently fathering Meals for Millions, a plan to feed starving peoples a fully nutritional, dehydrated meal for 3 cents.

BY MALCOLM STEINLAUF

SKI MAN... HE MAN

FOR "THAT MAN" THERE'S DOWNHILL ZIP IN SNOW CLOTHES OF CALIFORNIA DESIGN

Oops! Did you go by that ski display window again? What is it that gives your Mr. Cardiac that restless twinge? Was it the ski picture printed in last night's newspaper, or was it yesterday's snowfall?

Maybe it was the little woman who said she'd look cute in a skiing outfit, and you agreed . . . all the time wondering if perhaps you wouldn't cut quite a fancy figure on your own pair of shining skis!

If you've already been bitten, it's too late to change . . . so you might as well learn, correctly, the fundamentals of the sport . . . consult a competent instructor, and take up the task of shopping for your correct ski outfit.

These outfits can be broken into: 1) items for the business of skiing; this includes your paraphernalia and equipment, and 2) your special ski clothing.

Insofar as equipment goes, you'll need skis, naturally, then boots, bindings and poles, which any good ski shop can supply.

Most important to the novice are boots. Consider that the pair you buy will last for many years. Take your time and purchase a fine pair. Most of your skiing control rests in the perfect alignment of ankle through boot to ski—and only a "good" boot can give you that. In price, boots range from $15, for the American type, machine-made, to $75, for hand-made Swiss shoes.

Bindings to hold the boot—and you—securely to the ski, run about $7.50. They are attached to the ski after you've purchased your boot, and are sized individually.

Today's skis are of many types, but for the most part, your best buy is a laminated "stick" that is factory "edged," having thin metal outstrips already attached to the bottom edges. "Sticks" run anywhere from $17.50 to $50. The Army, however, is releasing certain surplus laminated skis which will retail for about $12, and if you can find one of these it's a buy—particularly for the beginner.

Ski poles for $3.50 do the same job that the $12.95 pair do . . . with these it's merely the difference of a frill.

There are extras, such as: wax, repair kit, first aid kit (plan to take a few bumps and jolts for the first week or so), dark glasses and lotion (normally forgotten in the rush, but good for both sunburn or windburn), rope lift hitches, and a few other items . . . all of which will run the total equipment bill to an approximate figure of $50.

Steep? Not bad, considering that you can prorate the expense over three to five seasons of thrilling, satisfying sport.

Trousers probably will be downhill gabardines. Everybody wears 'em. They should be picked for a close-fitting waist, trimness around the seat, complete knee freedom and a clean taper that allows the bottoms to fit neatly inside the boot.

Either a parka, a lightweight, hooded ski jacket which is wind-resistant, or a well-knit all-wool sweater, with jacquarded Norwegian or Alaskan pattern, will do nicely for "top" covering. Depending on your fancy, these run from $8.50 up.

Miscellaneous items under part two—clothing—range from underwear to shirts and mufflers. "After-ski" time in the Lodge will bring forth wool-lined moccasins for tired feet, plain gabardine slacks, robes and smoking jackets. Call your entire ski outfit an expense of $90 and you'll be closer to the truth.

Now all you have to learn . . . all over again . . . is how to stand up. If you know that . . .

. . . we'll see you on the hill!

Stemming
from..

California

Powdery white snow and sleek ski runs go hand-in-hand with California's sunny, colorful attire.. and the best-dressed men on "sticks" are sticking to high style and comfort .. to California-designed downhill outfits .. action-full..freedom-full. For out-door "running time," for after-ski fun in warm, log fire-lighted piney lodges.. for style and wearability ..California clothes are pace-setters with those who know comfort best.

(Left page) Man's water-resistant, wool-lined parka with zipper front, hood, drawstrings at neck and waist, and man's long-sleeved all-wool V-neck sweater with Norwegian deer design. (Above) Maroon "Casual coat" of wool flannel with zig-zag hand-stitching on the pocket, shirt type cuffs, and three-piece detachable belt. Worn with new "Sierra boot," high-cut one-buckle bluchers made for rough weather or for after-ski wear. The lounging robe is of melton cloth trimmed with white braid, white belt fringes and pocket insignia.

CALIFORNIA

Rarely will you read a story on art by someone admittedly ignorant of the fundamentals of design . . . by one only vaguely aware of the mystery of aesthetics . . . or by a writer who, perhaps like you, lacks even a speaking acquaintance with the color wheel.

This is such a story.

One way to appreciate art is to understand the men and women who create it . . . the type of persons they are . . . how they live . . . what they think . . . what they hope to express. I have met some of the leading artists in Southern California . . . met them as citizens and men, as well as painters. I have inquired into their thoughts about the world and their place in it . . . the places and people that have made a mark on their lives.

Eighteen of these men will exhibit their paintings this month in the Pasadena Institute of Art. They represent every modern type and trend. It is difficult to say what brought them here from all over the world . . . to gather in a strange, loosely knit colony that spreads from the bay of Santa Barbara southward to Santa Monica and the Hollywood Hills . . . inland to the quiet country around Claremont and Pasadena.

They came for many reasons. A few chose Southern California for the climate. Some because of the proximity to Hollywood . . . others in spite of this same proximity. Several mentioned a feeling of freedom they have because Southern California is not an established art center. Critics, collectors . . . the public as a whole . . . does not look upon their painting with stereotyped reactions, but rather with the primitive appreciation of children learning, for the first time, the wonders of color, line and form.

The California artists who make up this growing group are no neophytes, no provincials whose art is circumscribed by their panoramic depiction of the local hills and canyons. Rather, they may be grouped as cosmopolitans. A majority have studied in Paris, Moscow, Rome or Vienna; and few, if any, migrated to Hollywood without first having lived for a time in one of the art centers of the eastern United States.

Francis de Erdely, professor of art at the University of Southern California, is one of the 18 whose work is currently on exhibition in Pasadena. Hungarian by birth, de Erdely studied at the Royal Academy in Budapest, went on to exhibit in Paris and Madrid, later became a professor at the Hague Academy of Art. His pictures were hanging in 17 museums on the continent when he came to America in 1940. This was the last move for a man who had tried living in China, Spain, Algeria and most of the countries of Europe.

It is entirely fitting that this particular painter should have spent the first four years of his life in America in the teeming industrial city of Detroit. His pictures are bold and virile. They shout out. And their voice is that of underprivileged people everywhere. One of the best draftsmen in America today, de Erdely is that rare combination—an excellent artist and sincere propagandist. His propaganda, too basic a thing to be defined by doctrine or dogma, goes far down to the roots of humanity to express itself in such paintings as his "Daily Bread," "Lynch," and "Man of the Dust Bowl."

An arch-realist, de Erdely makes no secret of his humanitarianism. He admits that ". . . the theme of my pictures is not very pleasant," despite the fact that they are widely in demand by other artists, sculptors, surgeons, and those sensitive to the welfare of society.

De Erdely's work belongs, by its merit, in the Pasadena show, but he is one artist who, although he lives in California, belongs to all the world.

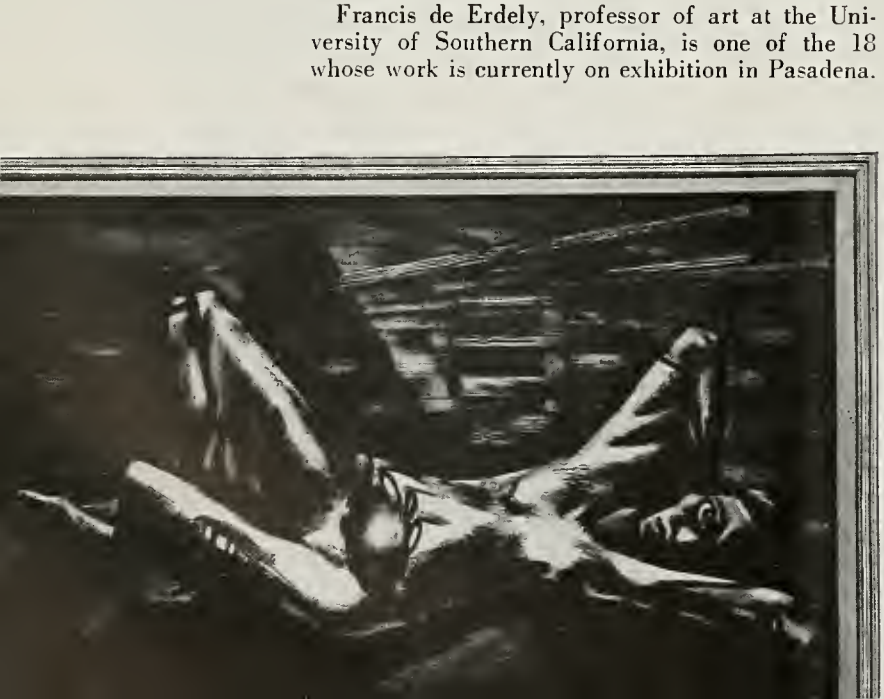
Lorser Feitelson, another California painter of international repute, represents a different attitude toward life and art. His pictures, completed over a period of more than two decades, are graphic milestones in the development of a sensitive and emotional personality.

His early works, finished in Paris immediately after the last war, show the somewhat pedantic approach the young painter had toward his art. There followed an era when Feitelson admittedly turned inward for his subject matter, painting only those pictures that had meaning to him and terming these "allegorical confessions."

When that phase passed his painting took on a more intellectual quality, which finally culminated in his present work in abstractions. Feitelson is deeply concerned with an individual meaning to life, a philosophical search for that which is deathless. He typifies the many idealistic young Americans who studied art in Paris through the subsidy of generous parents until the cataclysmic events of the thirties forced them to return to America and face the realities of depression.

A member of the international school of painting, Feitelson believes in a universal language

(*Continued on page 69*)



"MISCARRIAGE," by Millard Sheets, was painted upon his return from India. A prize-winner in the National Drawing Show, the picture is owned by Life magazine.

"NEWSBOY"
Francis de Erdely

HERETICS IN ART

y June Barth

"DREAMERS"
Hans Burkhard

"BATHING FIGURES"
S. MacDonald-Wright

"ABSTRACTION" Lorser Feitelson

Gluckmann

"TO APPRECIATE ART IT IS NOT ONLY NECESSARY TO SEE WITH YOUR EYES, BUT IN ADDITION, ALL OF YOUR OTHER FACULTIES MUST BE CONSCIOUS OF THE PICTURE. THE SENSE OF TOUCH, THE HEARING, MEMORY OF SCENTS, THE TASTE---ALL ENTER INTO THE FULL APPRECIATION OF THE ARTS...ONE DEPRIVED OF ALL MATERIAL FACULTIES EXCEPTING SIGHT WOULD BE UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND PAINTING..." LOUIS DANZ

Dramatic mural taken right from the locale of the spacious Rancho Dos Vientos, a decorator device to focus attention and to provide conversational interest.

Today's living is a very moving story, for this is a period of beginning, and beginning again. The regular quota of brides and bridegrooms are establishing new homes, families are once more together after a transitory era of wandering in the wake of war . . . everywhere, the emphasis is on home.

Finding a house is something else again. and often the makeshift arrangements necessary make problems of interior decoration seem overwhelming. But Californians have a suggestion, and that is to start your decorating with the greatest expanse . . . bring color into your walls and ceiling.

There's nothing more depressing than a dark, dingy wall surface, unless it be the utter monotony of neutral mutes . . . beige, taupe, white . . . which cannot speak for themselves, or you! You can't help but reflect a joyous new spirit if your walls are ethereal azure blue, a pale clear green . . . in fact, any of the green shades right up to the lime and chartreuse that make such a perfect foil for current favorites, coral and cranberry. And there's no excuse for living in the dark with so many easy-to-use washes available.

Once you've set the scene, your problem is lightened. Whether you be newlywed or newly settled down, doubtless you have a certain amount of *lares and penates* with which to set up housekeeping. Maybe you've raided family storerooms for unused, and alas, outmoded furniture with which to fill spacious voids; maybe you have a miscellany of wedding gifts which do not fit into your decorative plan . . . or perhaps you've carted along with you treasured heirlooms or prides-and-joys which you couldn't leave behind.

How are you going to assemble these pieces . . . quite elegant or white elephants . . . into a unified group with family integrity?

It is in these unaffiliated pieces that your real challenge lies, but fortunately even the most meticulous decorators admit it is not necessary to confine your efforts to any one period . . . as long as the results are in tune As explained by Edgar Harrison Wileman.

HOME IS WHERE YOU ARE...

make it as individual as your name.

prominent Los Angeles home authority, it is all a matter of proportion and scale: elaborate things do not fit in a chintzy-maple setting, massive cathedral pieces in an informal room, etc.

Face your problem frankly, with this suggestion to guide you: if a piece has character and line, you can make a place for it; if it is definitely unimportant a coat of paint will work wonders! Nondescript tables and bookcases, for instance. may be made decorative highlights with a flash of smart accessory color; an old desk may be antiqued or lined, a sideboard treated fancifully with design and color.

Homesick and home-loving GI's have contributed another puzzler to many decorator-wives by sending home totally unrelated objects-

HOME

with a house-full of decorative ideas to inspire you...

of-art with a decided foreign flavor: large Chinese prints, Indian tapestries, other treasured loot. Don't hesitate to use 'em, at least in moderation, for these add priceless personality to your home, often may key a whole color scheme.

Dare to be a bit theatrical in your accessory decor: open up those wedding boxes, display those choice treasures, live up to that glorious painting! A dramatic lamp, like a cherished antique, is a symbol of dreams and a sign of home.

And in this process of beginning . . . or beginning again . . . you must give careful thought to basic overstuffed pieces which obviously will be in the spotlight. Times and prices as they are, you'll find slipcovers the cover-up for your most perplexing problems. And as Mr. Wileman says cannily, these same gay prints will be a welcome change and a practical summer device to protect the fine upholstery you'll be able to buy one day.

IS ON THE RANGE...

When Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stewart moved to a 6000-acre ranch in California, they wanted their new home to be as western as blue jeans and plaid shirts . . . yet they had brought along some cherished heirlooms with all the formal dignity of their eastern residence.

One look at the rambling building on their new property and they called in architect John Byers to add extra rooms and remodel, according to a design-for-living which they worked out with Mary MacMillan, a decorator.

Beginning with the walls, they selected a mellow redwood for panelling, bleached it to a honey tone and then rubbed it with a soft green which revealed the grain of the wood and brought the spirit of the rolling acres right into the hall, dining, and living rooms. Floors were stained the darkest brown, excellent contrast for the handloomed rugs which were made to include varying shades of green with old red . . . the same red repeated in lounge chairs so typically western.

This preliminary work accomplished two things: it established both the mood and the basic color scheme for a house which literally "grew" into importance. Once walls, floors and rugs were decided upon, the rest was

CALIFORNIA LIVING...

by
virginia scallon

ARCHITECT JOHN BYERS TRANSFORMED THIS RAMBLING RANCH HOUSE INTO A HOME TYPICAL OF THE BEST IN THE WEST: MARY MAC MILLAN, A. I. D. WORKED WITH OWNERS TO BRING THE SPIRIT OF THE OUTSIDE, INSIDE

Mexican pink hand-printed linen covers these chairs, dramatic agninst stark white background.

Inside, the comfort of great chairs, homespun rug; outside, rolling hills with a picture quality!

Informality achieved by repeated use of gay flowered prints in a family room of real warmth.

Entrancing patio view is the only distraction for those who would enjoy a quiet game of skill.

simple. Flowered draperies in bold rich patterns were introduced, and the same decorative fabric used in upholstery.

Fortunately, the furniture which found its way to this new home created no real problem: massive secretary and dignified Queen Anne chairs fitted into the generous and gracious expanse, with some of the upholstered pieces re-covered in the more rugged color scheme. All new pieces naturally accented the desired ranch motif.

"These people typified the early pioneers," Mrs. MacMillan remembered, and pointed to the universal habit of bringing most-valued belongings into a new land to form the nucleus of home.

Since the days of the covered wagon, west-bound pioneers have come laden down with cherished possessions that range from a rug to a rocking chair, from a bit of old silver to a hand-made tapestry. And strangely, no matter how removed they may be from the decorative scheme of a new home, they add the note of dignity and charm that is so all-important.

So it was with the Stewarts. They had a definite picture of how their western home should look, but they wanted to retain certain basic pieces. Consistently, owners and designer worked together to coordinate, to unify.

The dining room was the decorator's delight, with a four-wall mural spread above the soft-panelled baseboards, telling a story of ranch life in all its pictorial and colorful beauty. With a blue sky ceiling overhead, the panoramic walls show outdoor western life down to the ground, complete to pinto ponies, saddles, rail fences and all the western paraphernalia.

The focal interest so obviously on the walls, the rather unpretentious dining suite became, rightfully, of only secondary interest . . . an ingenious trick of submerging the usual in the unusual.

In the den, another spirit prevails . . . as clean cut and western as the entry rooms . . . but more dramatic in its colorful contrast of stark white walls with great overstuffed chairs and couch of hand-loomed linen, showing outdoor scenes in tones of . . . Mexican pink! The corner fireplace and the widespread view of glorified barns and rolling hills vie for interest in this room which was designed for pleasure.

Yes, that's how the Stewarts made their home on the range, combining the traditional with the current and functional, combining dignity and open-hearted western spirit in a home suited to their family needs. The model barns, the acres of walnuts and citrus fruit, the breeding of fine horses . . . these are things beyond the horizon of the average person, but the underlying theory of creating home-where-you-are remains the same.

by helen evans brown

Some like it hot . . . some like it cold . . . and I'm not talking about California's weather . . . that's been done before! I mean "pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold, pease porridge in the pot nine days old."

Pease porridge—or split-pea soup if we must be mundane about it—has long been a favorite of men of taste . . . and appetite. It's been rumored that this was the mess of pottage for which Esau sold his birthright, and that Paul Bunyan consumed it by the hogshead is a well-known fact. It's a fact, too, that one small California hamlet became famous as "The Home of Split Pea Soup," and one inn in this same little town of Buellton claimed to be "The Only Hotel in the World Built Upon a Foundation of Split-Pea Soup." Today there seems to be some doubt as to who was the originator of the Buellton version of the famous soup, but there's no doubt in the mind of any epicure that it be called Potage St. Germaine, Soupe Habitant, or plain Split-Pea Soup . . . it's darned good eating.

Enough of "Pease Porridge Hot," except to give you a recipe for it along with a warning that it's so hearty that the meal to follow must be light . . . if indeed there is a meal to follow. Split-pea soup and a green salad. or split-pea soup, fresh fruit and a bit of cheese is as fine a meal as was ever set before a family. Serve the soup from a tureen, and as it's ladled, steaming, into generous pottery bowls, and its aroma first tantalizes the nostrils, pass a great bowl of crisp brown garlic-perfumed croutons "Beautiful soup, so rich and green, waiting in a hot tureen . . ."

split-pea soup

Soak one pound of green split peas overnight in cold water to cover. Next day, put them in a large pot with a ham bone . . . *do* leave some meat on it . . . a bay leaf, a large onion stuck with 3 cloves, 2 large cloves of garlic. squashed, and a chili pepper or a few peppercorns. Add three quarts of water and simmer for about four hours, or until the peas are tender enough to pass easily through a sieve. Then, pass them . . . easily . . . through a sieve. Taste for salt at this point—you'll need more of it if your ham wasn't the salty kind. Here, too, is where more water is added if the mixture is too thick for you. (I hope it won't be, though. The thicker the better . . . which is why the old boys went for it when it had been "in the pot nine days old," simmering on the back of the stove till it was solid enough to carry around in a pocket). If you have any left-over ham, dice some and toss it in your soup. And croutons are a *must*. Fry tiny cubes of not too fresh bread in oil, or butter, or ham fat that has been in close contact with a thoroughly crushed clove of garlic. When they are crispy and brown all over, heap them in a hot bowl and pass them with the soup.

I've written myself right into a corner . . . In letting my gastronomical enthusiasm give out with hints about pease porridge cold, I completely forgot that I've never made, nor even tasted the stuff. Know why? What the nursery rhyme plugged was thick pea soup poured into sloping-sided pans and stuck out in the woodshed to become cold . . . frozen in fact . . . but before it was allowed to reach that state, it had a loop of stout cord dunked into it, the ends hanging over the edge of the pan.

When the soup was frozen solid, it was stacked like cordwood until the time came for the men of the family to go wood-cutting or ice-cutting or hunting. They'd sling a couple of slabs of soup over their shoulders or onto their sleighs and take off to the woods. When hungry time came they'd make a fire and have some hot soup. Who says frozen foods are new? . . . But this isn't getting me out of the soup I'm in, so I guess I'll hie me to my kitchen and invent a pease porridge cold. What's the matter with the idea? Vichysoisse has become the rage of the country, and iced borscht and gazpacho and consommé madrilene have long had their disciples.

Cold pea soup does sound dreary though, doesn't it? Better

minted pea soup

Mince five shallots or green onions, and cook them in two tablespoons of butter until they're transparent. Add them to two packages of frozen peas, cover with water, and toss in several outside leaves of lettuce and a tablespoon of minced mint leaves (dried mint may be used). Cook all this together until the peas are very soft, squash the mixture through a strainer, and add enough chicken stock to make a quart of liquid (use chicken bouillion cubes if you're fresh out of chicken stock). Now make a cream sauce, and I do mean cream, with two tablespoons of flour and two cups of coffee cream. Season it with salt and pepper, then add it to the pea mixture. Taste it, add some more salt, maybe, and put it into the refrigerator to chill. Serve it in icy-cold cream soup cups, and put a dab of sour cream on top of each serving. Then sprinkle the sour cream with chopped chives or chopped mint. And if you want to be very daring, put one crushed cardamom seed in each portion. And because this *is* December, and because even I will go along on that Christmas color theme, you might sprinkle a few flecks of red pimiento on the cream along with those chives. You might.

Of course there are soups and soups. There are the Green Turtle or Birds-Nest Soups that bring several dollars a plate in fancy restaurants, and there are the life-saving vegetable soups that are handed out, for free, from some soup kitchen. There was the exotic Bouillabaisse that inspired Thackeray to write a lengthy ballad of praise, and there was the bean soup that caused the soldiers of the Civil War to chant "Hay foot, straw foot, bellyfull of bean soup" as they marched. There is the rich essence of beef and veal and chicken that is carefully simmered and skimmed and pampered into a perfect consommé, and there is soup from a can. It's all soup, though, and it all takes on added charm if it has the just-right garnish and the just-right accompaniment. Canned soups, particularly, gain from a little extra touch or two. So if you're up to your teeth in Christmas doings, but still have to feed the family, relax! . . . with these ideas and a can opener.

Cream of Asparagus soup becomes something to dream about when it's sprinkled with toasted almonds.

Cream of Corn soup, with hot buttered popcorn floating on top is something pretty special, too!

Tomato soup—either clear or cream—takes on an epicurean touch when it's sprinkled with fresh basil.

Chicken soup becomes even more exciting when a few tarragon leaves are added to it. Just a few.

Black bean soup isn't black bean soup unless it's garnished with a thin slice of lemon and one of hard-

CALIFORNIA COOKS

boiled egg; but try sprinkling a little savory on the slice of lemon.

Diced raw avocados in any clear soup will add a piquant touch—but be sure they're added just before serving.

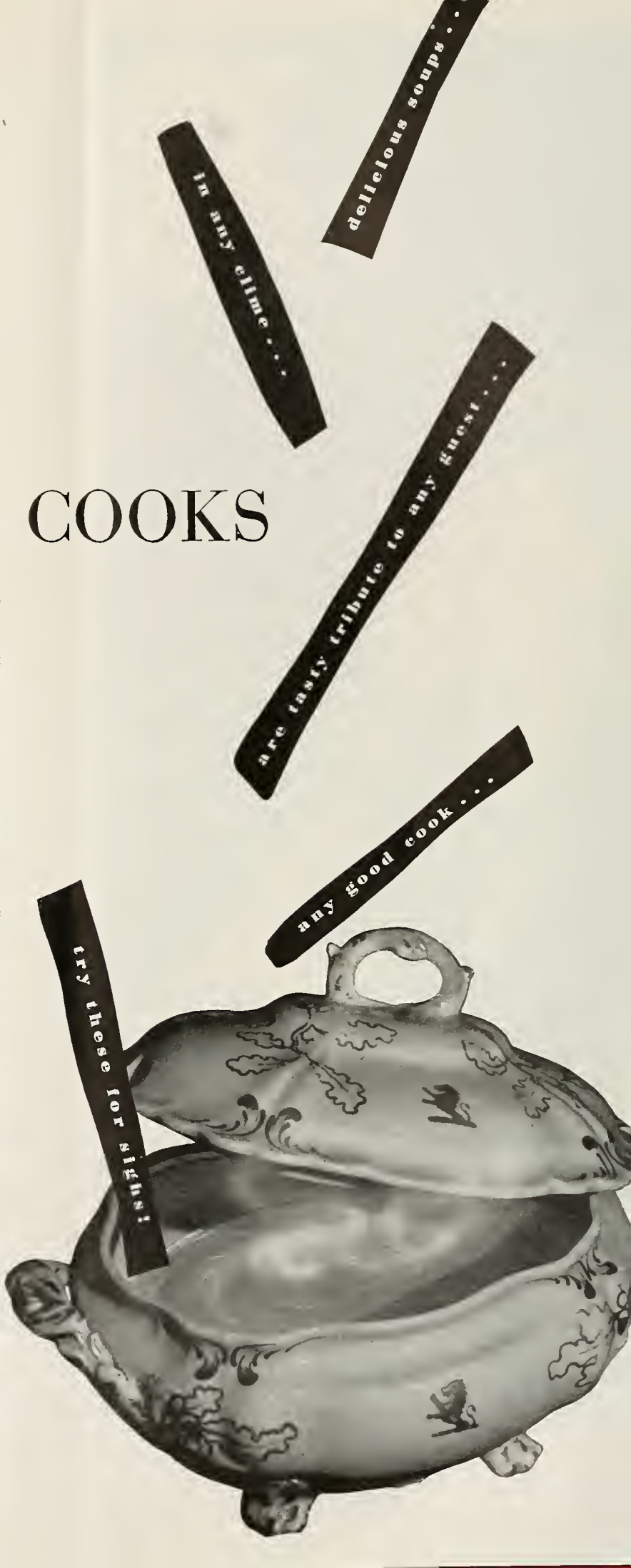
Sliced Brazil nuts go for Cream of Celery soup in a big way, and Cream of Spinach soup takes on new delight when it's sprinkled with toasted poppy seeds.

Sliced stuffed olives do things for a lamb soup—a consummation devoutly to be wished; and minced ripe olives make a cheese and potato soup one to deserve a Cordon Bleu.

Soup accompaniments can be almost as exciting as the soup itself, and should be as well thought out as the garnishes. Of course, you'd have sense enough not to serve Melba toast when you're garnishing with croutons. or pass the cheese crackers with cheese-sprinkled onion soup. But do you know that corn crisps or Fritos are just right with avocado soup and that Minestrone cries for bread sticks?) Does it occur to you to make cornbread to go with that wonderful Southern Brunswick stew, and do you realize that Gumbo needs no accompaniment save the flaky rice that is spooned into it after it's served? Pilot crackers are a must with fish chowders. any kind—and matzos seem to be particularly good with a thick vegetable soup. Borscht calls for Piroshki, but incongruous as it may seem, I like it with tiny hot baking powder biscuits.

Oyster stew has to have oyster crackers, they do say. but I find it palatable with hot buttered toast. Cabbage soup is better than cabbage soup if you serve it with thin rye bread, buttered and sprinkled with caraway seeds; and crackers, buttered and sprinkled with sesame seeds or poppy seeds are a super-delight with any soup I can think of. Or have I thought of enough by now?

Don't you stop thinking of them, though! Remember that the surest way to start a perfect meal is with a perfect soup. No less a gastronomical authority than the famous Escoffier said that on the first impression it gives the dinner, the rest of the meal must depend. Well . . . soup's on . . . what are we waiting for?



by Ben Van Sant

HOW TO GET STARTED

● If you can walk, you can learn to ski . . . it's that easy . . . if you start with correct equipment and clothes . . . then take a few lessons . . . it's as simple as that!

Choose a shop that can outfit you completely. Tell them you want to start skiing and you will get much helpful information as well as a practical ski outfit. Buy the best boots you can afford . . . through them you transmit to your skis what you want them to do.

Buy cable bindings, skis and ski poles. The best skis are of hickory and have steel edges, but for details you can depend on a modern ski shop to select equipment that is "just right" for you.

Ski clothes should be of smooth finish, wind and water-resistant material. You'll want downhill-model trousers, a jacket or parka . . . depending on the climate in which you ski . . . wool sox, a wool sweater, long underwear, leather mitts or gloves, a warm shirt, a cap or hood and sun goggles. A good sun tan lotion is a must. Don't let winter temperatures fool you into thinking your face won't burn!

Now you have a basic outfit . . . what next? Snow slopes . . . and whether you go to a nearby hill or a famous mountain resort, you'll be 'way ahead on the fun side, and healthier, too, if you start by taking lessons from a certified ski instructor. And if you're in doubt about where to ski, consult your ski shop, any travel bureau, railroad, airline, busline or auto club.

You've taken up the fastest growing sport in America!

THIS IS THE SEASON

(*Continued from page 29*)

yon, Horse Flats, Chilao, Camp Baldy and way points. If you're seeking an area in which to test those skis or that toboggan, the area along the beautiful Rim-of-the-World Highway, near San Bernardino, will provide ample room. This fine road will lead you to Lake Arrowhead (23 miles northeast of San Bernardino), Snow Valley, Green Valley, Big Bear and numerous other popular areas.

Luscious things are in store for patrons of the Lake Arrowhead region. The Los Angeles Turf Club, a name which conjures up a picture of Santa Anita and a pack of fleet thoroughbreds, has gone into the resort business. It may take several months to accomplish all that's on the agenda, but the Turf Club operators have modestly announced they fully intend to make Arrowhead one of the most fashionable mountain resorts in the country. They've purchased the 800-acre lake and the surrounding 3200 acres, and they mean business. Big business.

They offer a great deal. Near Arrowhead Village is Snow Valley, a familiar and favorite sportsland to Southern Californians. Two ski tows are available, Slide Peak offers a challenge to cross-country skiers, and there will be dog-sled rides, tobogganing and ice skating within a short radius. The parking headache has been met with the creation of space for 1000 cars around the village.

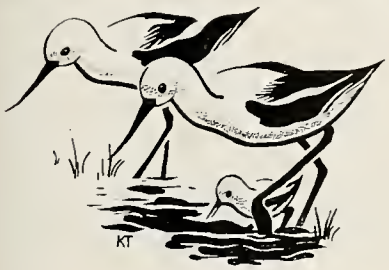
Expansion programs have been mentioned. Here's another. At Big Pines, in Angeles National Forest, the prospect of altering the name to Bigger Pines is not inconceivable. Plans supported by the U. S. Forest Service, which has done immeasurable good in furthering snowtime recreation, promise the expansion of the skiing facilities, a special area set aside for sledders, a concession for a large lodge—and there's even been a strong rumor of a chair lift. All this will take time, of course, but such plans are a healthy indication of the growth of winter sports activity.

At Wrightwood, a mile or so below Big Pines, Jack Minor has set up attractions aimed mainly at the non-skiing clientele. Included are packed snow slides for tobogganists, and a toboggan tow designed to ease the sportsmen's burden.

This area is approximately two hours out of Los Angeles, with two paved routes available. Via Saugus and Mint Canyon, U. S. Highway 99 and State Highways 7 and 138 unroll into the snowgrounds. Or, U. S. Highway 66 and State Highway 138 will take you into the area via Cajon Pass.

Before hitching a ride further north, pause a moment to consider what may well become one of the outstanding tourist attractions in the world. The world, that is. Californians, addicted to . . . and blessed with . . . superlatives, are hard-pressed to find descriptions for the aerial tramway scheduled for Mt. San Jacinto, that 10,805-foot hump which rises out of Palm Springs' backyard. Financed by State revenue bonds, and timetabled to open in the fall of 1947, the multi-million dollar project will enable winter visitors to zoom from desert temperatures to snowfields in twenty minutes!

In addition to the tramway, members of the Mt. San Jacinto Winter Park Authority, presided over by Hotelman Earl Coffman, have visualized a host of other attractions for year-round callers. These include a chair lift at the upper terminus of the tramway, ice skating on Hidden Lake, overnight accomodations, several types of ski slopes, and areas set aside for sledders and tobogganists.



The only aerial tramway in operation in this country has been the world-famed feature at Franconia Notch, New Hampshire. The "San Jac" tram will be larger and longer. As has been demonstrated at Franconia, where summertime travel rivals the winter trade, the ride, alone, is a major attraction. And by no means has the post-winter appeal of the new project been unexplored. Sightseers, nature lovers and picnic fanciers will find much to tempt them.

Meanwhile, there's no dearth of winter playgrounds sprinkled along the thousands of miles of West Coast states. San Joaquin Valley folk, two hours away from the Sequoia Giant Forest, are spending white-clad hours at the area's winter camp, and the ski-minded visitors are denting up the sides of Wolverton Bowl.

The all-weather highway out of Merced is well-clogged, too, with winter sports lovers bound for Yosemite and the ski fields at Badger Pass. Virtually every snowtime activity you could imagine is available on the floor of the valley, and the Ahwahnee Hotel is back in civilian dress after wartime service with the Navy. The famed upski at Badger Pass, the ski school under the direction of Lorin "Trubi" Trubschenck, the "porch skiers" who never get farther than a hamburger-length away from the lodge, the rope tows . . . all these familiar fixtures are back in their peace-time places.

One of the finest winter sports areas on the Pacific Coast, and, ironically enough, one of the most under-developed, lies along the southerly flanks of the Eastern Sierra range, above Bishop, California. This Inyo-Mono country, sweeping into June Lake and the Mammoth Mountain region, spreads miles of fine, treeless slopes beside an excellent highway. Several of the resorts have expanded their facilities, but the possibilities have hardly been touched. Despite this, the usual influx of skiers from all sections of the state will be droning along the highway for a week or a week-end of unsurpassed downhill running.

Northward, the highways out of Sonora, a town famous in California's early history, are beckoning to Slide Inn, Bald Mountain, Cold Springs, Pine Crest, Dodge Ridge, Herring Creek, popular Strawberry Lodge and Calaveras Bigtrees State Park. With your favorite acre of white stuff scattered there, or thereabouts.

Visitors to the Northern Sierras will be lingering long in Tahoe National Forest, for the snowfields are abundant, and so are the resorts. Several old favorites in this region, one of the richest in lures for wintertime travelers, will be doing a capacity business. The famed Sugar Bowl, just a mile from the Norden railroad station, offers a chair lift, rope tows, numerous excellent slopes and a renowned lodge.

In the same area, 64 miles east of Auburn on Highway 40, is Soda Springs, with several happy devices designed to get skiers up the slopes with a minimum expenditure of energy.

Rainbow Tavern, Big Bend, Cisco Grove, Whispering Pines—these and other familiar names, with several newcomers, are bait for over-sized quotas of snow-seekers.

You're up to Lassen Peak, now, and the double-figured depths of snow would have you believe there's anything but a tired old volcano beneath you. Mid-summer snowpacks have lured many a die-hard sportsfan to this famous area, for the flakes are a year-round decoration.

The magnificent sweep of Mt. Shasta,

(*Continued on page 66*)

Sun Valley
IDAHO
re-opens december 21st

Famous Sun Valley invites you. Enjoy healthful outdoor activities under a "summer sun" . . . pleasant evening hours of music and dancing.

Original design by PICARD of SUN VALLEY. Front and back of windbreaker are bright red. Knitted cuffs and collar in black. Worn tucked-in or over ski pants.

For reservations, wire or write—
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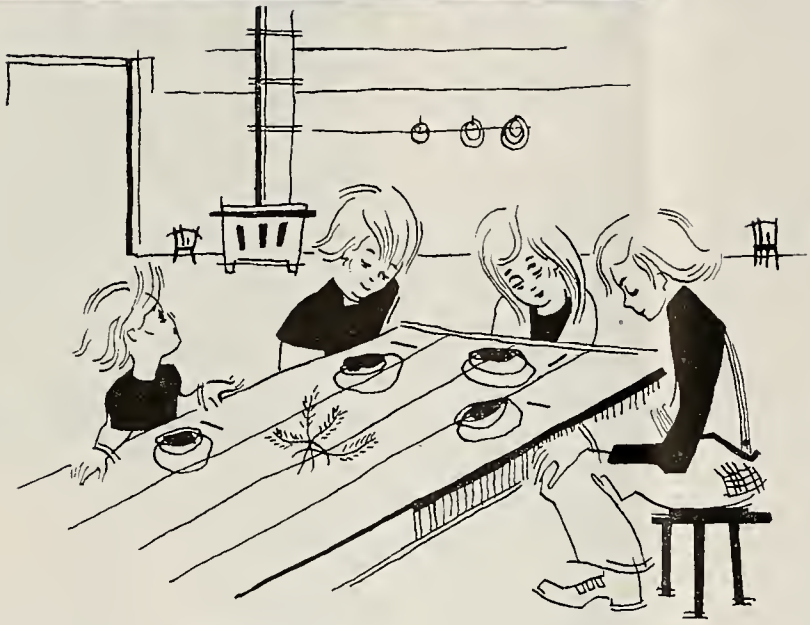
IN EARLY CALIFORNIA



"A REAL CHRISTMAS"

Today several hundred modern, comfortable automobiles will speed along the highway through Donner Pass . . . in the High Sierras on the road to sunny California . . . their vacation-bound occupants admiring the lavish beauty of the mountains in their silvery, snowy dress of winter.

One hundred years ago this month . . . in December of 1846 . . . more than eighty men, women and children of the ill-fated Donner party were starving in their snow-hidden cabins and make-shift shelters near the summit of the Sierra Nevadas.

They had been prisoners there since the end of October, when winter struck a month earlier than usual, with violent snowstorms that made it impossible for the "emigrants" to cross the mountains to the safety of California valleys. Much too soon the carefully rationed frozen cattle and other scanty provisions were all eaten. By December, grown-ups and children alike were subsisting on a revolting, glue-like soup, made by boiling the scraped hides of slaughtered cattle. Several members of the party already had died of starvation.

Christmas Eve brought no relief from the fierce snowstorms, and to the many children in the desolate camp, Santa Claus must have seemed very far away. In one of the storm-shaken cabins, Mrs. Margaret Reed tucked her four children into bed, looked anxiously at their pinched faces; and yet she must have taken some comfort from the thought of her Christmas secret.

The next morning, like all the others, was freezing cold and cheerless. The four young Reeds swallowed their unsavory breakfast . . . small portions of rawhide "glue" . . . and tried not to think about Christmas at home. Then, right before their eyes, Mrs. Reed performed a Christmas miracle. From various hiding places she produced a cup of beans, a cup of rice and a handful of dried apples. Wonder of wonders, she found a two-inch square of bacon and a frozen tripe. The children were wild with excitement.

When she could be heard above the hubbub, the mother explained that when they first were snowbound she had decided that if they were still alive on Christmas Day they would celebrate. She had saved enough food for a real dinner.

Trimming the Christmas tree at home had never been more exciting for the little Reeds than hilariously watching beans and apples and rice bumping into diced bacon and tripe as they boiled together in the big iron kettle. And for the rest of their lives, the grown-up Reeds insisted that no turkey, with all the fixin's, ever tasted half so good as that strange, wonderful Christmas stew.

A TRUE STORY BY M. D. CHAMBERLIN

SEASON

(Continued from page 65)

"Queen of the Siskiyous," rising 14,380 feet, is a beckoning playground to California's "far northerners." Although the area has not been adequately developed, in the viewpoints of many winter sports addicts, the attractions afforded here may be credited for a fair share of unanswered telephones over the week-ends.

It would be impossible to list all the snow-sports areas available to Californians, but one of the best guides to gauging the available playgrounds lies in the fact that California has eighteen National Forests, and in all but one, the Cleveland National Forest back of San Diego, you're an odds-on cinch to find the snow you're seeking. And even the Cleveland section boasts a fair depth from time to time.

Oregonians proudly sing the praises of two nationally famous wintergrounds, as well as innumerable smaller centers where snow sports are a major pastime. Crater Lake National Park and the graceful slopes of Mt. Hood are leading attractions. This is a state virtually overflowing with people who are as at home in the snow areas as they are in the depths of the living-room sofa. And these days it would be difficult to jab a pin into any spot in Oregon without extracting a startled yelp from some character bound for his private portion of the state's abundant crop of snowflakes.

Probably richest of all Pacific Coast residents, however, when the winter sports possibilities are evaluated, are Oregon's fellow members of the Evergreen Playground, the Washingtonians.

Spokane boasts of its private mountain 30 miles from the heart of the city. Tacoma has magnificent Mt. Rainier only an hour and a half away, and a long-range program to expand this excellent area's facilities is receiving government study. Out of Seattle and Tacoma lead the pathways to Snoqualmie Ski Bowl, a long-time favorite. On the Olympic Peninsula, Blue Mountain's Deer Park is just a few miles out of Port Angeles.

From Mt. Baker, above Bellingham, to Mt. St. Helens, near the state's southern border, Washington has snow areas galore. It's no trick at all, they claim, to go from sea level to ski level in the time-space of a few minutes.

Many other familiar wintertime playgrounds will list their usual quotas of Pacific Coast residents this season. The fine slopes outside Reno, Nevada, the famous powder snow of romantic Alta, outside Salt Lake City, and popular Sun Valley, Idaho, are preparing for huge throngs.

Sun Valley returns to the resort field after four years of use as a rehabilitation and recreational center for the Navy. December 21 is the official date set for the reopening of the spa, with all its excellent facilities back to normal.

Wherever you go, dress for it. Winter sports fans must be clothes conscious, for a poor choice of attire can warp the most gaily planned trip into a nightmare bounded on all sides by extreme temperatures: too cold—or too hot. Oddly enough, most novices can be tracked across the snow slopes by following the trail of discarded sweaters and scarves.

If you're taking your first whirl at wintertime recreation, bear in mind that the more active you plan to be, the less bulky clothing you'll need. In most areas, there's no point in wearing heavy coats, a triple-deck assortment of sweaters, heavy slacks over heavy underclothes—unless there's a blizzard brewing.

Of course, if you're expecting merely to stand and watch the fun, carry along some extra warmth—not necessarily bottled. But anyone who has skied, lugged a toboggan up a steep hill, pushed a sled along a frozen

SEASON

surface or chased opponents in a snow brawl knows that he travels most comfortably who travels lightly. Keep the heavy clothing nearby, for use when you're through taxing your lungs and muscles. But don't overload.

Skiers and ice skaters long have been the most fashion-conscious of the wintertime good-timers. In their particular fields there is ample opportunity to look smart and charming. And the boom of sports activity this season means a boom for the sweater trade, as well as a great demand on manufacturers of ski slacks, jackets, mittens, ice skating costumes.

Since the late 1850's, when Snowshoe Thompson, a native-born Norwegian, slid his homemade, ten-foot skis across the Sierra Nevadas between Placerville, California, and Carson Valley, Nevada, carrying the mail, skiing has been a fast-growing pastime for millions of winter sports fans. Their enthusiastic brethren are those who fill the desire for snowtime activity in less active channels.

No matter where you go this season, you'll find that easy-born spirit of democracy in the snowfields, and a great number of people who share your enjoyment of nature's bounty. To all winter sports lovers, however, and particularly skiers, a rule borrowed from the golfing greens may well be heeded, lest you sit where you should have stood:

Replace all divots.

Jennifer Jones

(*Continued from page 50*)

Jennifer worked regularly as a Nurse's Aide; even made a nation-wide tour to stimulate interest in the American Red Cross Nurses' Aide program. We made an energetic bond tour together, too, and I saw and admired Jennifer's whole-hearted sincerity.

She is enthusiastic and very much alive, modest and retiring. She doesn't like to talk about herself, and when being interviewed, she turns the tables and asks questions of the interviewer. Although the proud possessor of an "Oscar," she still considers herself a student. She exercises regularly in a gym to keep fit; takes modern dancing and studies French. In fact, hers is a Latin beauty and a Latin taste. Her clothes are simple, but smart, for she believes that "simplicity is the most expensive taste."

Jennifer loves and lives in California sportswear. She believes that in California are created the best and the most attractive casual clothes.

What about relaxation? For a change of pace and a little rest, Jennifer pursues music . . . the French school of Debussy's art . . . or she does wonderful, intriguing things with flowers . . . and she collects fans and charming parasols.

But drama is her meat and drink . . . and when she's acting, and her children are near . . . it's Christmas every day of the year.

HERE ARE SOME FLORAL CENTERPIECES THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES . . . CONVERSATIONAL CENTERPIECES FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR . . .

talk about flowers

Flowers can be fun.

While you're bedecking your home for the holiday season. why not plan at least one conversational-type centerpiece that will set your guests to talking . . . whether they be dropping in to wish you a Happy New Year or celebrating the Eve before?

Richard Lucier, prominent Los Angeles stylist for the Biltmore Florists, has some practical ideas. Suggested for New Year's Eve parties is the elaborate arrangement shown at right above. This one is in red and white . . . the spiked gladioli contrasting brightly with the white carnations. white candles and the ingeniously wired numerals in red for 1947. To top it all are a dozen or more cigarettes stuck jauntily at one end on thin wires.

Its drama may be achieved simply: "Plant" your candles and the wired cigarettes in clay, have a spike frog for the flowers and any low dish that won't detract from the interest of the arrangement.

Using ceramics to key a motif is another good idea . . . like the cocky little rooster shown above, too. "Something to crow about" this new year! Fill the bird with flowers, and employ some bright-colored wires (pipe cleaners) bent to the shape of 1947. A low bowl will reveal the center treatment, make an effective display piece for the long-stem yellow rose buds and the snowy white gardenias.

Simple to fix, yet so dramatic! Ingredients: one ceramic, one long flat bowl, a wire frog flower-holder.

Lucier is insistent that there's wisdom to giving advance thought to flower arrangements. His suggestions for these two displays are merely inspiration for you to go one step further and use the materials . . . and the flowers available . . . to create some unusual conversational piece which will add to the fun of any occasion!

McHenry's
Tail o' the Cock
...where the smartest
Angelenos get together
for our famous luncheons
and dinners...
on Beverly Hills'
"Restaurant Row"
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BRADSHAW 2-2214

California's Food and Glamorous Cafes Rich Reward for World Travelers

BY HENRY HILLER

Time was . . . in the Golden State of California . . . when the gourmet couldn't tickle his palate to any savory satisfaction without confining his foray to the historic restaurants of San Francisco . . . Van Nessi's, Solari's, Julius' Castle, Omar Khayyam, et al. Oh yes, there was the old Victor Hugo in downtown Los Angeles, the Mission Inn at Riverside, the famous old Hotel Del Coronado in San Diego, and a few more culinary oases, but, all in all, a man just hadn't eaten with a continental relish unless he visited the big city on the bay at least once in each meal memory.

Southern California was definitely the home of the tea room, the "all you can eat for 50 cents" mecca, the merry-go-round cafe, the ham an' drive-in, purveyor to the cut-rate drug counter clientele. Few people, so it seemed, would pay for, or even enjoy, the subtle cookery of the continental, the delicately flavored delights that had whetted a tooth in San Francisco, New Orleans and New York from time when. Perhaps the large population of transplanted midwesterners had something to do with our eating habits. We had been "meat and potato" advocates of the old school . . . even a crisp salad was something of a departure for our appetites and menu choice.

But Southern California grew up, gastronomically speaking, when the Third City became more truly the melting pot of the world, the home of industry, the thriving port of the West Coast, the land of new adventure and opportunity. World-traveled residents and fatter pay checks demanded excitement and pleasure in dining out . . . a long-hankering zest for the French sauces, the Russian barbecue, the happy surprises of the smorgasbord took form.

This evening . . . as a consequence . . . you may satiate your every dinner desire . . . contemplate what your taste buds dictate . . . as you motor through the palm fringe of Southern California.

Out on Restaurant Row in Beverly Hills, for instance, you'll discover that amazing place known as the Tail o' the Cock . . . a dream come true for Mac McHenry, whom many of us remember as the genial manager for Lee Bering's original eating club, the old Somerset House.

McHenry pyramided boyish enthusiasm, a few dollars, John Hadley's quaint office building, good food and numerous friends into a gold mine . . . doing probably the largest first-class restaurant business in Southern California.

It isn't "out of this world" cooking that you'll find in this attractive Swiss-styled cottage . . . it's just "awful good," and the cameraderie enjoyed by Mac's guests, the satisfying drinks from Sugie behind the bar, and the sure-fire chance that you'll see someone you know keeps you coming again and again.

If it's lunch you're after . . . in the pleasant patio with all the smartly dressed chicks around . . . better try Eggs Benedict, or maybe those wonderful, big fried shrimps. A Chef's Salad would be a meal, too, particularly if you've paved the way with a Tail o' the Cock from the aperitif side. It comes iced and topped with a red feather . . . nice to keep as a memento back home . . . for what, I dunno.

A stone's throw and a couple of parking stations up the Row will land you at the House of Murphy . . . where, if you're lucky, Bob Murphy, that fabulous character, might toss you a salad or at least a hearty hello. Bob's the living prototype of his own good eating and subscribes to the creed of "It's my life, I live it, I love it, criticism be damned!" But you don't have to believe Murphy's philosophy to drool over Madame Begue's Chicken Creole . . . paging Noo Orleans . . . or his Million Dollar Roast Beef Hash! And, of course, you could top it off with Cherry Jubilee or Black Bottom Pie if you're the gourmand . . . and I am . . . that I think you are.

Now don't reach for the bicarb, old boy, but if girth control seems to be a pressing problem, let me suggest, for this month, just one more! Cricket on the Hearth . . . sounds interesting, doesn't it? It's new and the umpty-umpth addition to Restaurant Row, with an Old World English atmosphere and a reasonable price. Beef Strogonoff, for example, is a favored entree, along with Old English Bubble and Squeak. French-fried onions come to you in copious quantities, and of all things . . . cheese blintzes with sour cream! But a little Green Apple Cobbler . . . good old Nebraska dish . . . will finish it off in time for you to catch the first feature at the Bijou.

Burp!

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CALIFORNIA HERETICS IN ART

(Continued from page 56)

which speaks to all races and nationalities for "art can only live that is universal . . ." He is one of those who appreciate keenly the refuge that California offers to painters wearied of commercial dilettantism. Critical to the extreme of his own work, Feitelson keeps his last three paintings hung above his easel, touches them up sometimes for months while he is working on a new one.

Also included in the Pasadena exhibit is S. MacDonald Wright, teacher of Oriental aesthetics and founder, in 1913, of a school of modern art known as synchronism. Wright is the prototype of the world-weary intellectual. Witty and urbane, he retired from "the exhibition racket" as long ago as 1919 and came west to California to teach and paint.

Wright's painting, although highly original, is somewhat reminiscent of the later French schools. He employs a broken-up technique of composition, and all of his work is keyed high in color. Form, line, and other problems of a technical nature are his forte and these the painter handles masterfully.

In his studio-home not far from the Pacific Ocean, Wright basks in a self-imposed reputation for decadence and what he calls "romantic sentimentalism." The fact that he works now in Santa Monica, instead of Rome, Paris, Florence, London or Munich . . . where once he studied . . . or New York's Hell's Kitchen . . . where he lived for years with Thomas Benton . . . is a revealing commentary on the Southern California art colony and its amazing breadth.

At the other end of the spectrum is Swiss-born Hans Burkhardt. Formerly a workingman in Europe, he studied painting in New York with the famous Gorky, came to Hollywood ten years ago and started giving exhibitions. Burkhardt, a prolific painter, works entirely in abstractions. His pictures, which he describes as being "more or less like a dream," are intensely emotional and startling in their combination of color.

Not to be forgotten in the clique of transplanted southland artists is Grigory Gluckmann, born in Russia and educated at Moscow's Ecole des Beaux Arts. His style, said to be closer to the academic than that of any other California painter, is marked for its excellent draftsmanship and treatment of such subject matter as cafe scenes, French modistes, and like material. Gluckmann, a figure painter and a superb one, has won a good half dozen international awards and has seen his pictures hung in many of the world's leading galleries.

There are many others whose work is on display in Pasadena . . . Rico LeBrun, whose black and white work shows such marked subtlety of line . . . Jack Gage Stark, the painter who endows all of his pictures with a mystical dream quality . . . Clarence Hinkle, the powerful landscape painter . . . Millard Sheets, director of art at Scripps College whose work is shown in this issue . . . Dan Lutz, romanticist . . . Ejnar Hansen, noted for his portraits and still life . . . Henry McFee, Boris Deutsch, Conrad Buff, Nicolai Fechin and Phil Paradise, Emil Kosa and Phil Dike of the studios.

Yet, although each lives now in Southern California, their combined heritage is one of limitless lands and countless people.

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FOR MOUNTAIN NIGHTS

Fashions described on pages 44-45 are available at following stores:

1. California Colony shirt, pushers, Bullock's, Los Angeles; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.
2. Sir James skirt, Campus Shop, Glendale, Calif.
3. Adele coat, J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; Halle Bros., Cleveland.
4. Graff slacks, Broadway Hollywood, Los Angeles; Younkers, Des Moines; Addis Co., Syracuse.
5. Pat Premo ensemble, Desmond's, Los Angeles; Stix Baer Fuller, St. Louis; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.
6. Louella Ballerino blouse and slacks, Bonnie Best, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.
7. Royal of California jacket, slacks, The Broadway, Los Angeles; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Burdine's, Miami.
8. Snyder knits, Sugar Bowl Lodge, California.
9. Country Club coat, Titche-Goettinger Co., Dallas; Bon Marche, Seattle.
10. Frances Craig's duo; J. R. Robinson, Los Angeles; Gimbel's, Pittsburgh; Younkers, Des Moines.
11. California Colony jacket, pedal pushers, Bullock's, Los Angeles; Godchaux, New Orleans; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.
12. Barney Max slacks and jacket, Bullock's Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York.
13. Jantzen's sweater, May Company, Los Angeles; Schuster's, Milwaukee; Gimbel's, Philadelphia. Stuart of California slacks, Nancy's, Hollywood; O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., San Francisco; Arnold Constable, New York.

AND DESERT DAYS

Fashions pictured on pages 46-47 are available at following stores:

1. Mab's suit, J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; B. Altman, New York; J. L. Hudson, Detroit.
2. Meena blouse and shorts, Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Goldwater's, Phoenix.
3. Remle, Herpolsheimer's, Grand Rapids.
4. Agnes Barrett duo, J. J. Haggarty, Los Angeles; Best's, Seattle.
5. Junior Miss of California trio: I. Magnin, San Francisco; Bullock's, Los Angeles.
6. Dorette surf suit, May Company, Los Angeles; Jordan Marsh, Boston.
7. De De Johnson dress, T. W. Mather, Pasadena; Milgrim's, New York.
8. Jantzen-Ballerino playsuit, I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Halle Bros., Cleveland.
9. Deauville patio ensemble, Russek's, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.
10. Marjorie Montgomery beach coat, I. Magnin, Los Angeles.
11. Dorette, May Company, Los Angeles; Jordan Marsh, Boston.
12. Zagri whites, J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York.
13. Fay Foster cabana ensemble, City of Paris, San Francisco; May Company, Los Angeles.
14. Louella Ballerino pedal pushers, Bullock's, Los Angeles; Burdine's, Miami.
15. Fay Foster beach coat, I. Magnin stores, California; Titche-Goettinger Co., Dallas.
16. Saba dress, jacket, J. P. Allen, Atlanta; A. Harris, Dallas.
17. Barbara Claire dress, Gimbel's Philadelphia; Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.
18. Paramount Hollywood coordinates, May Company, Los Angeles; Gimbel's, Philadelphia.

19-20. Barney Max ensemble. all Joseph Magnin stores, California; B. Altman, New York.

21. Tabak bra, knickers, Desmond's Los Angeles; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.

THIS IS THE LIFE

(*Continued from page 25*)

splashy flowers-on-the-white are worn for afternoon and evening; stark white is perennial . . . and the mix-match series of bra and shorts with interchangeable skirt, slacks, jacket and dress is a desert-born innovation.

But let's get out of town; let's take the long view of the desert. Here are things to see and things to do in profusion, all with a never-before quality.

The unexpected lavishness of nature is a rare treat: in the spring, for instance, dunes are carpeted with purple and pink verbena, with the airy white desert primrose and other bright-colored blossoms forming a tapestry on the sand.

Irrevocably associated with the desert scene are the many varieties of cactus: ocotillo with its vivid flame-colored bloom; the sharp-spined choola, and the barrel cactus with its crown of yellow flowers. Other familiars are the stately and majestic yuccas, the smoke tree with its slender twigs that make the plant look like a sudden puff of smoke, the dense mesquite and palo verde.

Most typical, however, are the towering palms . . . age-old and so imposing as they line the deep canyons or parade the lanes. These are a perpetual source of wonder and inspiration to visitors from "outside."

Add to this pictorial display the brilliant flight of migratory birds . . . orioles, doves, linnets, humming birds, the hardy ravens, larks, quail and roadrunners.

These are visual wonders close by, but there is a beckoning hand from over the horizon and your desert visit is not complete until you have accepted the challenge to explore the far vistas . . . and the places to go are many.

Palm Canyon, with its deep ravines lined with ancient palms, is perhaps the most famous, being the site where Indians roamed and a reservation later was established. Tahquitz Falls is another "must" for your itinerary, for the miracle of water on the desert's edge is a worthy phenomenon. Horseback rides are advisable methods of exploring both spots.

Within twenty miles of the Village are world-famous date gardens where the plump Deglet Noor delicacies are glamorized with all the care given to grooming a Goldwyn Girl.

Taking in a slightly greater radius, there is the wondrous Painted Canyon (41 miles from Palm Springs), where the rock colorations are mystical and lovely . . . the awesome below-sea-level inland waters of Salton Sea (45 miles) . . . Joshua Tree National Monument, a beautiful desert peak with odd vegetation and superb views (38 miles). In addition, there are old mining towns, mud pots, nearby airports . . . and the international boundary of Mexico just a bit more than a hundred miles away.

Small wonder that Palm Springs has earned a reputation as a winter mecca, with so much to do close at hand . . . such great opportunity for adventure just over the horizon.

And in the event you're curious as to how all this has come about, there are some explanations for a desert paradise where you'll find sea shells on desert sands, an inland sea, a temperamental river, and a palette generously dripping royal purples and blues.

In prehistoric times, a tilting and lifting of the ground set this entire area under sea level—the waters of the Gulf of Mexico once lapped gently at the foot of San Jacinto, today's guardian of a sophisticated desert playground.

An earth fault later changed the Colorado River in its course, causing it to empty its load of sediment into the Gulf of California, where it built up a delta 150 miles long and eventually blocked off the "Salton Sink" area.

Between 1904 and 1907 the headgates of a great irrigation canal were destroyed and much of the Colorado River flowed into the basin and formed the Salton Sea, once covering 450 square miles, but now considerably shrunken. This section was named Coachella Valley, from "conchilla" which means little shell . . . the little shells which bear mute testimony to an earlier era.

The Colorado River was the final arbiter of the desert, excavating and altering the terrain wherever it went. It carved canyons of rare beauty, deposited sediment to create fertile areas.

As elsewhere on this continent, Indians head the procession of earliest residents . . . the Coahuillas (who absorbed the Serranos) still live in the hills about Palm Springs. But reputedly the area was first visioned by white men in 1542 when Alarcon glimpsed it in his search for the legendary Seven Cities of Cibola.

Spain controlled the early development, with threats of Russian invasion during sporadic exploration. Juan de Anza is said to have been the first white man to enter the desert. He came in 1774, leader of that great band of which the beloved Fra-Junipero Serra was one.

But it was another hundred years before Palm Springs really was colonized. Even after the California Gold Rush of '49 the desert remained a sleepy little hamlet of Indians. The Village itself became of record in 1853, and when the railroad crossed its shining sands it quickly assumed a place in California development. The miracle of water completed its metamorphosis, and in 1909 its potentialities were finally and irrevocably "discovered" by Mrs. Nellie Coffman.

Today? Well, today you can live in luxury and love it, or you can find yourself a hideout and pretend that you have a corner on all that's spacious, and inspirational, and wonderful. Either way, the desert has something for you.

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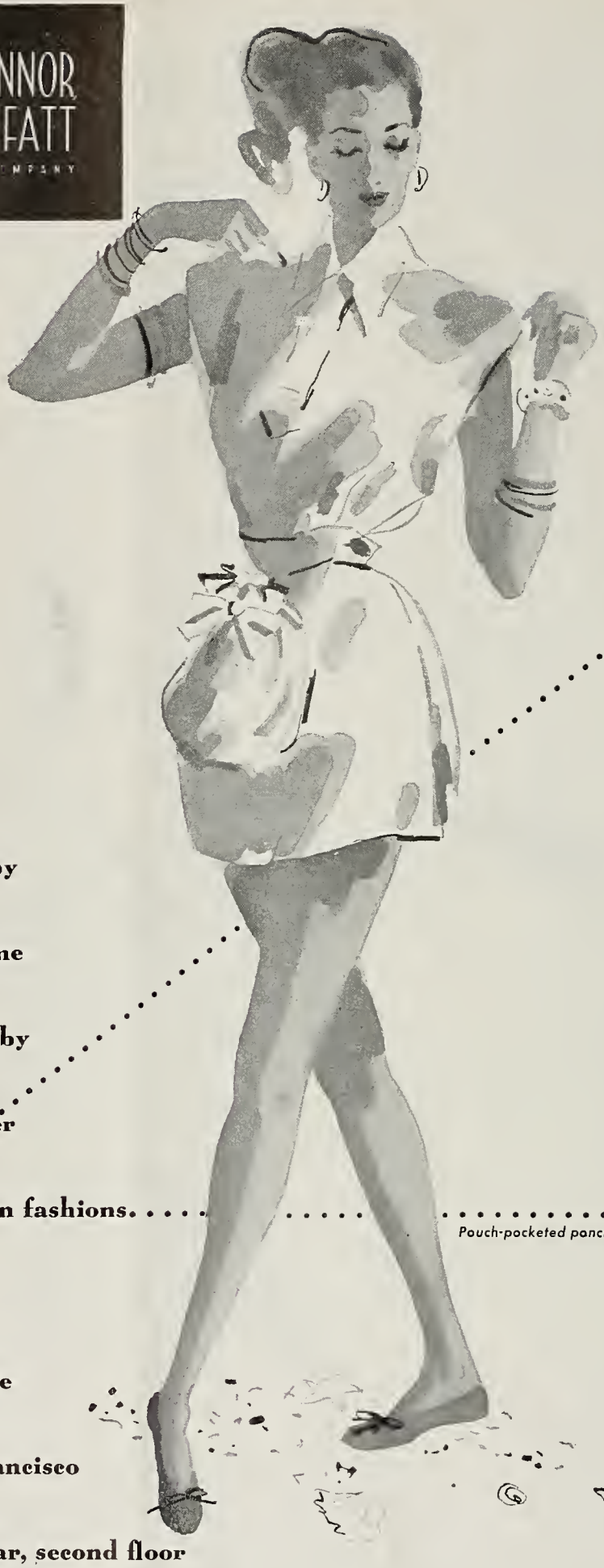

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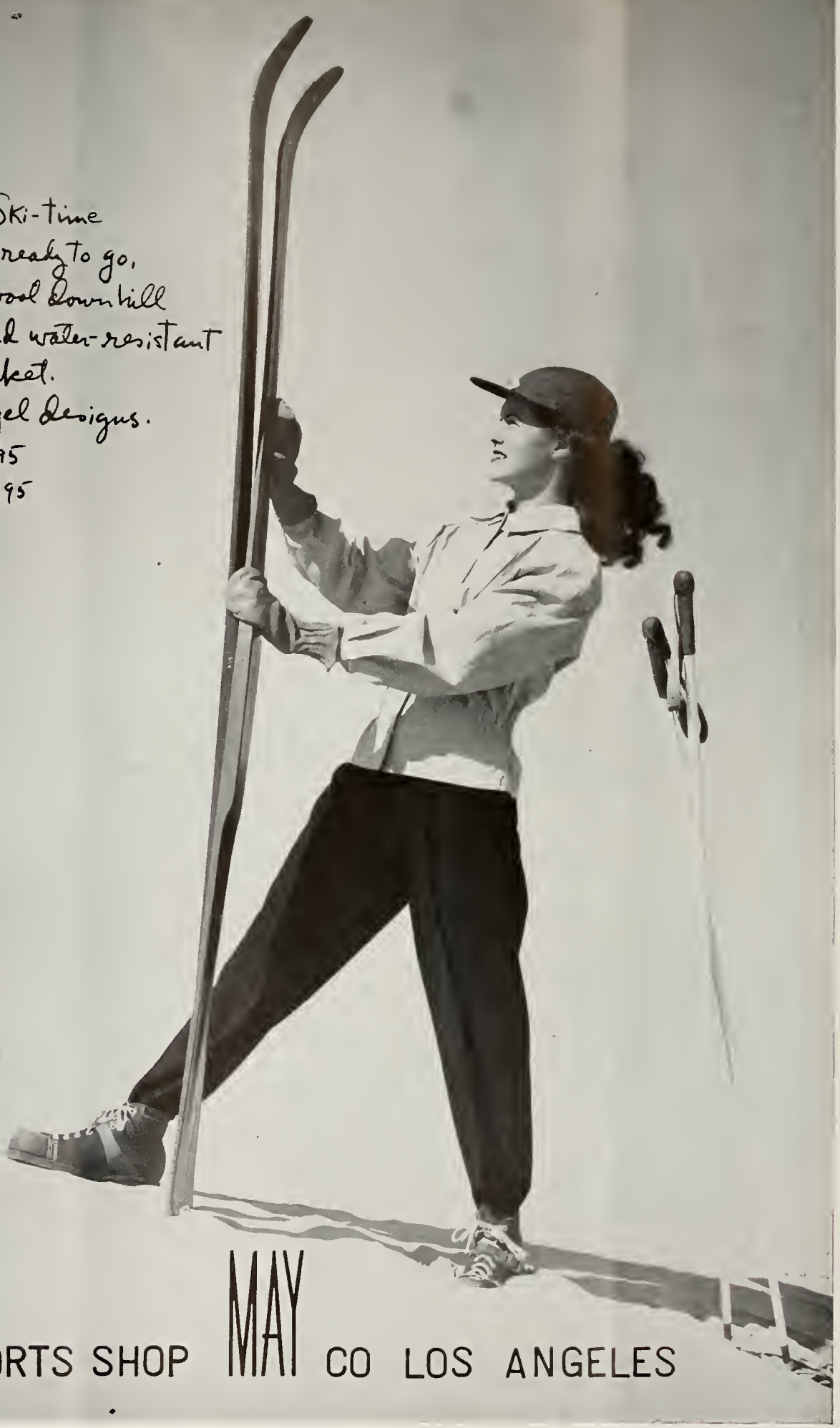

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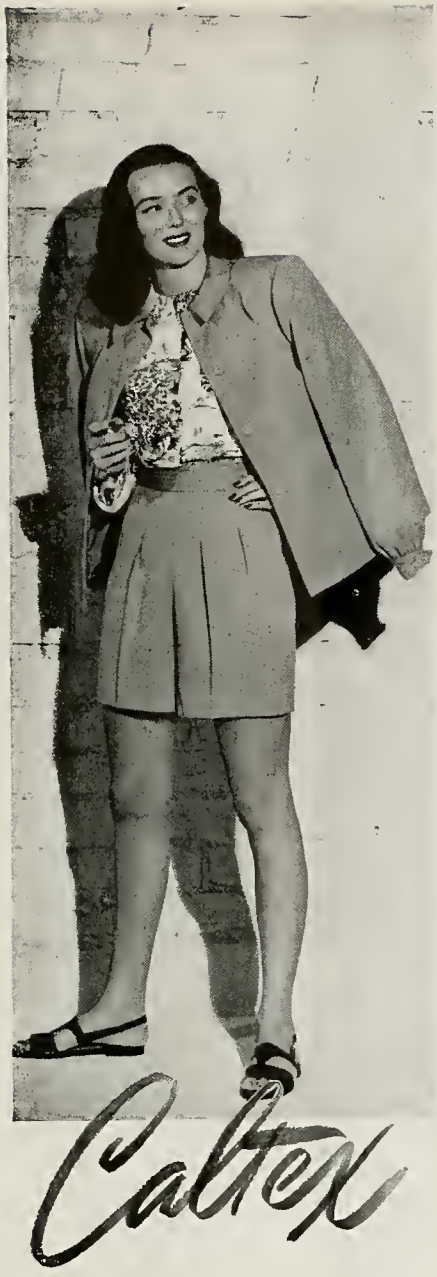

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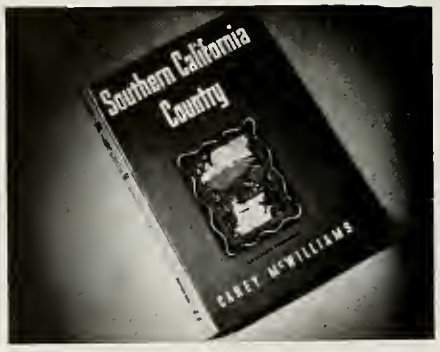

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roundup

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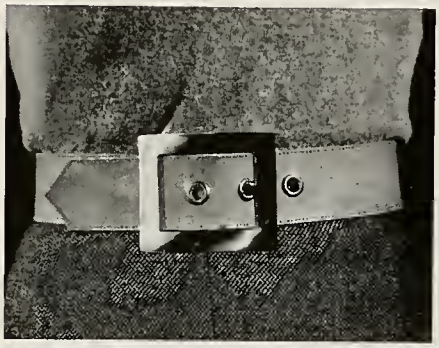
RIGHT ANGLES . . . this figure-flattering California saddle leather belt with its big brass buckle goes to the campus or country club with equal ease and elegance. In natural color only . . . nearly 3" wide. Sold at the best stores, including Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; Joske's, San Antonio. About $3.50. For the store nearest you, write the manufacturer of this classic belt, Phil Sockett Mfg. Co., 1240 S. Main St., Los Angeles.



SHEILA #1 . . . bewitching fragrance, irresistibly demure with a piquant whisper of temptation. This perfume blended in California by French chemists . . . inspired by Robert St. Clair's novel, "Sheila." Comes in two sizes; 1 dram vial, $5.00; 2 drams, $10.00; each attractively sheathed in a golden colored lucite pyramid of sparkling emerald cut. Order from Sheila Distributors, 8161 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles. Gift wrapped. Add 20% luxury tax. Illustrated pamphlet of Sheila products sent upon request.

DESERT CANDY . . . made of dates, roasted almonds, fruits and honey . . . this luscious confection made from a very superior recipe comes from the heart of the desert date country of Southern California. Uniquely packaged for freshness with each tasty piece individually wrapped in gay colored tinfoil. 3-lb. box, $3.50, sent anywhere in quick time for your Valentine. Valerie Jean Date Shop, Post Office Box C, Thermal, California.

HAND SWEET . . . keeps your hands sweet and smooth . . . even after whipping up some yummy, robust, garlic flavored favorite dish. It's a new lotion "magic" for deodorizing, softening, whitening and soothing. A boon to active housewives, doctors, dentists, technicians. In two sizes; 4 oz. 50c; 8 oz. 85c. Available at drug departments throughout the country, The Broadway in Los Angeles, or write direct to Gene Salee, Inc., 4683 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Eager-to-Swim WATER FASHION
in "BOTANY" Brand Fabrics.
Caltex bestows its superb
tailoring on a fagotted
two-piece swim suit . . .
delightfully young, staunchly
seaworthy, in Marchan
all-worsted gabardine.
It is pleasantly related
in fabric and color to
our coordinated group of
Caltex California Fashions.
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Ann Stuart of the Earl Carroll Theatre Restouront, Hollywood

the
NU ADJUST
way

—makes this brassiere perfect for full figures. By adjusting the front straps of the Nu Adjust you obtain the right amount of lift at all times. Sizes 34 — 46.

Sho-form BRASSIERES of hollywood

What's New!

a glimpse at gadgets

WITH PEGGY HIPPEE

ime-and-life-savers in the stores today are designed to streamline old routines, to add imaginative twists to those everyday jobs at hand. They're modern and functional . . . sure shortcuts to the much-vaunted California way of living, regardless of locale. So . . . let's take a look at what's new!

DDT-LITE . . . a light which brings to a sudden end all activities (voracious or otherwise) of flying insects. Manufactured in Los Angeles, this specially treated (with 100% DDT crystals) light bulb in safety wire frame fits any ordinary electric socket. Screw it in, turn it on . . . and watch the winged pests soar toward sure demise. Guaranteed insecticide on porches . . . patios . . . in closets, for less than $4.

EASY VIEW COOKBOOK HOLDER . . . convenient culinary kibitzer manufactured by the Brennis Co., Everett, Washington. This ingenious frame of sturdy baked enamel keeps any size cookbook open and in plain sight . . . but out of the splash line during complicated cookery. Less than 75 cents in variety stores everywhere.

NEW WAY MEAT HOLDER . . . puts an end to carving catastrophes . . . doubles in duty as safe, sanitary refrigerator storage tray. An E. E. Cox Enterprise from Los Angeles, set consists of detachable spiked aluminum sheet fitted into an aluminum tray (catches juice during carving, serves as storage tray for what you will.) To operate, simply impale roast on spiked sheet . . . hook up the wire binder attached thereto. About $3 in housewares departments the country over.

PRESSURE COOKER DIVIDER . . . makes it possible to cook as many as four separate foods in your pressure cooker simultaneously. Manufactured by Edison Products Corp., this remarkable, all-meal jiffy cooker is actually a series of adjustable aluminum partitions . . . two, three or four, depending on your needs. Insert it into your pressure cooker, place foods requiring same cooking time into separate compartments and presto . . . dinner's ready, all at once. Flavors do not mix. About $2.

HOLLYWOOD STAR SWEEPER . . . handy table sweeper that thrives on steady work, digests daily diet of crumbs . . . gives no back talk . . . is always on the job. What more could you ask? Housed in durable bakelite, this hand-sized gadget has only one movable part, a cylindrical, tough bristle brush. It will not warp . . . is hot water resistant . . . your constant "silent servant" for less than $2.

LA BRA JEL-RAC . . . an efficiency expert, this gadget scores as time saver, space saver, refrigerator organizer . . . with a definite "non-spill" contract. A Lauts and Brady of Los Angeles brainstorm, the Jel-rac is a milk bottle-height wire rack with suspension loops for six lightweight aluminum molds, one above the other. Thus, with one motion . . . (no shifting of refrigerator contents . . . no last minute space making . . .) you whisk six molds into your refrigerator for jelling purposes. Rac and molds, complete, about $1.00.

there's only one
MISS AMERICA
MARILYN BUFERD

and there's only one
WASHABLE
Everglaze*
FABRIC FINISH

*"Everglaze" is a trade-mark which signifies the fabric has been finished and tested according to processes and standards controlled and prescribed by Joseph Bancroft & Sons Co.

Joy Steven
DESIGNED IT

. . . and you will find it enchanting, this sun-loving playdress that drops softly from the shoulder, that bares your midriff. New full skirt . . . in Bando's striped sanforized chambray; blue, red or tan, sizes 10-16 . . . about $9.

Write us for name of your nearest store.

HOLLIS OF CALIFORNIA
812 S. Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, California

"A GAL IN CALICO"

Here's the hit dress to go with Capitol Record's hit tune, "A Gal In Calico". It's as bright as Johnny Mercer's singing with the Pied Pipers and Paul Weston's orchestra; the gay Bates plaid is pure fun! A Helen Reed design, teen sizes 10-16. Write for nearest store.

STYLED BY Barbara Jane MADE IN CALIFORNIA

Bates FABRICS

Capitol RECORDS

BARBARA JANE

860 S. LOS ANGELES ST., L. A. 14, CALIF.

on record

Jed Tucker Says

The spate of war-born recording companies which not only are hanging on tooth and nail, but consistently turning out discs the public likes, has breathed a healthy air of competition into this branch of entertainment. Quality products are increasing . . . fine workmanship evidenced not only in the mechanical aspects of accurate reproduction, but in general musicianship.

Whether the music is classical or folk song, sweet or hot, it has to be good. Emphasis these days is far more on the sweet, the nostalgic and dreamy than has been evident for years, but the talents of jazz purists are reaching the public with a precision and finish better than ever.

Highly polished fruits of the new crop of dance music are these:

SWEET AND MELLOW

"Dreamland Special," an album of Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra playing old and new numbers in the romantic mood with the maestro lending his smooth voice. Good, if you have a sweet tooth. Victor.

A Harry Owens Album, of all things, and this veteran exponent of island music gives a fresh, new spirit to well-worn favorites as well as some gay newcomers. Better than you think. Capitol.

"Ole Buttermilk Sky," beautifully suited to Connie Boswell's creamy voice and style, backed by "Love Doesn't Grow on Trees." Bob Taggart supplies a tactful musical background. Decca.

FINE FOR DANCING

"Piper's Junction" and "All Through The Day" get solid treatment from Art Mooney and his orchestra on a fancy-looking "picture record," bright colored drawings under clear plastic. Not imaginative music but highly competent. Vogue.

"Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" and "Everybody Has a Laughin' Place," two infectiously gay songs from the new Disney picture, "Song of the South." These Hit Parade probables are given heartwarming treatment by Johnny Mercer and the Pied Pipers. Capitol.

"Gal in Calico" has Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller Orchestra giving forth in the best Miller tradition on a danceable tune with a bouncy vocal from Tex. Reverse side, "Oh But I Do," is poor. Victor.

"It's All Over Now" is one of Charlie Spivak's better efforts with a topnotch horn from the master. "For Sentimental Reasons" is a pleasant backer-upper. Good record. Victor.

"The Whole World Is Singing My Song" is commercial stuff with a difference, as supplied by Jimmy Dorsey. Backing it is the amusing "Apache Serenade." New vocalists Bob Carroll and Dee Parker are okay. Decca.

ON THE WARM SIDE

"Ain't That Just Like A Woman?" is offered by two sets of recording artists, Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five for Decca and Pat Flowers and His Rhythm for Victor. Both are really good small groups. Little to choose between . . . it's up to you.

"Guitar Boogie" presents Alvino Rey and his inspired git-tar . . . lots of imagination here. "There Is No Breeze" on the reverse. Capitol.

"Just Squeeze Me" is the Duke, with Ray Nance on a wonderful vocal. New version of an oldie, "Swamp Fire," on the back. It's Ellington, and who could ask for more. Victor.

Skiing—with ski-lifts for full pleasure. Ski school headed by Friedl Pfeifer, international champion. Skating, sleighing, swimming and other activities.

Sun Valley
IDAHO
NOW OPEN

Guest accommodations at a wide price range. Reservations must be confirmed in advance.

Address—W. P. ROGERS, Gen'l Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho.

and don't forget next summer

Golf, riding, fishing, skeet-shooting and many other healthful sports. Fun for all the family.

Beautiful the bride and her bridesmaid

A wedding gown to make any bride unforgettably lovely. Rayon moire with shoulder-interest, fitted bodice and bustle back. Wedding white, 29.95. Bridesmaid's enchanting fitted gown in rayon moire with scalloped neckline and push-up sleeves in limeglow or violet, 19.95. Both designed by Lenora in Oscar Hayman's heavenly smooth Waterfall fabric. Misses' sizes.

Abraham & Straus Bride's Room—Third, East—Brooklyn 1, New York.
Mail and phone orders filled. Beyond our delivery area, add 11c for shipping.

california's never a dull moment department

JANUARY DATEBOOK

Jan. 1.....**Tournament of Roses**
Pasadena

"Holidays in Flowers" . . . theme of world-famous annual floral parade which attracts over a million spectators yearly.

Jan. 1.....**New Year's Splash**
San Diego

At noon, 150 members of the San Diego Rowing Club will usher in the new year with dip in the Pacific. Annual custom of the group since 1896.

Jan. 1.....**Rose Bowl Game**
Pasadena

Annual football classic: best of east and west meet in Pasadena's spectacular "rose-draped" bowl.

Jan. 3-6.....**Golf Tournament**
Los Angeles

Twenty-first annual Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament at Riviera Country Club.

Jan. 13-14*.....**Pinocchio on Ice**
Los Angeles

Walt Disney's version of this all-time favorite story to be presented on skates at Pan-Pacific Auditorium.

Jan. 15*..... **Mission Play**
San Gabriel

First performance in 17 years of this famous, colorful pageant of early California. To be presented in newly decorated Mission Playhouse.

All month .....**Poinsettia Time**
Los Angeles

Gardens and commercial growing fields in southern California are a veritable mass of brilliant red blossoms.*

All month.....**Blooming of Aloes**
San Marino

Blooming of spectacular aloes (scarlet sister of lily family and the most brilliant of all succulents) on grounds of Huntington Library and Art Gallery.

All month..... **Ice Skating**
June Lake Loop

Ice Skating on mountain lakes of Inyo-Mono county.

*For further information, contact Community Visitors' Bureau of All-Year Club, 517 W. Sixth, Los Angeles.

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of Philadelphia

"Parasol Skirt"

STARS IN STRIPES

22.95

Pointed flattery by Pat Premo of California. In Dan River woven chambray. Rose, blue, green or grey on white. Sizes 10 to 16.

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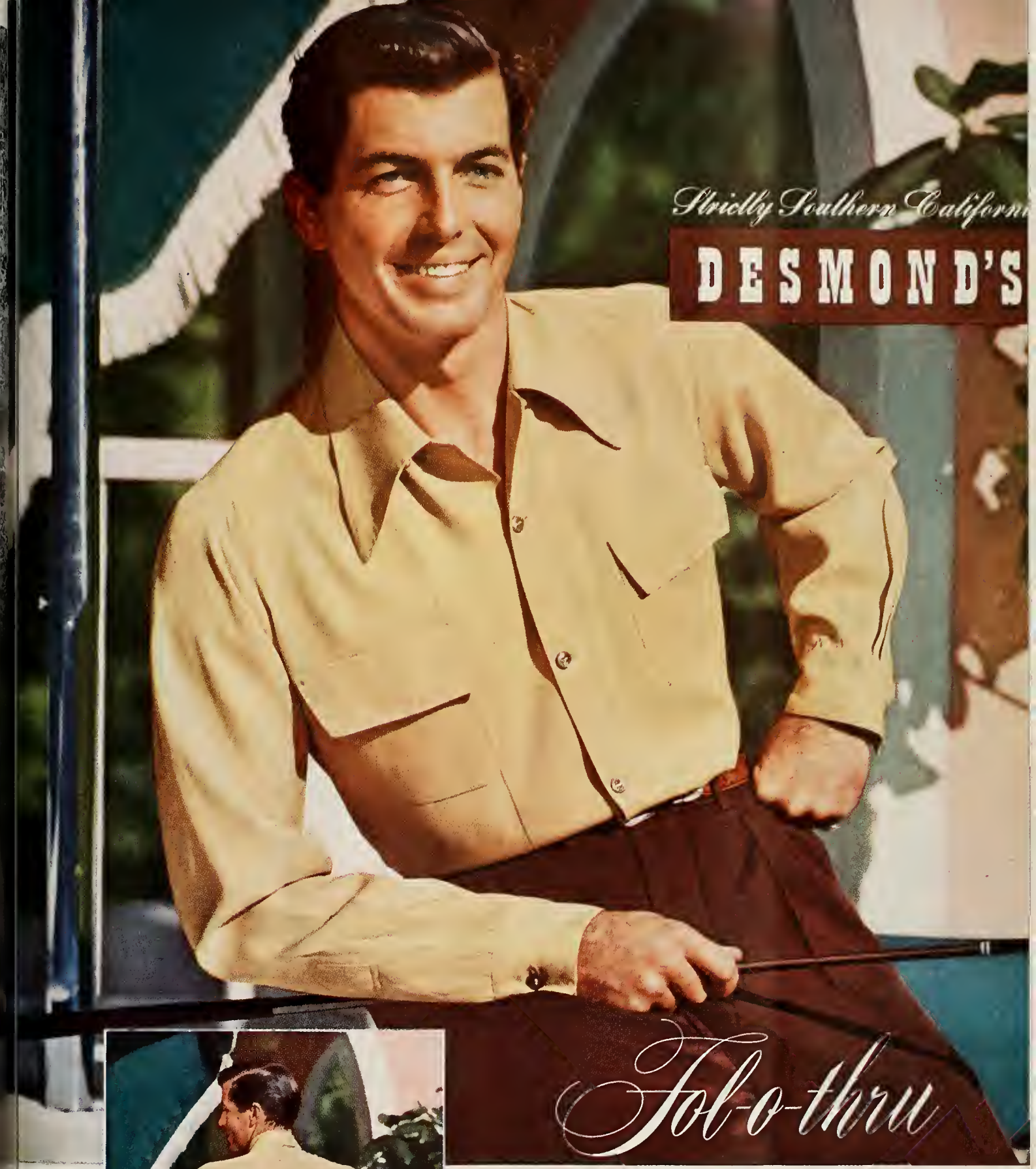
PLEASE ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

My darling:
Wore my "Love-Letter" print to the dove-cote mail box, and there was your letter waiting! You'd love me in my new dress with its diminutive sleeves and winging peplum. It's a button front casual and comes in lovebird colors, dove grey, pigeon beige, and parakeet aqua... I love them all... and YOU.
Sizes 10 to 18 $25.00
Mail Orders to CASUAL COLONY
Younkers
OF IOWA
DES MOINES 6
Styled by
De De Johnson
in Pingrain crepe by American Silk Mills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DESMOND'S
Fol-o-thru

SHIRTS... *by Hollywood Rogue*

California originals, comfort-cut for action!
The shoulder seam "follows through" from collar to underarm, creating a one-piece back and sleeve.
Beige, sandune, natural, blue 8.50

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..DESIGNED TO MAKE YOU THE GLAMOUR IN HIS LIFE..LINING BY ECLIPSE..ABOUT $55
"personal appearance"
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CALIFORNIA SUIT ORIGINAL
IN SMART SHOPS EVERYWHERE..OR WRITE LILLI ANN..973 MARKET STREET..SAN FRANCISCO..CALIFORNIA

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THE HECHT CO. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Golden Anniversary Year

tailored in California

"HOLLYWOOD CAREER" — PAINTED BY BEN STAHL

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Man-tailored for careerists in hard-to-get American Woolen Co. gabardine or broadcloth.

Selection of most popular shades. Dutchess acetate rayon lining. 39.95.

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ta the touch! This is a divinely soft Ponemah Spoven* ply fabric in an exclusive
ndaga print. Charles Armour styled the dress for resort afternoons. In New York at Milgrim.

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Spun and Woven exclusively
for quality fashion converters.

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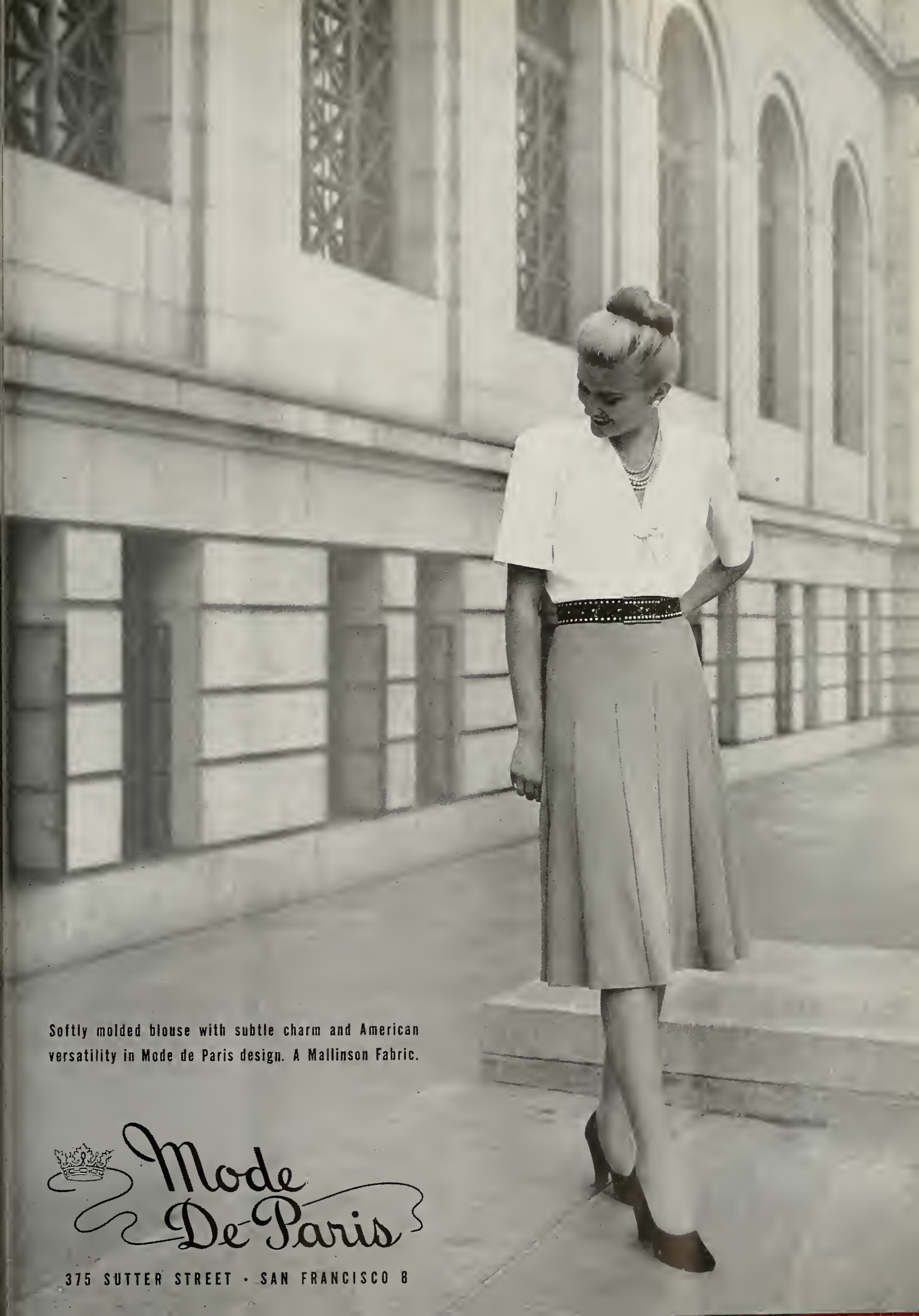
Tabak of California

Sunset Strip

Sunclothes as gay as Hollywood's Sunset Strip which inspired them.. California's brilliant colors in a sunburst design, contrast cool black... From Tabak's collection of interchangeable casuals.

TABAK OF CALIFORNIA • 860 S. LOS ANGELES STREET, LOS ANGELES 14, CALIFORNIA



Softly molded blouse with subtle charm and American versatility in Mode de Paris design. A Mallinson Fabric.

Mode De Paris

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A Madalyn Miller
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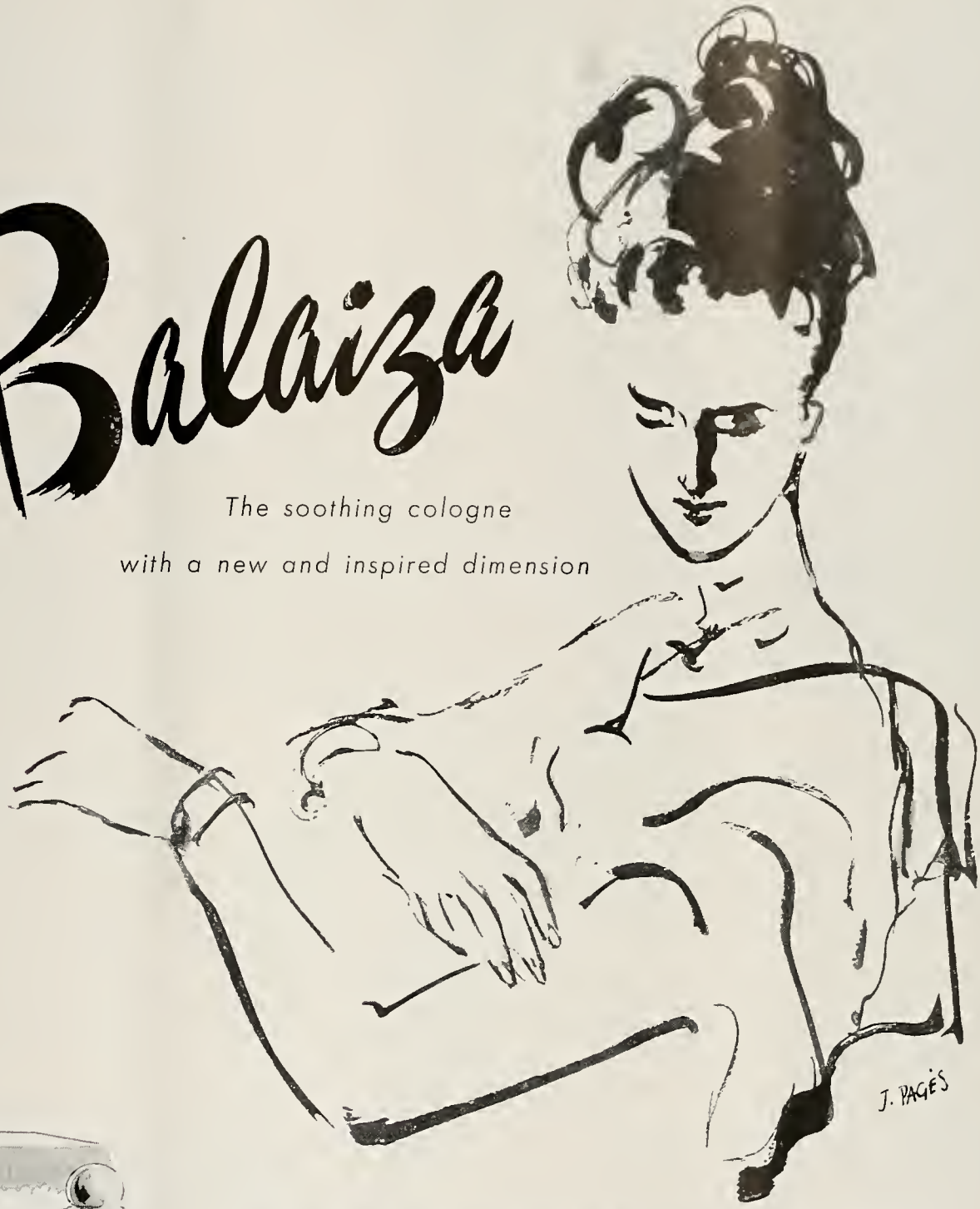
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
GLOBAL
FASHIONS
in Authentic Mexican
Serape' Print
COHAMA
HAND-SCREENED IN CALIFORNIA

Balaiza

The soothing cologne

with a new and inspired dimension



There has never been anything quite like Balaiza. For Balaiza is a cologne with a new and inspired dimension . . . a gentle, soothing quality that leaves your skin feeling soft and smooth. Use Balaiza generously after the bath, and through the day, on your arms, your hands, your throat. Sense its lovely fragrance that clings and clings and clings. See what tender ways it has with your skin.

Your choice of famous Lucien Lelong fragrances . . . Whisper, Indiscrete, Balalaika.

LUCIEN LELONG

California Hand Screened Dress about $25 at Roma's, Palm Springs; Hollidge Crawford, Boston; The Fashion, Houston; Henry's, Wichita; and other fine stores throughout America.

COHAMA Californians
HAND-SCREENED IN CALIFORNIA

WESTERN FASHIONS AUTHENTICS
by Lynn Lester OF CALIFORNIA

Backdrop for inspired designing by Lynn Lester

Western Fashions, Los Angeles 14

VOL. II NO. 6 JANUARY, 194

Seasonal spice for fun: Marjorie Montgomery's patio dress of Dan River cotton, sizes 9-15, under $25. Apron separate. At Bullock's, Los Angeles; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Younkers, Des Moines. It's a Seabreeze barbecue; pottery, Arthur of California. "Arrogant Red" lipstick, Forever Amber.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL SCOTT

The CALIFORNIAN

"FOR THE CALIFORNIA WAY OF LIFE"

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER ..... J. R. Osherenko
VICE PRESIDENT AND ADVERTISING DIRECTOR ..... Herman Sonnabend
MANAGING EDITOR ..... Donald A. Carlson
FASHION DIRECTOR ..... Sally Dickason Carolin
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FEATURES ..... Virginia Scallon, Frances Anderson
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when you grow up, dear...

your loveliness will be not only a gift of nature, but the fulfillment of your beauty habits practiced over the years through the faithful use of preparations by

Charles of the Ritz

DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

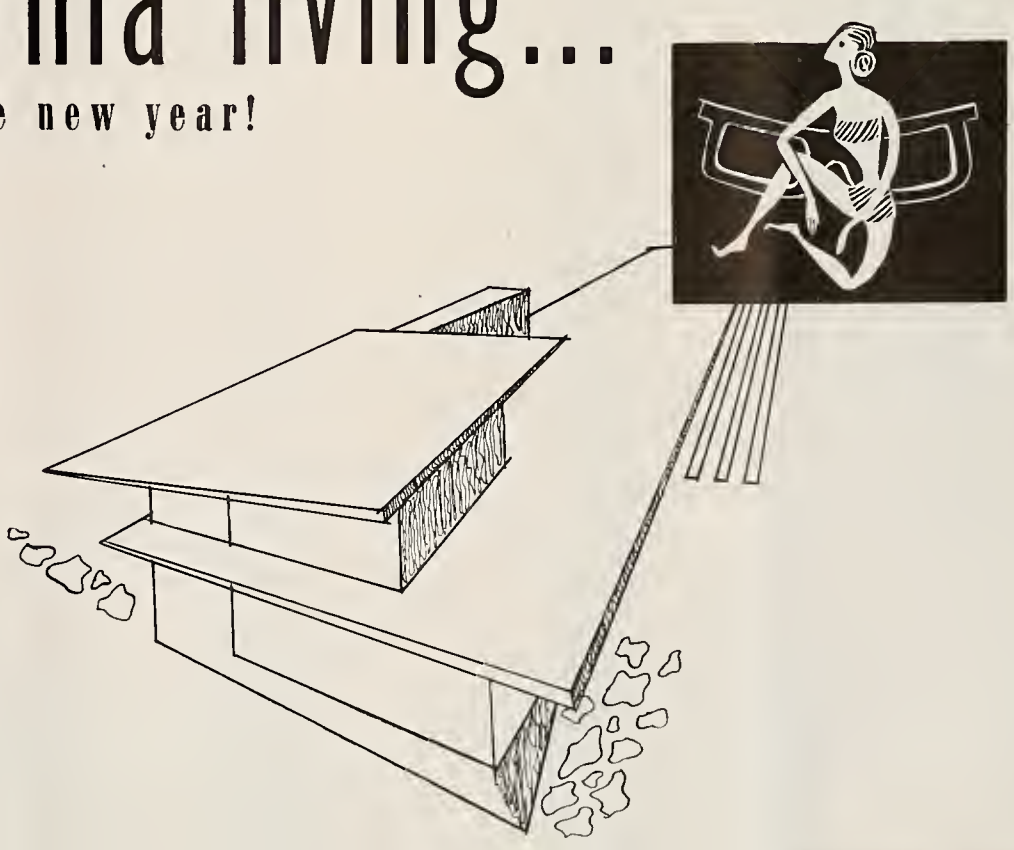
california living . . . centering around the modern home . . . which finds its strength in clean, uncluttered lines stretching high to the sky, and wide to the fields . . . in the dramatic contrast of light and dark, of sunshine and shadow . . . in the uninterrupted space of rooms that reach out into the garden and farther . . . carefree-and-easy.

california living . . . with clothes designed for it, for the mood and the manner. World-famous designers take color out of the western sky, underscore blazing white with shining black . . . to bring you added incentive for patio living . . . for breakfast outdoors, tea in the garden . . . those wonderful informal barbecues in someone's back yard, a supper dance under the palms.

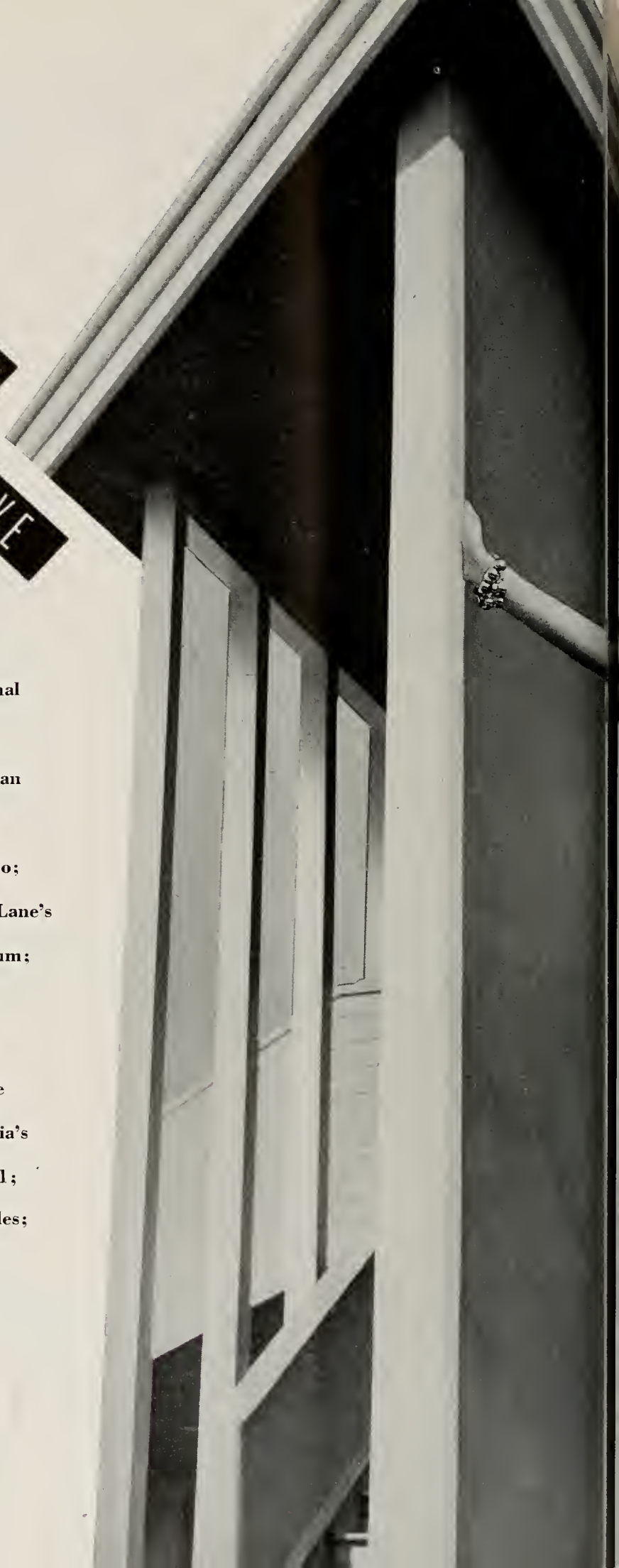
california living . . . is a mood, not a place . . . it's the spirit of freedom and brightness, an originality you achieve in your home, in your clothes. Like the new barbecue dress, free and easy, with its own padded apron . . . black and white fashions as clean and uncluttered as the house you live in . . . asymmetric fashions so starkly dramatic, to contrast with patio fashions, full-y feminine. These are the clothes . . . so refreshing, so original you'll never again want to go back to the stereotyped format of seasonal whims that make you "remember when". Instead, look ahead to the new!

california living...

modern as the new year!



IN YOUR NEW PERSPECTIVE

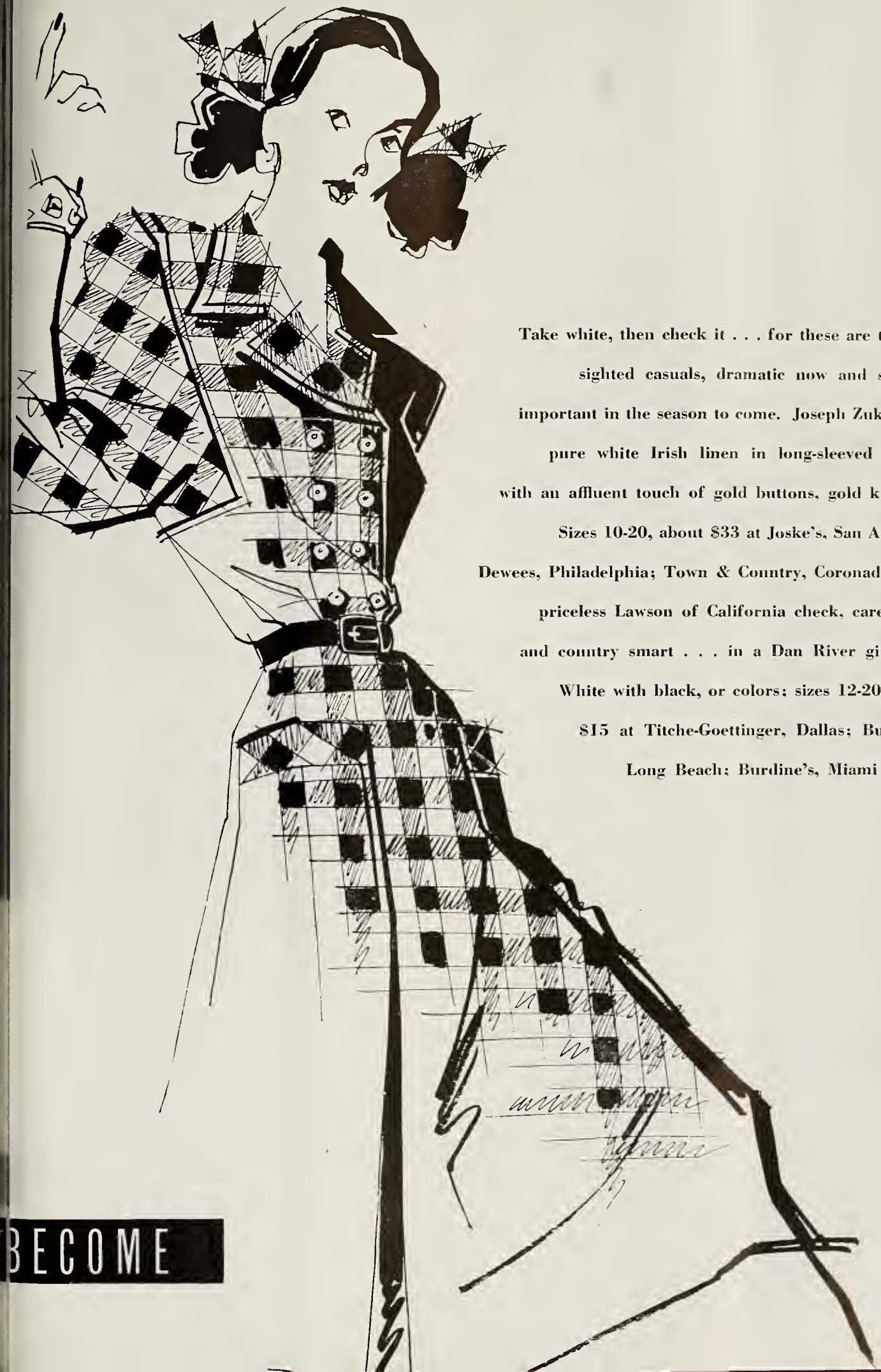


Look ahead to fashions strong and functional with easy structural lines, as Pat Premo's bold stripes-on-black spun rayon, A Rossman Fabric, *left*; sizes 10-16, about $20 at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Joske's, San Antonio; Peck & Peck, New York. Or, *above*, Norma Lane's midriff dress with button-on, cover-up peplum; Hoffman bengaline with pique, sizes 10-16, about $15 at O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., San Francisco; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; Halle Bros., Cleveland. *Lower*, Koret of California's Jersanese bra and "bloomerang," about $11; jacket about $10; May Company, Los Angeles; Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.

here's the flash of white on your horizon . . . pure, pure white almost architectural in its stark, clean lines. *Left*, from Stuart of California, two-piece suit in all white Tioga worsted, with flirty peplum; sizes 9-15, about $40 at Nancy's, Hollywood; A. Harris, Dallas; Arnold Constable, New York. *Center*, Joseph Zukin's long-coated slack suit with saddle pockets, gold buttons . . . of Folker gabardine, sizes 10-18, about $25 at The Bon Marche, Sacramento; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Goldwaters, Phoenix. *Above*, Monroe Lloyd, majorette jacket, fishtail and all . . . with slacks or skirt in gabardine. Young favorites, sizes 9-15, jacket about $13, slacks about $10, skirt about $10 . . . at Street's, Oklahoma City; The Popular, El Paso.

FOR MODERN LIVING

FIRST THING



Take white, then check it . . . for these are the far-sighted casuals, dramatic now and so very important in the season to come. Joseph Zukin uses pure white Irish linen in long-sleeved classic, with an affluent touch of gold buttons, gold kid belt. Sizes 10-20, about $33 at Joske's, San Antonio; Dewees, Philadelphia; Town & Country, Coronado. The priceless Lawson of California check, career-wise and country smart . . . in a Dan River gingham. White with black, or colors; sizes 12-20, about $15 at Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; Buffums', Long Beach; Burdine's, Miami Beach.

BECOME

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SAM HILL

EXTREME EXCITEMENT

Black and white for contrast, for excitement! . . . black alone for the sheer fun of it, with white or brilliant color to underscore your own good lines. *Left,* in Pat Premo's black and white dress of a Dan River check, with its own black weskit; sizes 10-16, about $30 at Desmond's Los Angeles, Neiman Marcus, Dallas; De Pinna, New York. Addie Masters gives you: sunback dress with separate bolero *center*, for sun-time! Black or colors, sizes 10-18, about $30 at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. *Right,* black Strutter slacks by Royal of California, striped blouse; sizes 10-20, about $15 at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; L. S. Donaldson, Minneapolis; Halle Bros., Cleveland.

ALL JEWELRY FROM BILTMORE ACCESSORIES
ALL HANDBAGS BY CALIFORNIA ACCESSORIES

the tournament of roses

It's dawn on New Year's morning and you clamber out of bed . . . not too gingerly, of course . . . and with your good eye only partly open. You finally make the family car after a gulp of warmed-up coffee. load in friend wife. maybe the in-laws. too. and the little loved ones, drive anywhere from two to thirty miles as fast as you dare through the thickest traffic conceivable. Then you try to find a parking place, squeeze into a crowd of other early-risers on a street corner accommodating some twenty times its normal capacity . . . and stand a bit unsteadily for hours in the bright sun while the little loved ones clamor incessantly to be hoisted to daddy's or mommy's shoulder.

. . . This is no nightmare . . . no figment of the imagination . . . it's just what well over a million citizens did on the first morning of 1947 in the environs of the lovely Crown City of Pasadena. They proved once again that everybody loves a parade . . . and particularly the Rose Parade . . . The Tournament of Roses.

If you're a practical soul. take it from another point of view. For months Southern California's finest gardeners labored to bring to perfect bloom at the critical hour countless thousands of the most beautiful flowers skilled hands and Mother Nature can produce. Thousands upon thousands of man hours were devoted to everything from artistic frenzy to back-breaking manual labor. Thousands upon thousands of yards of exquisite fabrics were loomed to gown the loveliest girls in Southern California. All this. poured into one giant crucible from which emerges a production with the life span of possibly eight hours.

And this isn't counting the pounds of lamb chops and creamed chicken in patty shells consumed at luncheons dedicated to planning the event. Or an entire season of football during which scores of gridiron giants operated with but one goal in mind . . . the Rose Bowl. Or the hours spent dreaming of the Rose Queen's crown by pretty Pasadena Junior College co-eds. Or the other hours spent by John Q. Citizen in devious schemes to snag a place in a parade grandstand or a seat on the 50-yard line. But it must be worth it. This thing has been going on for 58 years.

Why?

It started simply. just a community frolic to celebrate the balmy warmth and sunshine of a New Year's Day in Pasadena. In 1890. the Valley Hunt Club of Pasadena sponsored the first parade, a gay, friendly procession of carriages decorated with garlands of roses and wild flowers gathered by the residents themselves. They wound their way down fashionable Orange Grove Avenue to the community playground for an afternoon of games and races.

The idea caught on and the parade became more elaborate. patterned after the famous "Battle of Roses"

These twins will have twice as much fun! Here's one of the beautiful floats in construction. One year it was somebody's iden. The horses love it, too!

In 1905 Robert Gaylord and coterie of belles were hit of parade.

Spirit of Olympic Games in Los Angeles prompted this youngster's costume.

a million citizens each year crowd the curbs of pasadena . . they love a parade . . started 58 years ago

of Rome and the flower festival of Nice. Soon the name became "The Tournament of Roses."

So rapidly did the popularity of the spectacle grow that in 1898 civic-minded Pasadenans formed the Tournament of Roses Association. Plans for the parade and games increased in scope each year, with the selection of a Rose Queen and court with attendant festivities and a coronation ball, chariot races patterned on old Roman contests, and finally, in 1902, the football game which today is equivalent to a tilt for the national collegiate football championship.

How come?

Well, astute publicity accounts for a lot of it. Via newsreels, special newspaper issues devoted to the pageant, magazine stories and hullabaloo in general, most of the world is at least aware of the Tournament of Roses. But even the best of promoting has to have something worth while, which this annual titanic does.

First and foremost, it really is as beautiful and dazzling as a press agent's highest flight of fancy. You can't turn loose the talent of topnotch designers on a superabundant supply of flowers without achieving something oustanding.

Back in 1927, the Tournament Association hit upon the scheme of a theme for the parade, which instead of

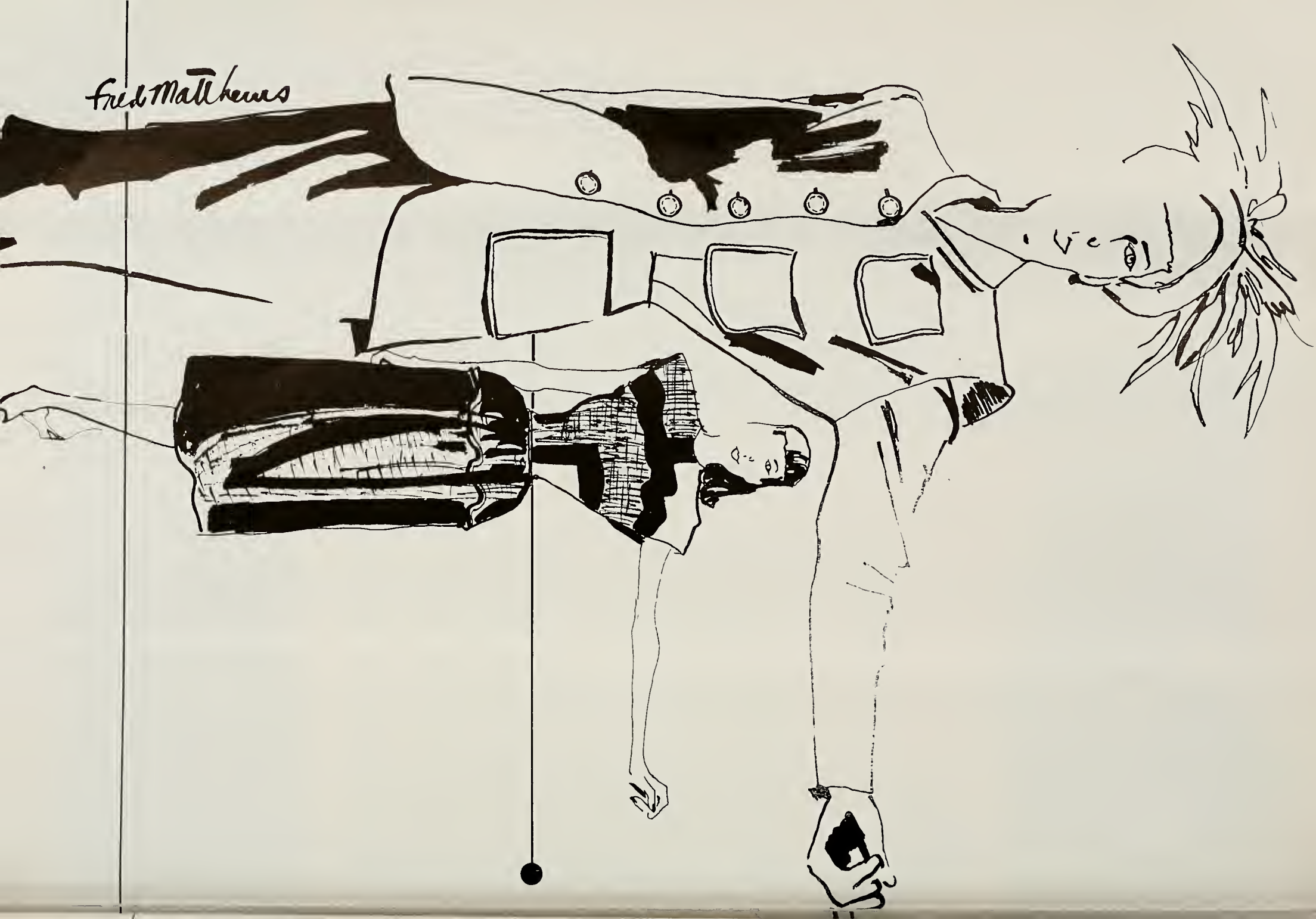
(Continued on page 78)

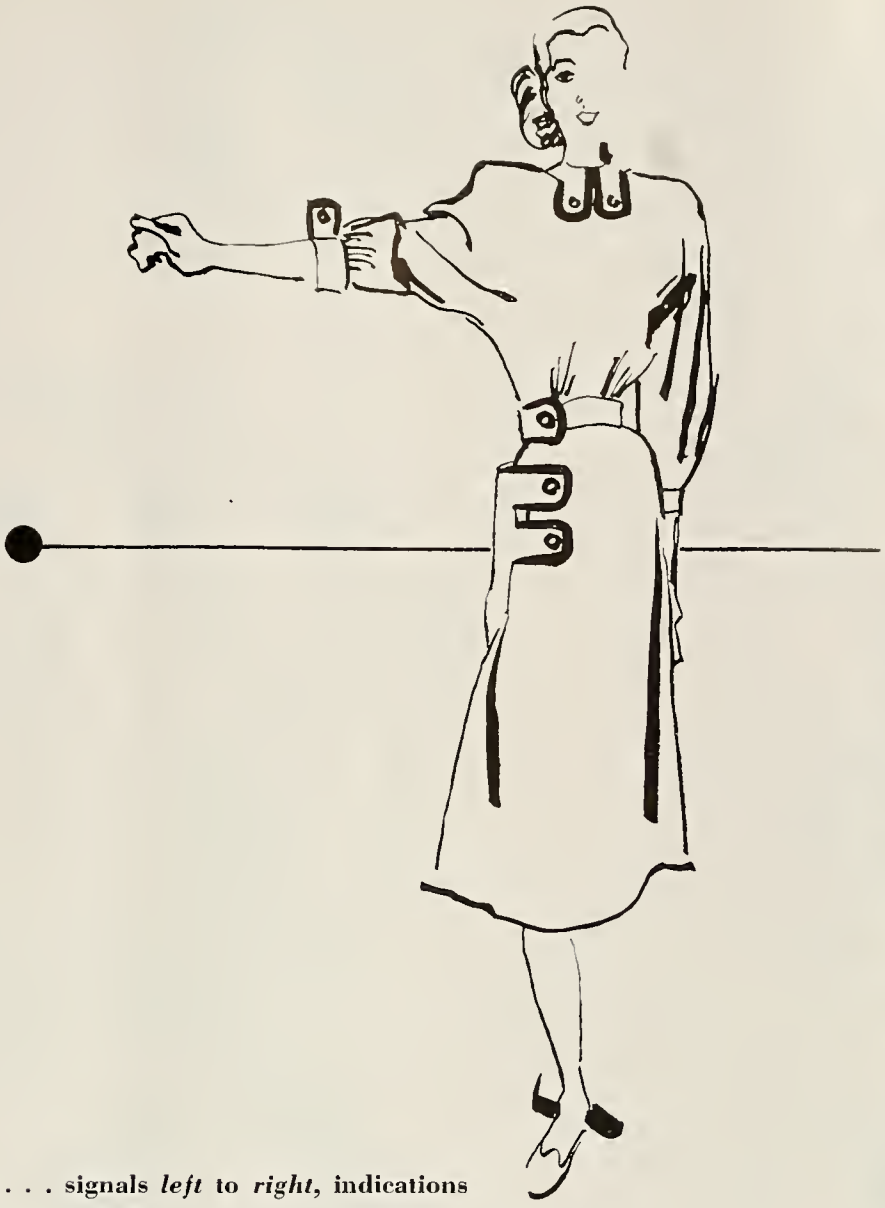
Official Photographer Eyre Powell is something of a fashion designer, too.

Typical Rose Queen and her beautiful attendants reign over the festivities.

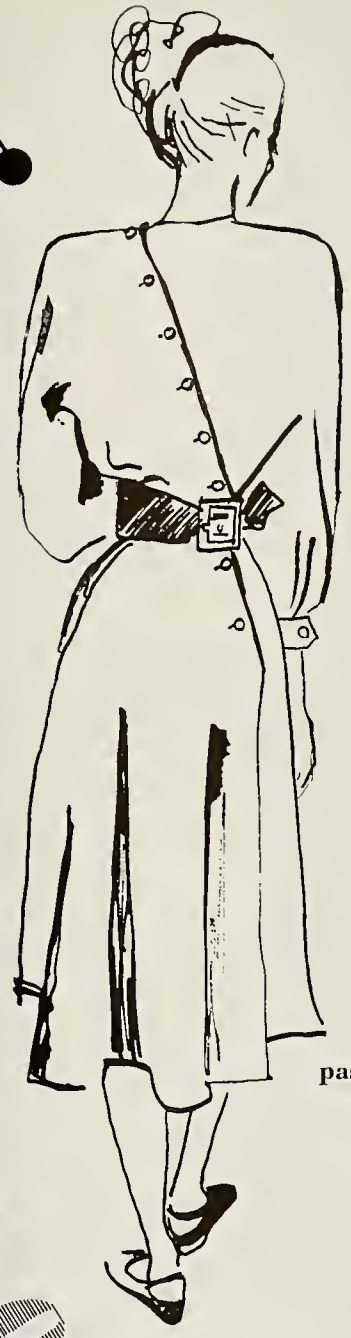
Girls can navigate this one. Burbank is known for more than a potato!

Small fry can pass the time with funnies.


Fred Matthews



One side, please! . . . signals *left* to *right,* indications of fashion's newest turn toward asymmetric devices . . . attention on one side of smooth, slim silhouettes. Georgia Bullock's town suit with proportioned pockets tiered to the left . . . pure wool, sizes 10-16, about $55 at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; B. Altman, New York; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. Fay Foster projects an idea, "flirtation," in a dirndl-skirted dress with Belga bar top . . . black or colors with two tones for contrast, in Hollywood Textile butcher-like linen woven by Brighton . . . sizes 10-18, about $20 at Franklin Simon, New York; B. Siegel, Detroit. *Above,* eyes right to Monroe Lloyd's simple gabardine dress with ingenious tabs, simulated pockets; winter white or pastels, sizes 9-15, about $18 at May Company, Los Angeles; Street's, Oklahoma City; Young-Quinlan, Minneapolis.



diagonals

New things for the new year include the flattery of diagonal lines, eye-compelling and slanted toward the future. *Far left*, the classic wrap-around from Caldwell-Gray, Inc. . . . fundamentally yours . . . desert pastels in Celanese Sandswept, sizes 12-20, about $20 at B. Altman, New York; Higbee Co., Cleveland. *Center*, Hollywood Premiere dramatizes pedal pushers with striped surplice blouse, sizes 10-18, about $15 at The Broadway, Los Angeles; Hartley's, Miami, Florida; Mandel Bros., Chicago. *Above*, Ken Sutherland puts diagonal closing on the back of a wear-ever casual . . . sizes 10-18, about $30 at J. J. Haggarty, Los Angeles.

we live in the sun

miss peggy lloyd, *popular daughter of the movie-famous Harold Lloyds and a Kappa Alpha Theta from University of Southern California, has many occasions to wear a summer formal like this seersucker with ruffle-bustle in yellow, blue, green plaid . . . from Helen of California. In sizes 9-15, about $25 at Addis Co., Syracuse; Shillito's, Cincinnati.*

miss gloria lloyd, *an embryo young actress and another lovely daughter of the Lloyds, wears a demure but effective eyelet pique dress designed by Emma Domb. It's white magic for garden parties, for patio entertaining or for dancing of a summer evening. Starchy-stiff petticoat for extra flare! In sizes 9-15, about $25 at May Company, Los Angeles; Titche-Goettinger, Dallas; Stewart & Co., Baltimore.*

mrs. henry edwards huntington II

Member of an illustrious California family, mother of young Henry, Mrs. Henry Edwards Huntington II is a gracious Pasadena hostess. She wears a Charles Sorel striped gown of heaviest black satin, black lace over scarlet applique, a scarlet petti-skirt.

Photographed in the patio of her Pasadena home, Mrs. Franklin Wilcox wears an Adrian gown with sweeping skirt of black taffeta, blouse of beige raw silk hand-painted and sequined in Egyptian design. She delights in entertaining informally, has designed furniture to make her home interpret true California hospitality.

mrs. franklin keeline wilcox

mrs. raymond j. mattison

Former member of Spinsters, now a leader in Pasadena's coterie of young matrons, Mrs. Raymond J. Mattison chooses a frock by Louella Ballerino, who also developed the individual pattern and fine texture of the Celanese fabric.

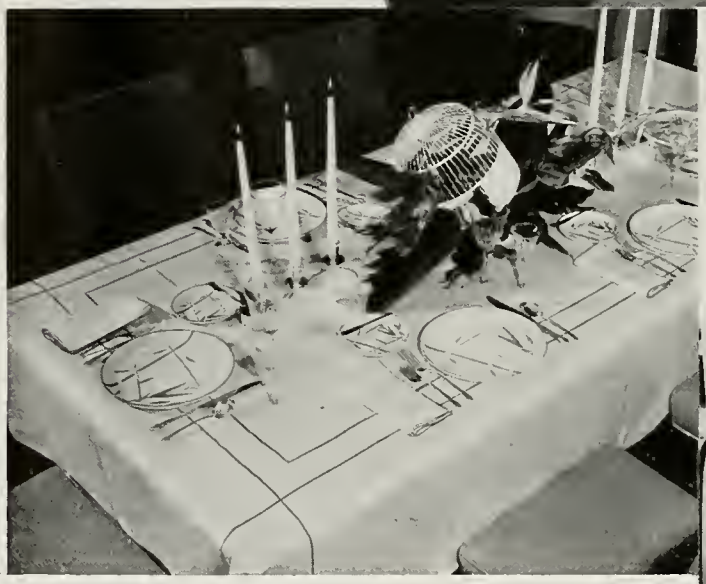
a motion picture
production designer
interprets our way of life
in this california dream
house . . . designed exclusively
for THE CALIFORNIAN
from a plan that
is heritage of the
west . . .

. . . INSPIRI

Y SELZNICK'S "duel in the sun"

GARDEN TEA

MIDNIGHT: FOR TWO



INFORMAL DINNER

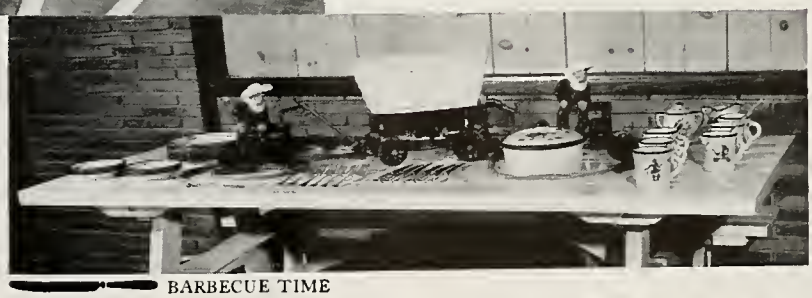
BUFFET HOSPITALITY

table talk

HOW ORIGINAL ARE YOU AS A HOSTESS?
TAKE INSPIRATION FROM THESE CONVERSATIONAL TABLE SETTINGS
OF CALIFORNIA POTTERY...WONDERFUL COLORS, GAY MOTIFS
TO MAKE YOUR ENTERTAINING SIMPLE, DRAMATIC...AND MEMORABLE!

COUNTRY BREAKFAST

TERRACE LUNCHEON

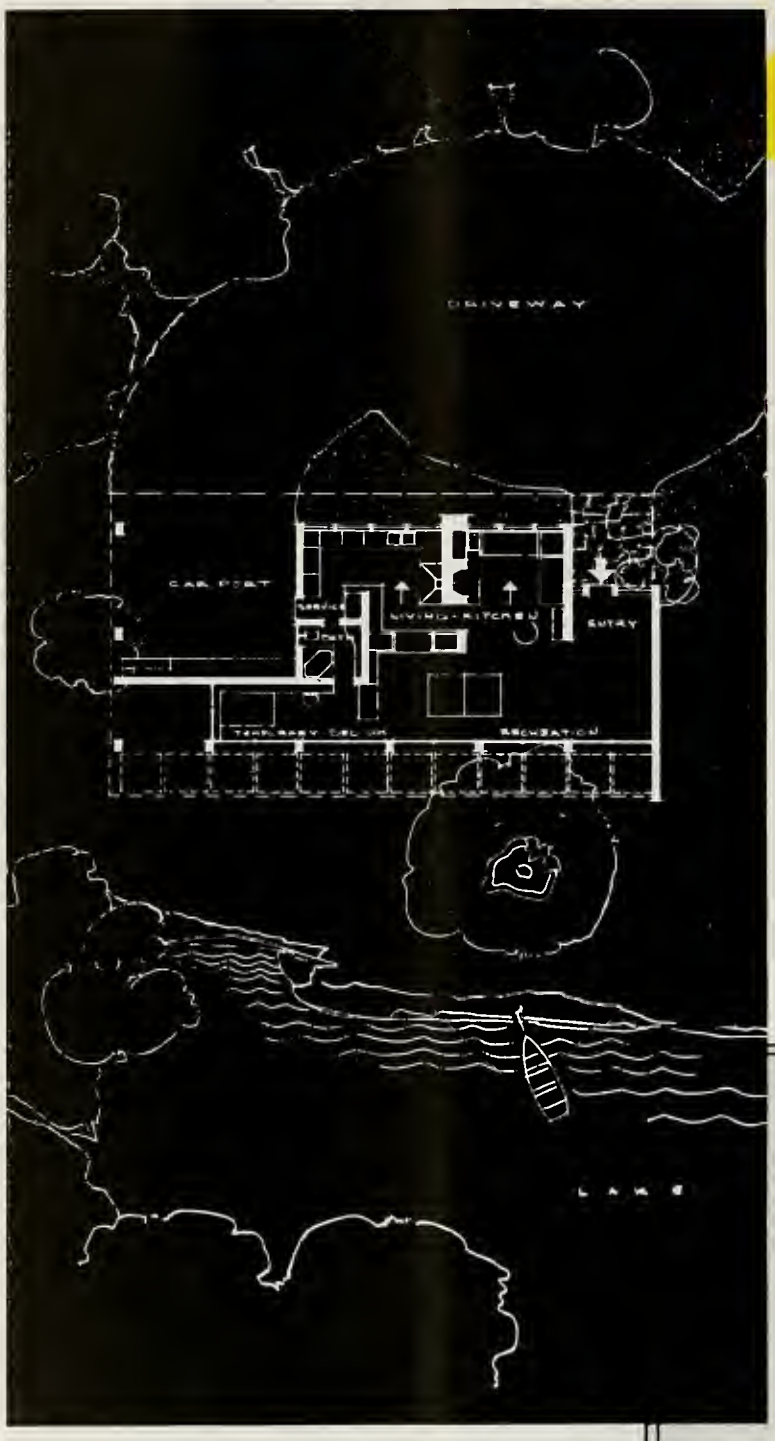


BARBECUE TIME

GARDEN TEA . . . Palest green Petalware, each piece molded in the shape of a leaf . . . pink and white mums for a soft touch of color, traditional tea service to provide the hostess with her most artful accessories for gracious entertaining.
MIDNIGHT: FOR TWO . . . Guppy's chartreuse and black Casualware, squared and dramatic, on striped grass mats . . . fat chartreuse candles with flaming red spikes of gladioli: the two-level modern table is flanked by red zebra-striped chairs.
INFORMAL DINNER . . . Winfield Bamboo dinner service inspires an unusual table decor: uptilted bird cage with casual arrangement of bird of paradise and tropical greens. The cloth is pale salmon color, a subtly effective setting.
TERRACE LUNCHEON . . . Cascadeware, softly shaded pottery in turquoise-brown-white from Jaska of California, with Vellenga's complimentary linen mats, acorn motif applique . . . table magic. The centerpiece, a crisp salad, iced, in a crystal bowl nested in wild lemon leaves.
COUNTRY BREAKFAST . . . Sturdy California Rustic pottery in muted blues and brown gets a gay color treatment: soft plaid tablecloth with splashy red flowers, a low bowl of hibiscus in the center.
BUFFET HOSPITALITY . . . On a shining black lacquer table, Franciscan's "Desert Rose" is invitation to the buffet: a mound of citrus fruits in wild lemon leaves, with pale pink roses to pick up the motif of the china. Long lighted tapers, too.
BARBECUE TIME . . . Authentic Brands, brown-red-cream hand-painted pottery from Continental Art Studios . . . a hand-carved covered wagon and two ceramic cowboys in a "centerpiece" of knotted rope; Olde Thompson pepper mill. Western hospitality is the thing!

All tables styled by Barker Bros., Los Angeles, and currently on display.

DUAL IN TH



Evolution of a house . . . Mr. Johnson's preliminary sketches for Spanish Bit rancho show how first conception of western home, *top*, was changed to show, *middle two*, probable southern architectural influence, and then, *lower*, final adaptation which actually was constructed for "Duel in the Sun."

sun

A HOME FOR NOW . . AND THEN . . AND EVERYWHERE

A motion picture studio, accustomed to making dreams come true, brings an ideal of California living into the realm of possibility with a house plan developed especially and exclusively for *The Californian* magazine.

We asked the production designer for David O. Selznick to interpret the carefree life we love. Joseph Macmillan Johnson responded with the glowing color sketch shown on preceding pages, together with two detailed floor plans . . . one for now and one for afterwhile!

Fresh from an assignment of designing the Spanish Bit rancho for Selznick's "Duel in the Sun," Mr. Johnson was familiar with the basic plan from which all southwestern architecture stemmed . . . the separate cooking and living quarters which eventually were roofed over to create a dining room, and to which bedrooms were a later refinement.

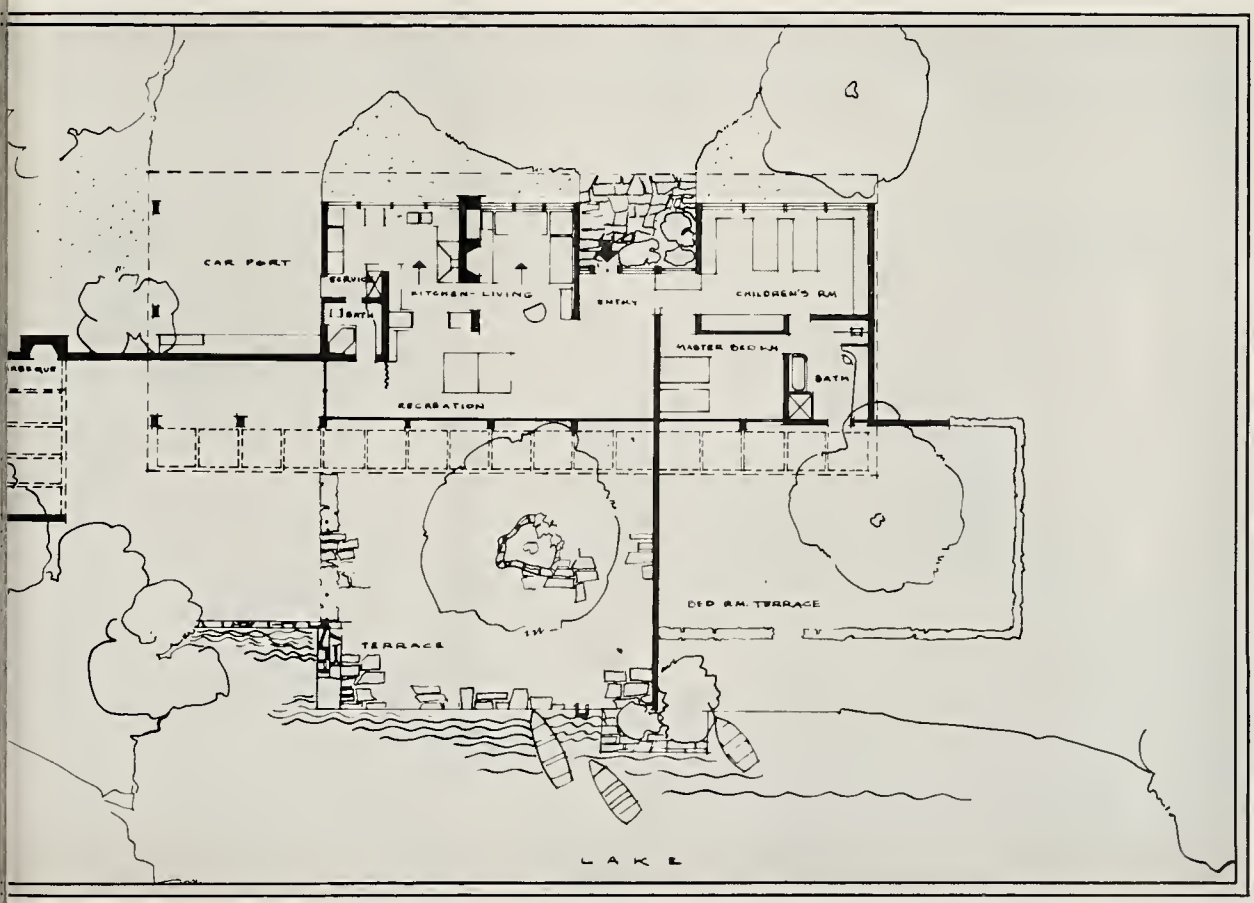
In the basic sketch shown left, it is noted that the artist developed an entirely open plan where kitchen and living quarters are in a single area, separated only by a low partition. This means that service into the cozy fireplace alcove is both easy and informally hospitable. Two couches may be cornered opposite the hearth, thus providing additional sleeping facilities. The bedroom recess in the original plan is a simple device to accommodate one or two persons.

The plan, representing the ultimate in building simplicity, also incorporates every opportunity for carefree living: the usual porch is encompassed *in* the house . . . the social rendezvous area thus created is spacious enough to accommodate game tables as standing equipment . . . the separate patio and garden areas are a perpetual invitation to live outside.

This Californian house, recommended for bachelors, honeymooners, or as a wonderful resort headquarters, is practical to build now because it is sufficient to itself in its basic form . . . and because it has such wonderful opportunities for expansion.

The second plan, *below*, indicates how easily the floor space may be increased at a later date . . . when the family needs are greater and building problems less!

Yes, *The Californian's* dual house in the sun is right for now . . . and then . . . and for anywhere under the sun.



CALIFORNIA COOKS

by helen evans brown

The California calendar knows no winter, as every loyal resident knows! That's why California living is outdoor living the year 'round. And with eating one of the best parts of living, we in California find ourselves, come low fog or shine, dining al fresco even in January. Or at least we serve January brunch out of doors . . . serve it in the patio, so that just in case the rain should shine we could duck into the house in a hurry.

There's something particularly cordial about an invitation to breakfast. It's the friendliest possible form of entertaining, and as American as a buffalo nickel. So even if you haven't yet moved to California, do have a brunch party anyway! It will be easier than a dinner party . much less costly and far more fun.

The very thought of brunch eon sets me drooling, and I'll be disappointed if these menus don't whet your appetite, too. I won't take time out to give you the recipes at least not more than a sketchy outline of them. If you don't know the answers, look them up in your pet cook book . . . don't look at me that way . . . of course you have a pet cook book. If you haven't, it's high time you did!

These menus are designed for late morning, even noon, eating, so I hope your guests will have had coffee before they arrive. Better have a big pot of it waiting, though, in case they've just crept out of bed. And there's no reason you shouldn't have some brandy or some Jamaica rum for those who like their coffee with a dollop. Or greet them with a champagne cocktail or a silver fizz if you think an eye opener is in order. On the other hand, if you think it would be just wonderful to have a party without serving anything stronger than orange juice, here's your chance!

And here are your menus. No quibbling, please, about the fact that some of the dishes have to be cooked in the house. Remember we're entertaining in the patio, which is just off the dining room, and it being January, we may have to eat inside after all. We don't talk about that, though. Not in California!

it's brunch in january

MENU NO. 1

BAKED APPLES WITH RUM

SHIRRED EGGS WITH CHICKEN LIVERS

BACON CURLS ALMOND POTATOES

ENGLISH MUFFINS PRESERVED ORANGES

COFFEE

The apples are baked in the usual way, except that a tablespoon of dark rum is poured over each apple (I'll settle for maple syrup if you don't like rum). If you have cream to serve with the apples, that's good. The eggs you'll do this way: sauté sliced chicken livers —one for each serving—in butter until just brown. Arrange them in the bottom of well-buttered, shirred-egg dishes or ramekins. Break two eggs in each dish, and sprinkle with salt and a grinding of pepper. Add a bit of butter and bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are set. The bacon curls are made by rolling slices of bacon as you would pin curls, fastening them with toothpicks, and baking them until they're crisp. (Use your kitchen oven if you don't have one on your barbecue.) The potatoes are hashed-browned potatoes with a glamor touch. They are generously sprinkled with chopped salted almonds just before they're removed from the stove, or the grill.

MENU NO. 2

MINTED ORANGE JUICE

LIVER, BACON, AND MUSHROOMS EN BROCHETTE

FRIED HOMINY SPICED PRUNES

QUICK ALMOND COFFEE CAKE APRICOT JAM

COFFEE

Orange juice with a little chopped mint sprinkled over the top has an extra special tang. The liver is cut in one-inch cubes and threaded on skewers, alternating with pieces of bacon and fresh mushrooms. Paint the whole with melted shortening, sprinkle with salt, and grill on your barbecue until the liver is still pink inside but the bacon is crisp. The hominy squares you know how to do . . . cook the grits as for cereal, pour in a flat pan to cool, cut in squares, dip in flour, and fry crisp. The prunes are prunes . . . plus a stick of cinnamon, a slice of lemon, three whole cloves, for each pound. The coffee cake is your own favorite baking powder recipe, with cinnamon, sugar, slivered almonds, and dabs of butter put on top before baking. Make this fresh; it's so delectable with that coffee.

MENU NO. 3

FIGS IN CREAM

CORNED BEEF HASH WITH POACHED EGGS

BAKED TOMATOES CREOLE

PANCAKES WITH MARMALADE AND CREAM CHEESE

SESAME TOAST COFFEE

The figs may be fresh or preserved. You know which will be easier. The corned beef hash may be canned or frozen or the kind your mother taught you to make. With the poached egg you're on your own, but not with the tomatoes. I'll tell you quickly: core uniform tomatoes and arrange them in a baking dish which has been buttered and lightly sprinkled with flour. Now sauté chopped onions and chopped green pepper in butter until wilted, then heap them on top of the tomatoes, lavishly enough so that some will spill over into the pan. Sprinkle with salt, then pour in enough cream to cover the bottom of the dish about a half-inch deep. Bake until the tomatoes are soft and browned on top. You'll have a wonderful creamy sauce in the dish that you'll want to spoon over the tomatoes as you dish them up. This is indoor stuff, too, but they'll keep hot in a covered casserole for quite a while . . . long enough to do the pancakes on the barbecue grill. Make these thin and small, and serve them with orange marmalade and cream cheese that has been whipped soft with milk. The sesame toast is merely crisp buttered toast sprinkled thickly with toasted sesame seeds . . . a trick to remember.

MENU NO. 4

TOMATO JUICE

OYSTER OMELETTE FRIZZLED HAM

FRIED MUSH POPOVERS

COFFEE RASPBERRY JAM

The tomato juice will be extra good if you put a teaspoonful of garlic or eschalot-flavored vinegar in each glass. The oyster omelette is made by folding creamed oysters into the middle of your Frenchiest omelette. Of course you can make an omelette on the outdoor grill. Frizzled ham is . . . frizzled ham. And the fried mush is . . . fried mush. Make the popovers in the kitchen, or toast buns outdoors. Coffee and jam, too!

MENU NO. 5

BROILED GRAPEFRUIT WITH SHERRY

SAUSAGE SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH CHIVES

APPLE PANCAKES CORNBREAD

COFFEE DAMSON PLUM JAM

Remove seeds from grapefruit halves, sprinkle with sugar, dot with butter, and pour a tablespoonful of sherry over each. Broil until slightly brown on top, and serve either hot or cold. The sausage you know all about. The scrambled eggs, too; for they're the regular kind, except that they have chopped chives added, a half teaspoonful for each egg. The apple pancakes have chopped apple in the batter (one small apple for each cup of flour.) The cornbread you can make in a jiffy, and I promise I won't look if you use the prepared corn muffin mix. Don't forget the coffee.

MENU NO. 6

TANGERINE SEGMENTS

HAMBURGERS EN BROCHETTE FRIED BEANS

PECAN ROLLS COFFEE

The tangerine segments you will want to fix the day before. Separate them carefully, then poach them gently in a syrup (1 cup of sugar to 1 cup of water) which has been flavored with crushed coriander seeds, or a few cloves, for extra flavor. Cook the hamburgers over the grill: mix a whole egg with each pound of ground meat, and season it with salt and a little chili powder. Form in balls the size of a pullet egg, and thread two or three meat balls on skewers or sharpened sticks, putting a quarter-inch slice of onion (choose onions the size of the hamburgers), a quarter of an unpeeled tomato, and a third of a slice of bacon between each ball of meat. Salt well and grill until the bacon is crisp and the meat brown. The fried beans you'll make the Mexican way, and if you've ever eaten breakfast in Mexico, you'll know how good they'll taste. Here's a quick resume of the recipe: soak pink or red beans overnight. Next day simmer until tender, adding salt, garlic and/or onion, and a pinch of oregano toward the last. Heat some lard or bacon fat in a heavy pan and add a few beans at a time, mashing them as they're added. Be sure there's fat enough to mingle with the beans. Now cook over a low fire, stirring, until they're thick as you please.

;ropic topic . . .

If you worship the sun . . and you're bound for Palm Springs or Nassau . . be sure to take vacation-time clothes. Don't migrate with stay-at-home duds . . fill your wardrobe with wearables for the easy life. For instance, the slack suit on the left. It is tailored of fine domestic linen . . with ascot, perfect for sun decks, with shirt and tie . . good top deck wear. The sport shirts are lightweight . .

one, wool tattertooth, the other rayon, knitted and always in style. Below, the ship-shape cardigan suit is of fine worsted . . right for resort-ful men. The all-wool leisure coat is a knockabout jacket. Its window-plaid weave and deep patch pockets make it cruise news. A new diamond weave-patterned sport jacket is at right topped by an equatorially correct optimo-shaped Balibuntal hat.

PART PUPPETS

MIX *SOPHISTICATED HUMOR WITH AMERICAN INGENUITY... AND YOU HAVE TURNABOUT... HOLLYWOOD'S MOST FAMOUS LITTLE THEATRE...*

All off! End of the line!"
The motorman in the old-fashioned car ambles down the aisle, reversing the hard-backed, wooden seats . . . he's ready once more for the run back to town.
Remember?

Puppets are like people in their clever, lively stage portrayals.

Maybe a bit of nostalgia, maybe a bit of theatrical genius prompted the Yale Puppeteers to install reversible seats in their internationally famous Turnabout Theatre . . out Hollywood way. Whatever the reason, their clever artistry . . one part puppets . . one part people . . is entertaining thousands in their tiny theatre and is providing a new, modern interpretation of an ancient art . . . mimicry of the high, noble and the famous.

A night at Turnabout is a refreshing experience to audiences jaded by too many motion picture extravaganzas and night club chorus shows. For this is one theatre that does not "play down" to our proverbially adolescent mind.

The creation of new faces prophesies a new show for Turnabout.

From the outside the building looks not unlike a California apartment house with its well-landscaped patio and iron-railinged balcony. You stroll into the theatre over the flagstones. make yourself comfortable in a seat that is named, not numbered. Without warning a hand shoots through the curtain, holding a sign, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, please remove your millinery!"

Fascinated by the idea of intimate theatricals in the heart of the movie industry, you'll chuckle over the puppet likenesses of Pocahontas, Mussolini, Big Jim Farley and George Bernard Shaw as they sing, dance and perform on one of the two stages in the theatre. That's just a sample.

During the intermission the patrons . . or guests. as Turnabout prefers to call them . . roam about drinking coffee "on the house." Filing back into the theatre for part two of the program, you'll discover that your seats have been reversed to face the opposite, larger stage.

Then begin the raillery, the satire and sophisticated banter of the musical revue. Elsa Lanchester and Lotte Goslar, famous pantomimist, Frances Osborne and two of the four Yale Puppeteers. themselves. headline the act. Harry Burnett, made up as a bearded castaway adrift on a life raft, sings "Look at the Book That I Took" . . in this unfortunate case, the telephone book . . bemoaning the monotony of reading endlessly about "lots of characters and no plot."

One of the numbers, "Brunhilde Rides Again," presents

PART PEOPLE

Frances Osborne as a Wagnerian contralto, complete with breastplate and Teutonic shield, riding a joke of a horse. And there are others . . whimsical, bizarre, satirical.

Fun-poking begins even before the curtain goes up. The audience plunks down on the old street car seats, re-covered and embroidered with identifying titles. It is not unusual for customers who have visited Turnabout before to call up for reservations, insisting upon "Hot 'n' Bothered" or "Tried and True."

In back of the stage is the workshop, open to the public after each performance. Here are hung all puppets whose show is not being currently performed, along with the props for these shows. Ferris wheels, riverboats, miniature buildings, musical instruments and gadgets of every conceivable kind are suspended from the ceiling. On the shelves along the wall are hundreds of shoeboxes with such characterizing labels as "Screw Eyes — Surplus," "Feet," "Bosoms — Male," and a series of three described as "Bottoms — Weenie," "Bottoms — Popular," and "Bottoms — Well-Favored."

The famous Elsa Lanchester is a favorite of the English music hall.

Turnabout is the dream-come-true story of four people who call themselves the Yale Puppeteers. The tale begins some 25 years ago at the University of Michigan where two undergraduates, Harry Burnett and Forman Brown, staged a marionette show in the basement of their rooming house one night for a lark. The show was a success and Burnett, continuing his studies in the Department of Drama at Yale University, later combined his talents with those of Richard Brandon and turned professional.

That man Burnett again . . . a lonely bearded castaway . . . on a raft.

It was 1927 when the three—Burnett, Brown and Brandon—packed their puppets into an ancient Ford and began a six-year vagabondage that was to take them through every state in the Union. They staged shows in little southern communities, in the industrial towns of the east and prairie settlements of the middle west. It was in Texas one night that the Yale Puppeteers gave birth to their dream—the idea of a turnabout theatre. This two-headed theatrical brainchild was to have one stage for puppets, another stage for revue, and seats which could be reversed, street car fashion, between the puppet and the real-life

Lotte Goslar puts pantomime into pleasure for the discriminating.

(*Continued on page 79*)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY VERNON

hollywood looks up to jane wyman!

the young sophisticate . . typical American girl . . is a modern mother at home . . a great actress in "The Yearling"

Whoever heard of a girl named Jane who wasn't friendly, gay, vivacious and completely herself? It just fits that Wyman girl.

All Hollywood is at the feet of Jane Wyman . . . literally and figuratively speaking . . . from the vast panorama of a glittering city, to the rich assortment of cinema roles which have been portrayed so admirably by this young star. You see, Jane Wyman lives high, high above the Sunset Strip, and there, on the crest of a knoll we found her invitingly informal home, with its sparkling swimming pool right in the middle of the front yard.

No retinue of servants, no battery of "protectors" for this interview . . . she opened the door herself, led us into the completely charming living room, and with housewifely care raised curtains and plumped up the cushions. Informed previously that we wanted to photograph her in a favorite costume, she wore a sleekly simple Adrian suit of navy blue.

Aside from the photogenic advantage, Miss Wyman feels that every woman should have one navy blue for the sake of morale, and flattery. Always impeccably dressed, she has a penchant for the costume suit . . . feels it is a complete wardrobe in itself. And like so many women in public life, this choice enables her to be dressed appropriately for town, and is quite effective for dinner, too.

"I practically live in black and brown," she told us after explaining the reason for "at least one blue." Her severely simple wardrobe runs from the dazzling beaded cocktail suit to the spectator type . . . and all a far cry from the prosaic jacket 'n' skirt. No prints or busy-patterned clothes . . . even at home she slips into slacks that are comfortable and curvesome to the Wyman figure.

Miss Wyman has the same infallible good taste in home furnishings. She is her own interior decorator, and has created a warmly hospitable setting. "You can see I like the mellow, rich tones," she explained. The overall effect in her home is of soft burgundy, and woods-green colors that have their natural highlights reflected in the chartreuse fireside loveseat, the fat little turquoise pillow in a circular window seat, the cranberry cushion on a ledge of her massive stone fireplace.

There is a dignity about the house that speaks frankly of the substantial home life of Miss Wyman, known widely as Mrs. Ronald Reagan. On a lamp table is a color picture . . . torn out of a movie magazine . . . showing the whole family . . . mother, father, little Maureen and baby Mike.

"Maureen made me frame it," Jane laughed, but this consideration of family first is evident throughout the house . . . from the beautifully illustrated copy of "The Yearling," which she bought in the event the children wanted it as a memento of her most important role . . . to the safety pen for Mike near the side of the tempting pool.

The Reagans expect to build a Bermuda-modern house when construction difficulties relax . . . nearly all glass and view on acreage just above theirs, one step higher in the skies.

Jane Wyman is persistent. That is evident by the way she concentrated on a movie career until her dreams came true. As an eight-year-old she came to California determined to be a child star . . . then back home to St. Joseph, Missouri, for more training before another storming of the gates when she was 15.

For four years she tried to get a break in pictures. only winning an occasional job as a dancer in musicals. Once more she went back home, and then, ironically, clicked as a radio songster and traveled the middle west for two years.

With this practical background she was ready, and a catchy role in "My Man Godfrey" started her on her way. While often cast as a pert little sophisticate, she does an outstanding dramatic job in "The Yearling" . . . Paul Clemens' portrait of her in the role hangs over her fireplace at home. Currently appearing in Warner Bros. "Cheyenne," with Jimmy Stewart, she plays the part of a typical young American . . . friendly, gay, vivacious and completely . . . but this is where we came in!

by marta blackstone

LUGGAGE BY HALLIBURTON

JEWELRY FROM MAURICE CONSTANTINE

Demand performance: california stars in paris

There was a final rustle of tissue paper. the last dress was tucked into place and the suitcase shut tight. Eight California fashions were bound for flight across the Atlantic. Object: reversing an old Parisian tradition.

Casual, tailored, semi-dressy . . . the eight "ice breakers" are typical of California's modern, functional designs. And the Parisians love them. They like the idea of dressing in the mother-daughter costumes. They like to wear raincoats that are at ease in any weather. and tailored dresses that bike to work with assurance. But mostly, they like the way the clothes fit. For the French woman it's been a long war of wearing dresses. when she could get them. made in just three sizes—small. medium and large, and nothing is more rare or more welcome than a dress that is made to fit.

Visiting this country as technical adviser for "A Man of My Own," Mme. Lucette Caron saw the casual, practical American designs at first hand and determined to take some back to Paris. She conferred with California's Affiliated Fashionists, selected the samples and prepared to return, thus establishing a new fashion policy in one short trip.

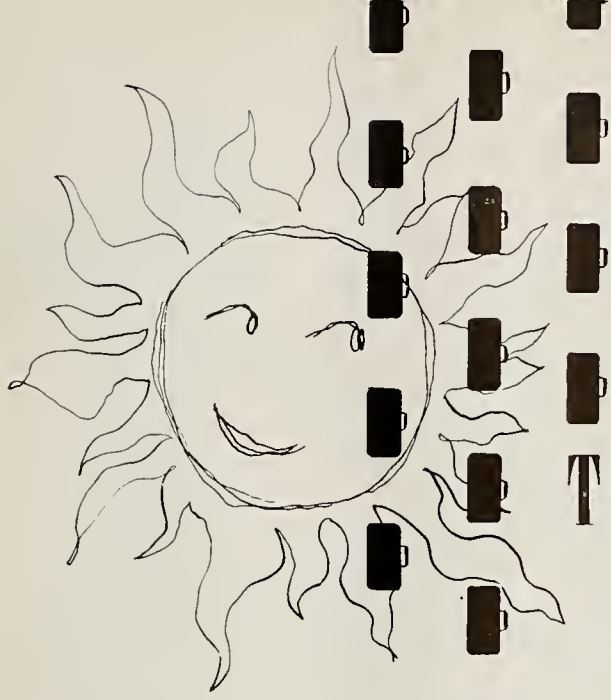
And Mme. Caron chose wisely. ● 1. A smart, full-skirted, aqua crepe sport dress etched with pen sketches bikes to work easily and comes from Marjorie Montgomery. ● 2. A frosty white sport dress by Irene Bury has seamless shoulders and a wide, self-belt studded with silver.

She chose practically. ● 3. A white lastex swim suit from Mabs of Hollywood spiked with bright red hearts to swim and tan in. ● 4. Smooth shirtwaist dress from Addie Masters with a side wrap and long, button-at-the-wrist sleeves.

She chose versatilely. ● 5. Agnes Barrett's playdress—a white cotton chemise blouse with ties on the shoulder and a black butcher linen skirt bordered with white. ● 6. A lime crepe afternoon dress from Peggy Hunt has deep armhole sleeves, low neckline and a double-tiered peplum.

She chose brightly. ● 7-8. Lonella Ballerino's mother-daughter set of fresh red and white printed cotton with starchy white eyelet and rickrack. ● And, *this page, above right*, a Puritan-collared raincoat from Viola Dimmitt of khaki gold satin Tackle Twill.

When the American tourist visits Paris in the future, he'll find the mademoiselles who stroll through the Bois de Boulogne are as lovely as ever, but he'll observe, too, that they look almost . . . well, American. And with California inspirations setting the fashion pace, he even may feel he's never left home!



TRIP TIPS if you're coming to california in january

Let us face it. January is the month when sunny California leaks a little, but just around the edges. Once the New Year's game and the Rose Bowl parade are out of the way, you can expect occasional rains . . . so if you're coming west this month, come prepared!

weather data for january

	Los Angeles	San Francisco
Highest	90	78
Lowest	28	29
Average	55.5	50.1
Average total rainfall	3.04	4.75

Strangely enough, being a land of almost perpetual sunshine, California still is responsible for revolutionizing rainwear . . . the Viola Dimmitt raincoat-dress being the first of many new ideas to enable you to face damp days in style, in light but protective raiment.

The Chamber of Commerce, backed by the weather bureau, can prove that the sun shines at least a portion of almost every day, and on many days all day long . . . so don't let us dampen your ardor. This is a month of many attractions for visitors . . . the really mild winter is only the first of them. Racing at Santa Anita is in full swing, symphony is in season. mountain resorts extend a constant invitation to enjoy winter sports, and the nearby desert is a land of dependable day-in-and-out sunshine.

So. a California visit in January prescribes clothes for your favorite recreation . . . spectator sportswear, formal finery, snow clothes or sunsuits . . . plus a basic wardrobe which should include the following . . . or reasonable facsimile of same.

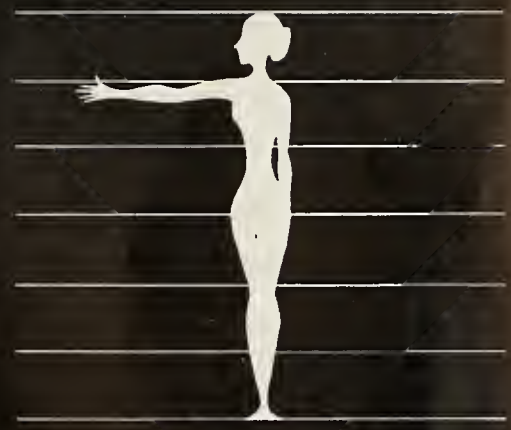
The all-purpose travel suit is of course a prerequisite, with warm topcoat or furs if you have them. With the suit, a variety of blouses to change its mood . . . a sweater or so to wear underneath, or to top a skirt for casual comfort. If you're coming to Southern California, the suit might be in high shades, in tweed or solid tones. but at least one dark suit is prescribed for cosmopolitan San Francisco.

Bring a knit dress. This is the all-impressing favorite . . . high in fashion, so easy to pack. always ready to wear. This year's exciting accessories can make it . . . lavish jewels and rich belts for important occasions, more practical but still gay things for sportswear. Choose a bright scarf for this dress and to wear with your suit . . . for a spark of color. for added warmth.

Despite our warning about rain, you must realize, too, that California has many, many warm days . . . so you'll want to have at least one lightweight wool, probably in a cheery shade. Slacks or pedal pushers are in vogue for at home or active sportswear. Bring something softly feminine for evenings at home. or home entertaining; prints with their hint of spring are the logical choice, but the little black dress is always good taste. A sequin or dressy blouse that you can wear with a short skirt or a long one is a good choice to round out your wardrobe. See you soon!

OPPOSITE PAGE: BRA AND PANTIE GIRDLE BY MABS

by florence shuman



ten tricks from a designer's notebook

DRESSING BY DESIGN

● "That dress doesn't do a thing for Sally!"

Haven't you made that comment time and again to your companion at the luncheon table? Yes, such conversations go on all the time and you can't blame it on love of gossip. It is just that we are able to see another woman objectively as she moves, from the front, side or back.

Whether we know it, we are all disturbed when things look unbalanced or inappropriate. We want to do something about it. Our natural response to a disturbing composition is the desire to change it. In reality we are all potential designers.

Is that surprising? It shouldn't be.

Even though we never think of it as such, we all have designing experience when we set our tables, arrange our furniture, and assemble a new outfit.

To be a designer sounds awe-inspiring. But to the professional designer, it merely is the process of selecting and assembling parts to create a relationship that is harmonious, pleasing to the eye, and in style. It is that simple.

American designers have given us both style and value, but the garments can't always be used as they are to everyone's best advantage. By selecting, changing, and supplementing, we can become distinctive, fashionable women.

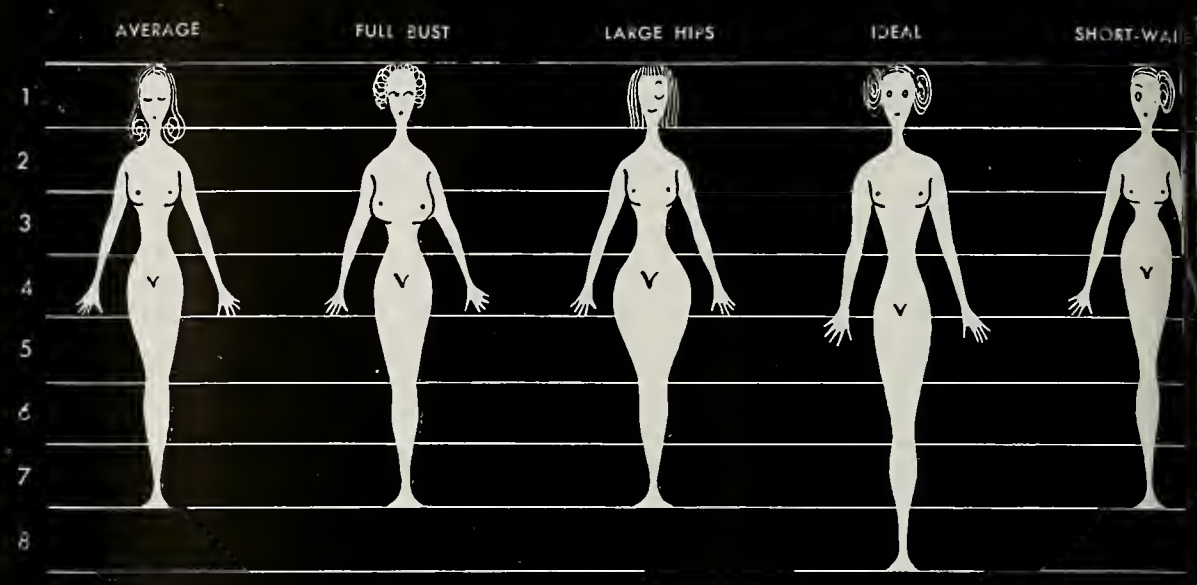
But, you ask, if everyone learns the same tricks of the trade, won't everyone dress alike? No more than two authors write alike, even when telling the same story, although they both have learned the same rules of grammar. The expression of our own personality always triumphs.

By creating the habit of visualizing the complete effect before you make your purchases, you will avoid costly "clothes mistakes." Your new confidence in choosing clothes will give you greater poise and charm. And you'll find yourself anticipating fashions with pleasure because of the spice and variety they add to your life.

Yes, shopping and sewing really can be fun. And now, let's turn the page and start our adventure!

photograph by Shew Lum

common figure variations in relation to length of head



the ideal and you

● Let's establish a few ideal standards to work toward. Then, by comparing your own proportions to the ideal proportions, you will recognize your good points and how to direct attention to them. And what is more important, you will be able to decide what points to direct attention away from.

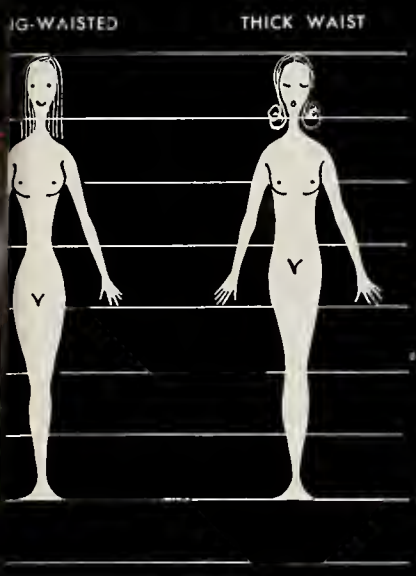
We won't clutter our minds with a lot of measurements. There is no such thing as one set of perfect figure standards that can be applied to everyone. All proportions are judged in relationship to the size of your own head. You thus can see that what is right for one person may not be right for another. It all depends on the length and width of the head.

Most of us are about 6½ to 7 heads tall . . . that is, our total height is equal to the length of our heads multiplied by 6½ or 7. Our shoulders measure about twice the width of our heads, and our hips are wider than our shoulders. The length from the top of the head to the waistline usually is slightly under three head-lengths. If you are seven heads tall, that leaves about four head-lengths from the waist down.

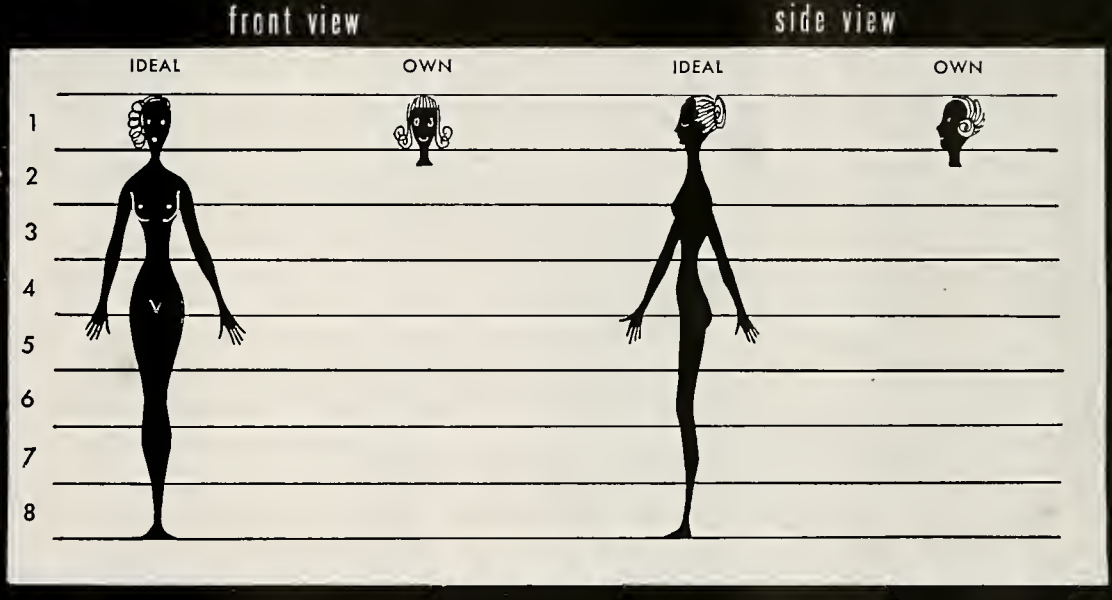
The ideal fashion figure, however, is about 8 to 8½ heads tall. Her shoulders are three times the width of her head and her hips taper down and are narrower than her shoulders. The center of the breast is at the end of the second head-length and the waist comes at the end of the third head-length. The remaining five head-lengths are taken up by the rest of the body from the waist down.

This proportion of 3 to 5 is so pleasing that it has been accepted by painters and sculptors for centuries. You and I can give the illusion of possessing these ideal proportions through thoughtful selection of the clothes we wear. The result will probably look as if it were inspired. It would be grand, too, if we could just depend on inspiration. But if you want to look smart at all times, it will pay you to think your problems through in an orderly fashion . . . and here we go!

I have selected four of the most common figure faults and show them in relation to the average and to the more ideal figure. These figures all have the same size head. Your own proportions may be a combination of these, or you may be in good proportion . . . yet too short, too tall, too fat, too thin. In that case, you will apply these tricks to lengthen or broaden the whole figure instead of any one



which one is most like your own figure?



Sketch your own proportions under heads marked "own" compare to ideal figure. Decide what structural faults need attention in your clothes. Then you can eliminate them.

part.

The larger diagram shows the front and side view of the ideal figure, and indicates what to look for when you study yourself carefully in the mirror. In the space marked "Own" I have drawn a head, which represents your own. Now, measure your head-length and width, and your height in stocking feet, or get a friend to do it. Next, complete the figure of yourself by roughly sketching in your own proportions according to your own measurements. How many heads wide are your shoulders? How many head-lengths down is the center of your bust, your waist-line? Are your hips wider than your shoulders or narrower? Don't worry if this figure doesn't turn out to be a work of art. This is just a work sheet for your own use, to give you an objective idea of your own figure, with all its faults and blessings.

Remember to look at yourself as others see you . . . front, side and back views. Wear a minimum of clothing while you are doing this. Remember you are not just looking for faults. You are analyzing your figure to help you make the most of your best qualities.

short cut to beauty

ifornia-designed

oiffure accentuates

freedom . . .

it's styled

for you

California fashions have come to a very pretty head . . . in a haircut especially designed for the California way of life that you may live from coast to coast.

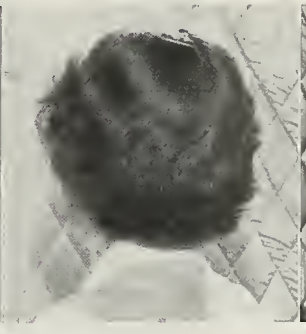
Fresh as a sea breeze, bright as California sunshine, yet offering all the variety of a California landscape, the new short California Casual has a headstart in the hair fashion parade. Designed by the Charles of the Ritz Salon at I. Magnin in Los Angeles, its exciting talking points already have sent a number of lambs to the shearing.

Imagine a haircut that needs but half an hour to shampoo and whisk into shape . . . no tiring hours under the dryer! The principle involved is simple . . . just release the weight from your hair and any wave will have an opportunity to express itself. Once the hair is properly cut, the only care it needs is the usual shampoo, after which you brush dry . . . with no wave-set. In between, you can rehabilitate it by steaming with a damp towel and then brush like crazy!

While the California Casual is primarily designed for women with a natural wave or curl, it is, of course, eminently suitable to hair that has been correctly permanently waved. Essentially brisk and informal, it is adaptable to practically any type of personality and face, to any variety of hat, and to any degree of formality.

The California Casual requires frequent cutting, unless you want to look like a wilted chrysanthemum. It means a knack with the hairbrush between shampoos . . . a knack you'll have to acquire if it doesn't come natcherly. And, if your curl isn't natural-born, it means permanents perhaps as often as every two to three months . . . a cold wave is required for a soft, loose curl.

But there are wonderful features: the rougher you treat it, especially in such wide-open sports as swimming or sailing, the better it looks. It's so very adaptable it can be styled to your most flattering appearance to conceal hairline flaws or underline good points in Pygmalion fashion.



And the California Casual probably is the best health treatment you can give your hair. The constant brushing required to keep it groomed makes it soft and glossy. Since the hair is short, the oil is distributed clear to the tips, eradicating split, fuzzy ends. And in brushing it dry, the harsh effects of heat are avoided . . . of top importance in a dry climate. This health factor, by the way, makes the California Casual particularly good for dyed hair . . . or for any type of normally unmanageable hair such as the baby-fine species.

In today's fresh, free-spirited fashion picture, the Casual Cut is a short cut to a smart headline. While it has been designed for and dedicated to California, its light-hearted clean lines are as accurately fitted to the full life of 1947 as are any of the other fashion inspirations from the sunny shores of the Pacific. Try the California Casual . . . it's comfortable, devil-may-care, attractive for you!

by sharon terrill

song and saga, flowers and fun . . Americas' never-never land thrives on the variety it can create

in california it's...

bob tallman

elmer gould

eula beal

jim moran

caroline and alexander newman

helen deutsch

ROBERT TALLMAN, radio father of the weekly Sam Spade program, will launch his first novel, "Adios, O'Shaughnessy," in the spring. The story of a fascist putsch in a little Mexican town, Tallman gathered the material while living in Acapulco where he went on vacation, stayed one year. **ELMER GOULD,** chief horticulturist of Santa Anita Park, blueprinted the sowing of 400,000 pansies, 600,000 calendulas this season. Once horticulturist for the Golden Gate Exposition, Gould stays home on the track's closing day when visitors are urged to swarm the infield, take home plants. **EULA BEAL,** concert singer from Riverside, California, rents her voice to the films, sings on radio show, "Melodies America Loves," runs a home and wins a plethora of young artists' contests. **JIM MORAN,** press agent extraordinary, sat on an ostrich egg for 21 days until it hatched (to plug "The Egg and I.") Moran, who ran for governor on the short-term ticket, claimed no particular program except "to lead an interesting life . . ." **CAROLINE** and **ALEXANDER NEWMAN,** cook-and-waiter team at Enterprise Studio, were "discovered" by a Hollywood director at a Sunset Strip restaurant. Specialists in Hungarian epicurism, they have worked in the top cafes of Europe and America. **HELEN DEUTSCH,** one of the few women film producers in the world, started at 20 with Provincetown Theatre, went on to the Theatre Guild and came to Hollywood to write. She reads Latin, Greek, Provencal, some Sanskrit.

betty macdonald and two lovely daughters prefer the simple life . . . with trimmings . . . of little vachon island to hollywood and autographing eggs.

THE "EGG" HATCHED SUCCESS

Betty MacDonald was very exasperated, indeed, when she wrote the first draft of "The Egg and I." It all started with the epidemic of books she had read extolling the glories of backwoods life. Betty had spent many a bitter year helping operate a chicken ranch on Vachon Island in Puget Sound and she was one of the first to know that rural communities were not all taffy pulls and square dancing.

Back from the publisher came the first draft of the book and ended up, quite naturally, in the rear of a drawer. And that was almost that—until one day Betty's sister, Mary, called her up.

"Betty," she demanded, "I hear the washing machine again. Are you going to wash clothes all your life or are you going to sit down and put that story into shape and make $50,000?"

So she turned off the washing machine and went to work on the novel. The dusting and sweeping suffered and so did the quality of the meals, but Betty kept at it until the story was ready to send off again.

The MacDonald family is like every other—when times were very tough Betty and her two daughters, Anne and Joan, used to sit around and imagine what they would do if someone died and left them $50,000. They wanted another bathroom and a larger kitchen, an actual road leading from the dock a mile and a half away where they walked to the ferry, and some added ground that would give them a decent living under any and all conditions.

Betty MacDonald is a successful author now. Her book already has brought in $125,000 in royalties and $100,000 in movie rights and all those maybe-some-day desires have miraculously been fulfilled. As for the luxuries of life . . . the symbols of social supremacy . . . she has this to say . . .

"I never wanted to own a lot of possessions that would weigh me down and I've always preferred to cook rather than give up our privacy and have a maid. I intend to go right on living a simple life in the one place in the world I like the best. And if tomorrow we would wake up and find there was no money left we would have had some wonderful trips, met some wonderful people, and have some delightful memories. Not having changed our minds about the manner in which we care to live, our lives would be exactly the same as before I wrote "The Egg and I."

For six months of this year Betty toured the country with her daughters, her husband and her sister . . . posing with eggs . . . autographing eggs . . . and eating eggs placed before her by whimsical hosts. After that came hectic studio conferences in Hollywood on the film version of her book. Now, at last, the MacDonalds are back home on their chicken ranch—glad to be able to go to bed at eight o'clock for a change.

Betty and her husband have 30 acres of land on Vachon Island, a clam beach, a salmon fishing ground, and a whole crop of currants and fruit trees. Besides Anne and Joan and the other 28 children who live close enough to make their home a hangout, the MacDonald entourage includes a dog that sleeps on the beds and a cat that always jumps in the laps of people who dislike cats.

The author of "The Egg and I" is not a frivolous person, however. Besides her hard work on the chicken ranch she can look back to the days when she was the only woman labor adjustor in the National Recovery Administration, to the months she spent fighting tuberculosis in Firland Sanitorium, and to the years between 1939 and 1942 when she supervised publicity for the National Youth Administration.

These are just some of the things Betty plans to write about in her next three books!

Got those mid-winter blues? Your clothes look seedy, your hats just "don't do a thing for you?" Then this is the psychological moment to put yourself into the hands of a good beautician to build a brand new glamor-coiffure. Tell her to give you the works . . . then relax and let her have at it. Ten to one you'll not only look like a new woman . . . but you'll feel like one!

A Whisk In Time

Before retiring each night, make it a point to whisk away the remnants of the day's living. Empty the ash trays, pick up papers, give your living room a refurbished look, a fresh air treatment, too. Only takes about ten minutes, but adds much to your peace of mind in the early light of day.

Easy Brightener

Your living room need a touch of color? Try painting the back boards of your book shelves in a "mood-color" for the entire room. Lemon . . . aqua . . . cactus coral . . . strong Chinese red or deep ocean blue . . . and, you'll be simply astonished at the completely new effect in your room. Especially if you leave an eye-level shelf open for vases, flower arrangements, or what you will.

Wrapping Trick

Beautifully wrapped packages are a joy to receive . . . it goes without saying. But, haven't you ever felt ruthless when one twist of the wrist destroys all that beauty so that you may look inside? Well, here's your chance to eat your cake . . . and have it, too. Instead of wrapping the whole box, stick it firmly together with Scotch tape, letting your decorator whimsy run riot all over the top. Thus, all the receiver need do to lift the lid is clip that Scotch tape. The beauty box itself remains intact . . . and if you're lucky, you'll get it back on your next birthday!

IT NEVER FAILS

It never fails that in a night
When you are wakeful, nothing's right.
The sheet's too short, there's too much
cover,
And all your troubles seem to hover.
You think of foolish things you've said.
Then squirm and wish that you were
dead,
The bed is lumpy, you feel itchy,
The future of the world looks pitchy:
Then comes the dawn, and suddenly
You're comfortable as could be.
Like magic, all your joints relax.
You find a spot as smooth as wax
And cuddle, drifting off to sleep.
You count the last cavorting sheep,
Then just as dreams develop charms,
You guessed it pal—the clock alarms!

—Peggy Davidson

Write for name of nearest store.

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BRADSHAW 2-2214

Where to Eat in Los Angeles

AMBASSADOR COCOANUT GROVE—3400 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles. World-famous. Dancing to Freddy Martin's Orchestra. Closed Monday. Dinners from $3.50. Cover $1; Saturday $1.50. Ask for Reuben or Michael.

BEACHCOMBER—1727 North McCadden Place, Hollywood. Excellent Chinese food and tropical drinks. Dinners up from $3. Usually crowded. Reservations. Good tourist spot.

BROWN DERBY—Four of 'em: 9537 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, where you may see celebrities; 1628 North Vine Street, Hollywood, where you can catch many an autograph at lunch; 3377 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, where you can dine in "The Hat" with the other tourists, and 4500 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, where you can eat in your car. Food varies from good to excellent. Prices medium to high.

BUBLICHKI—8846 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. A bit of Russia on the Strip. Ask for Wally and order shashlik. Music good, too, and romantical. Dinners from $3.50.

CHAROUCHKA—8524 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Another bite of Russia on the Strip. Mamma and Papa, "your hosts," excel with atmosphere, food and soothing music. You'll meet Tommy, too. Closed Monday and prices fairly high.

CHASEN'S—9339 Beverly Blvd., Beverly Hills. One of the best in the West. Excellent cuisine and plenty of celebrities. Expensive. Closed Monday.

CIRO'S—8344 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. On the Strip and luxurious, with name bands for dancing. Expensive. Celebrities, sometimes.

COCK 'N' BULL—9170 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. English atmosphere and food that is good. Dinners from $3. Try the prime ribs.

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH—806 North La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles. New, attractive and excellent English food. Blintzes, too!

HENRI'S—9236 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Excellent French food served in the grand manner. A la carte and expensive, but for the discriminating.

HOUSE OF MURPHY — La Cienega "Restaurant Row" at Fourth Street, Los Angeles. Wonderful salads and beautiful steaks. Go!

LA RUE—8633 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, on the Strip. Tops in food and decor. An occasion you'll remember, but expensive.

LINDY'S—3656 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles. A good place to eat, with steaks a feature. Closed Monday.

LUCEY'S—5444 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood. Good food, reasonable prices and across the street from Paramount Studio. Movie stars abound at lunch.

MIKE LYMAN'S OR AL LEVY'S—When you're downtown in Los Angeles. Good food, same management. Reasonable prices.

MOCAMBO—8588 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. One of the Strip's spots for movie stars. Colorful, crowded and expensive.

PERINO'S—3027 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles. In the heart of the smart shopping area. Excellent food. A favorite luncheon rendezvous for society.

PICCADILLY—848 North La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles. Fairly new, but very good, with Gus of Barclay Kitchen as your chef and host. Steaks.

PIERRE'S—2295 Huntington Drive, San Marino. On your way to Santa Anita. A good crepes suzette and pleasant atmosphere. Reasonably priced.

ROMANOFF'S—326 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills. Prince Mike caters to movie stars, writers and producers. Excellent food. Expensive.

SARNEZ—170 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills. Lew Sailee and Harry Ringland have an attractive place, with good food and good music, reasonably priced.

SPORTSMAN'S LODGE—12833 Ventura Blvd., North Hollywood. An epicurean delight, whether it be seafood or steak, in a beautiful setting. A la carte.

TAIL O' THE COCK—477 South La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles. Mac McHenry provides excellent food, good companions and a pleasing atmosphere. Hamburger Diable is a specialty. Reasonably priced.

TOWN HOUSE—2965 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, overlooking Lafayette Park. Three smart cafes to serve you. Expensive, but very good. Wonderful for the tourist.

LONGBARN
Palo Alto, California

Country Dinner in authentic Victorian surroundings
Browse through our shops of yesteryear
El Camino Real two miles south of Stanford University

Cricket On The Hearth

CONTINENTAL FAVORITES
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FROM 11 A. M. TILL THE WEE HOURS
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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

HOUSE OF MURPHY
for gourmets only

Fine food in an atmosphere of convivial friendliness!

LOS ANGELES RESTAURANT ROW
Where La Cienega Crosses Fourth

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SNOW TIME!

If you're an expert skier, a novice or just a snow bunny, you'll be happy to know that there's an abundance of the powdery white stuff in the beautiful mountain areas of California this month. Pack your skis or toboggan in the family car, bundle up the children and head for:

- Yosemite and Badger Pass—Highway 99 to Merced; Highway 40 on.
- Big Bear and Lake Arrowhead—US 66 to San Bernardino; Highway 78 on to snow regions.
- Idyllwild—Just east of Hemet; get a map.
- Big Pines and Wrightwood—US 66 to Cajon Junction, then take a left turn.
- June Lake District—US 6 to Bishop, Highway 395 on.
- Sequoia National Park—Highway 99 to Tulare, Highway 198 on.
- High Sierras—Stem from Bishop for many good spots.
- Mount Waterman and Angeles Crest —Take US 2.
- And for tops in snow, lodging and a roaring good time, there's Sun Valley, a gem of the West, in nearby Idaho!

this month's mail

Dear Editor: What type of headgear is appropriate to wear with slacks in California? —Mrs. J. Baker, Omaha, Nebraska.

Hats are never worn with slacks, of course. However, you may always wear a scarf or snood with active sportswear and in some cases calots and stocking caps also are appropriate.

Dear Editor: I have heard so much about Monterey furniture. Does this mean only furniture which is manufactured in Monterey, California, or is it a particular type of construction?—Mrs. Keith J. Aldrich, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

Monterey furniture is a type of furniture recognizable by its band-sawed scallops, joints, leather thongs, iron braces and cushions of coarsely woven fabric. It is patterned after early mission furniture which was made in California by craftsmen and decorated by the local Indians. In those days the iron hinges were forged by blacksmiths. It was 1928 when Monterey furniture began to be manufactured in volume and it is now found in the low or medium price category.

Dear Editor: There is a great deal being written about the rapidly growing population of Los Angeles. Do actual estimates support the prediction that it will some day be the largest city in the United States?—Captain Smith, Boston, Massachusetts.

The population estimates for the Los Angeles area in 1950 range from 3,387,000 to 3,826,000. It is difficult to predict what the permanent future population will be since this, of necessity, depends upon the economic health of the entire region.

Dear Editor: What kind of research is handled in the research departments of the big Hollywood motion picture studios? What kind of experience would be necessary for one to get a job there and could you give me any idea how to go about this?—Nancy Carastro, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Researchers in the studios delve into the details of costume, architecture, interior decoration and the customs of all ages. They include the important biographical details of famous people, the historical facts surrounding politics, war, science, and religion. One of the larger studios has a research library that includes 20,000 volumes, ranging from "The History of the Coronation of James II," published exclusively for the royal family in 1687, to a complete set of Sears Roebuck catalogs and bound volumes of the London Times dating back to 1880.

Members of the research staff must be highly trained and have an excellent background in history, political science and sociology as well as art and—for fashion researchers—costume design. A knowledge of one or more foreign languages is almost mandatory and technical training in an important field also would be helpful.

To get on the research staff of a major studio is extremely difficult and it would be best to have an introduction from someone who holds a position in the particular studio. Of course, there is always the hope that secretarial work in a research department might lead to more important duties.

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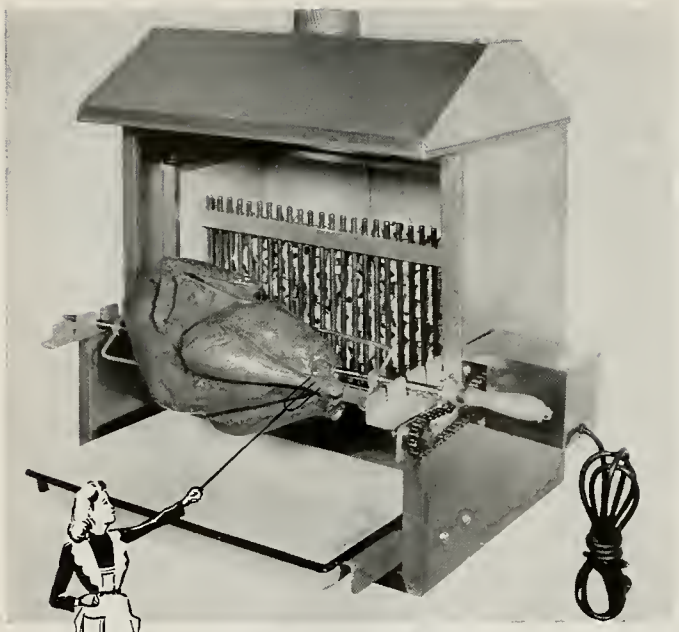

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TOURNAMENT

(Continued from page 43)

regimenting the pageant, seems to have stimulated imaginations to new successes. This year, the 58th Annual Tournament of Roses celebrated "Holidays in Flowers." And when you stop to consider that this topic can suggest not only every type of sport, but every national and regional festival known to man, you can get some idea of the infinite variety of the scores of enormous floats entered in the parade . . . floats from every community within miles of Pasadena, including some international entries from as far away as Australia.

Take a theme, then, and interpret it in the most beautiful flowers grown. Offhand, can you think of anything lovelier than a flower? Multiply that by thousands, fit it into incredibly beautiful patterns, adorn it with pin-up girls, send it majestically on its way under the California sun. Add all the other trappings of a parade . . . colorful mounted units, especially romantic because of California's Spanish and western ancestry; dozens of smartly marching bands; public figures and celebrities.

Then, perhaps you can see why people flock to the Rose Parade.

In a way, it's home town stuff. In another, it's all that California stands for in the minds of many millions of people: the fantasy and color of a magic playground; the eccentricity and prodigality engendered by Hollywood; the magnitude of plan and magnificence of execution found in everything from the California landscape to the California Chamber of Commerce.

In short, it's a gorgeous expression of a full and free way of life. It's California.

Coulter's noted for 68 years for

TURNABOUT

(Continued from page 63)

performance.

Almost 15 years later on July 8, 1941, in a two-story white stucco building in Beverly Hills, the 180-seat theatre opened to the public. First night audiences strolled through the olive-shaded patio where they were served coffee during intermission, mingled with the cast in an adjoining lounge set aside for "Mixed Browsing," and stared curiously at the puppet parts left out for their inspection in Harry Burnett's workshop.

By this time the fourth Puppeteer, Dorothy Neumann, had joined the show. Dorothy also had attended Yale and worked with the other three in New England summer theatres. She came west not only to appear in Turnabout revues, but to direct and costume them as well.

But before the theatre opened, and while the patio was still piled high with rubbish, Elsa Lanchester sailed into the place one afternoon, made her way between carpenters and painters up to the amazed company and announced, "I'd like to be in your show." In spite of her success in American motion pictures, Miss Lanchester had never resigned herself to giving up the music hall career she enjoyed so much in London. Joining the revue in its second week, she has remained ever since, missing but one performance, and that during the war because of a blackout.

In their work the Puppeteers are tireless perfectionists. Every detail of their performance—puppet and human—is based upon intensive research. Both scripts and music are written by Forman Brown, and only when the new show is completely finished does Burnett go to work on the puppets. It is in the hands of each marionette that he attempts to create personality. The puppet likeness of Douglas Fairbanks, for example, was given a pair of thrusting, agile arms reminiscent of his aerial performances on the screen, whereas puppet Simon Legree's badge of identification was his forward-striking whip hand that conveyed a savage ruthlessness.

Puppet-making is both an art and a craft. Heads must be modeled, cast and painted; figures carved and joined—then fastened to controllers by miles of silk fish-line. Next, the sets are planned and painted and the costumes designed. All the production problems of a legitimate stage show are met with indefatigable patience, for the tiny stage must be lighted and the show rehearsed for hours until it is perfect in both pace and interpretation. Sound effects are used for every play and no amount of thunder, rain or wind is too complex to be created for Turnabout's tiny cast.

Most of the shows staged by the Puppeteers incorporate the sophisticated, tongue-in-cheek character of the theatre which has built for it a sizeable audience of repeat-customers. One musical number, for instance, which proved very popular was the Rat Ballet, featuring nine rat-ballerinas in delicate tulle skirts over diminutive rodent tails.

Although they have appeared in one or two motion pictures and traveled the country over, the Puppeteers depend for their audience largely upon intimate word-of-mouth plugging. The walls of Turnabout are living proof of their success. Thousands of oversize autographs, done originally in chalk and later re-traced with paint, show their following to be composed of such a notable cross-section as Ingrid Bergman, Bruno Walter, Thomas Mann, Jose Iturbi, Frederic March, and practically every celebrity who has ever seen the sights of Hollywood.

But the charm of Turnabout is that of any 25-year-old dream which finally and successfully came true.

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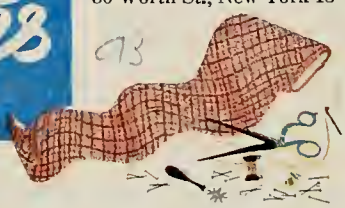
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